M. Hales 1752

Winter-Evenings ENTERTAINMENT.

Conſiſting of the Beſt

NOVELS AND HISTORIES

That have been written in moſt

LANGUAGES.

Being ſuch as, at the ſame Time they moſt agreeably amuſe, enlarge the IDEAS of the MIND, ſet VIRTUE before the Eyes of the READER in all its LOVELINESS, and excite an almoſt irreſiſtible Emulation of GREAT and GOOD ACTIONS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
30 NOV 70

MONTROSE:

OR, THE

Happy Diſcovery.

IN a Village three Leagues South of the pleaſant City of *Caen* in *Normandy*, ſtill are to be ſeen the Ruins of the antient Caſtle of *Montafilant*, which, according to the received Opinion of the neighbouring Inhabitants, was for ſeveral Ages the Reſidence of the Lords of that Name; this is confirm'd by the following remarkable Hiſtory, which was, not long ſince, found among ſeveral antient Papers in the Archives of the aforeſaid Village.

During the Wars that *William* Duke of *Normandy*, ſurnamed the Conqueror, waged with his rebellious Subjects, and afterwards, with the *Engliſh*, when he ſubdued them; none ſerv'd him with more Fidelity, Courage and Affection, than this Family of *Montafilant*.

Roger of *Montafilant*, and *Orlando* his Father, had ſo ſignaliz'd themſelves by their Zeal and Alacrity, in carrying over great Numbers of their Vaſſals and Dependants, to aſſiſt their Sovereign in the

Conqueſt of *England*; that they were propos'd as Examples to the reſt of the Nobility of that Province: Yet, without having reap'd any other Advantage, than the Fame and Glory, they had, at the Expence of their Lives, ſo worthily merited, they had both quitted the Service; the firſt through the Weakneſs of his extreme Age, and the other on account of a great Piece of Injuſtice that was done him: He was Under-Lieutenant of the Duke's own Company of Men of Arms; a Poſt very conſiderable at that Time, becauſe no one was admitted to ſerve in that Company but Gentlemen; and during the Time he held that Commiſſion, which was ſeven or eight Years, there had paſt no Rencounter, Siege, or Combat of Importance, where he had not made his Valour and Intrepidity remarkable. Notwithſtanding which, his Captain Lieutenant being kill'd by an Arrow, at the ſtorming a City, and this Cavalier's Arm pierced thro' by the ſame Arrow, which made it the more remarkable; yet, he had the Misfortune, that the Duke, who never committed any Injuſtice, was ſo miſled by the Counſel of the Count of *Beſſin*, who was his chief Favourite, that he gave away the Commiſſion to that Count's Son, contrary to the Rules of the *Gendarmery*. This Diſgrace ſo provok'd that Gentleman, that thinking it inconſiſtent with his Honour any longer to ſerve in his Corps under a new Captain, he choſe to retire; and repaſſing to *Normandy*, return'd to his Father, deſerting the Service of the Great, and bewailing their Misfortune who are oblig'd to attach themſelves to them. The Father, who had not been happier than him, either through the Caprice of his Maſters, or the Malignity of their Miniſters, comforted his Son with his Example; and they liv'd ſo happy in their Solitude, enjoying the innocent Recreations of a Country Life.

Life, that they ſeem'd to regret their not having ſooner made that Choice, and having ſuffer'd themſelves ſo long to be miſled by the Chimera's of Ambition, which corrupts the Candour and Sincerity of Mens Minds, and ſo often occaſions their Deſtruction. But Fortune, who had with ſo much Inveteracy hitherto purſued him, reſolv'd to attack him in this, as he thought, his ſecure Retreat, to ſhow that no Place is an Azyle againſt her.

The King had three Sons; *Robert*, to whom he had yielded up the Title of Duke of *Normandy*, on his aſſuming that of King of *England*; *William* Count of *Main*, and Prince *Henry*. *Robert* was in the Holy Land, being one of that Cruſado, which was form'd under the Reign of *Philip* the firſt, King of *France*, and had perhaps been choſen King of *Jeruſalem* in prejudice to *Godfry* of *Bouillon*, if he had not prefer'd his own Inheritance, and the Love of his Country, to thoſe glorious Conqueſts, in which he had ſo great a Share: *William*, who was his Father's Favourite, was with him in *England:* Prince *Henry* remaining in *Normandy* with the Queen his Mother, and conjointly with her governing that Province, during the Abſence of the King and his Brothers. They kept their Court moſtly at *Caen*, as well becauſe that City is near the Sea, and conſequently more commodious for their oftner receiving News from *England*; as becauſe, it being as it were in the Center of that State, they might with greater Eaſe take care of all Parts of it.

Montaſilant cou'd not ſo near the Court remain conceal'd in his Caſtle, which was but three Leagues off; beſides, not being well with the Father, is often a Recommendation to the good Graces of the Children. He cou'd not avoid going ſometimes to pay his Reſpects to the young Prince, and

tho' it was as ſeldom as poſſible, out of the Fondneſs he had for his Solitude; yet, his Merit fail'd not to make an Impreſſion on the Mind of young *Henry*. By degrees, that Prince conceiv'd ſo great a Friendſhip for him, that he placed his Affection entirely on him, and endeavour'd to repair the Fault of his Father, by treating that Cavalier better than he had done. The Favours of Perſons of the Prince's Rank, are not to be refus'd; beſides, the Hopes that *Montaſilant* might flatter himſelf with, of one Day making his Fortune by that Means, as there was no ſort of good Treatment that he did not receive from the Prince, who cou'd not live a Moment without him; that Cavalier was one in all his Parties of Pleaſure, and as for the beſtowing of Places, the Prince did not give him the Trouble of naming whom he wou'd recommend, if he cou'd but gueſs at 'em. All this was enough to have made *Montaſilant* forget his paſt Diſgrace; but whether Experience had render'd him more wiſe, or whether the firſt Blow he had receiv'd from Fortune, had made him apprehenſive of her Fickleneſs, or whether he had ſomething upon his Spirits; he received all theſe Subjects of Content, with ſuch Moderation, and ſo little Emotion, that the Equality of his Mind, very much reſembling Melancholy, the Prince often aſk'd him the Cauſe: He for a long Time conceal'd his Uneaſineſs from him, too well knowing, that a prudent Man ought never to make his Maſter his Confident: But at length, having a greater Opinion of him than any other, he cou'd no longer defend himſelf. 'Twas above a Year after he had embraced the Prince's Service, and near two, ſince his leaving *England*, when one Day returning from Hunting, the Prince being alone with him, and finding him extremely thoughtful, he again aſk'd him the Reaſon, tho' he had often

often made the ſame Queſtion to no Purpoſe; yet this Time, it was with ſuch Profeſſions of true Friendſhip, that 'twas impoſſible for any one not to be touch'd with them, unleſs they were entirely inſenſible to what Gratitude exacts from a Man of Honour. Shall I be ſo unhappy, (ſaid the Prince to him) that my having placed all my Affection on a Man whom I have choſe out of all Mankind to be my Friend, ſhou'd not be ſufficient to content him? Shall I never know what makes you thus melancholy? The Wrongs the King my Father has done you, can they not be repair'd by me? And do you deſpair ſo much of my Fortune, that the many Promiſes I have made you, of ſharing it with you, cannot comfort you for that Injury: If it be Ambition that enflames your tortur'd Breaſt, open your Heart to me: What can you wiſh for, that through me you may'nt obtain? If I ſaw you attach'd to any Miſtreſs, I might believe your Uneaſineſs proceeded from Love; but on the contrary, I obſerve you ſhun the Sex: Have you a Paſſion for any I have lov'd, or for any whom I at preſent do love? Are you afraid of diſcovering to me? If you deſire it, there's nothing that I will not ſacrifice to my Friendſhip for you. Does your Heart aim at any one above you? I have no Siſters, but if I had, what might not you expect from the Deſire I have to ſee you happy? None in this Province, who knows your Merit and my Frindſhip for you, will refuſe your Addreſſes; but it cannot be Love that occaſions your Grief, neither can I tell what to impute it to, unleſs it be Contempt for my Favour, or to the Conſtraint you are under of being oftner with me than ſuits with your Inclination: I will not ſuffer you to be under any Confinement, tho' it wou'd be a great Affliction to me, to loſe your Company; every Thing in my power is at your Diſpoſal, the

only Return I require, is that you ſhou'd be pleas'd with me: But to ſhow you how much I love you, I leave you at Liberty, and to your Eaſe, give up all that's dear to me.

Montafilant attentively liſten'd to this Diſcourſe, anſwering no otherwiſe than by profound Obeiſances; but the Prince having done ſpeaking, who is it that wou'd not been overcome as he was? And whatever Misfortunes he ſaw himſelf expos'd to, by diſcovering his Secret, who can accuſe him of Imprudence, or impute his Diſgrace to any Thing but his evil Deſtiny? My Lord, (reply'd he to the Prince) Heaven is my Witneſs, that I receive the Marks of the Affection with which you honour me, with the utmoſt Gratitude; I'm ſenſibly afflicted at my not returning it as I ought; I'm ſo aſham'd of the Terms in which you expreſs yourſelf, that if I have any Grief, it proceeds from the Confuſion I am in, at my ſo little meriting ſuch exalted Favours: I have, with the reſt of the World, my Uneaſineſſes, but they are, my Lord, of ſo little Conſequence, that I do not think I ought to trouble your Highneſs with them, and this is the only Reaſon that has prevented me; not doubting, but that you wou'd be ſo good as to wiſh an End to 'em.

Upon this, the Prince redoubled his Careſſes, and expreſs'd ſo great a Deſire to put an End to his Uneaſineſſes, that *Montafilant*, not knowing but that he might want his Authority in the Affair he had in Hand, wou'd not any longer conceal it from him. 'Tis true, my Lord, (ſaid he) 'tis too true I love; and from thence proceeds my Affliction, if I have any that the Honour of your Affection does not efface. Let not this Confeſſion, ſo little expected, aſtoniſh your Highneſs, 'tis two Years ſince that Paſſion took entire Poſſeſſion of my Soul; and

yet

yet beſides the Object of my Wiſhes, and an Attendant of hers, no one in the leaſt ſuſpects it: You will not, I believe, be ſurpriz'd when I tell you who ſhe is; for her Name, if not her Perſon, is known to you. This made the Prince renew his Sollicitations afreſh, offering his Aſſiſtance in it, let it be what it wou'd; which oblig'd him to give him the following Account.

Your Highneſs muſt certainly have heard of the great Wealth of the Baron of *Dover*, who has but one Daughter, who is oftner call'd by the Name of the beautiful *Mathilda*, than otherwiſe: If it were not for the Apprehenſions her Father has about her, ſhe being his only Child, which prevents him from letting her appear in the World, ſhe wou'd without doubt be an Ornament to the Court; but he being ſo rich, dreads, and not without Reaſon, that if he ſhou'd let her be ſeen, he ſhould not have the Diſpoſal of her himſelf. He had liv'd a conſiderable Time without having any Children, and there was ſo little Probability of his Wife's bringing him any, that the Count of *Beſſin*, who was his Heir, and who had built great Hopes on the Succeſſion, has, as your Highneſs knows, always been accuſed of carrying away a Brother of *Mathilda*. I was then very young, (reply'd the Prince) and tho' I have often heard that remarkable Adventure talk'd of, it was always in a confus'd Manner; ſo that you'll do me a great Pleaſure if you'll tell it me, for as you have it I ſuppoſe from *Mathilda*, you doubtleſs have been inform'd of the Truth, and the Particulars of it. My Lord, (anſwered *Montafilant*) you know *Dover* is waſh'd by the Sea; the Baron's Houſe is not any ways fortify'd, but open and defenceleſs on all Sides: The very Day on which his Lady was brought to-bed, after having been ſo long without any Hopes of Children, twenty or thirty Pirates, or

People pretending to be ſo, landing upon that Coaſt, broke into the Houſe, and carried off a Son that Lady was juſt delivered of, and all the Things of value they could meet with: Whether they were really Robbers, or did it only to prevent all other Suſpicions; the Count of *Beſſiu*, his Couſin-Germain, has always been look'd on as the Author of it, becauſe of his known Covetouſneſs, and beſides, there were good Grounds for ſuch a Suſpicion. The little Time the Pirates ſtaid to pillage the Houſe, it being exactly at the Time of the Lying-in, of which they might be informed, and the Earneſtneſs they expreſs'd to ſeize immediately on the Infant, were great Proofs of it. The Baron and his Wife firmly believed it, but whether 'twas true or no, this has been the Reaſon for their taking the greateſt Care in preſerving their Daughter; ſhe ſeem'd to be given them as a Bleſſing from Heaven in the Midſt of their Affliction: For, admire how the Divine Providence puniſhes the Deſigns of the Wicked, and comforts the Juſt. That Lady was brought to Bed of a Son, the Moment the Pirates forced into the Houſe; having ſeen them carry him away, and being hardly recovered from her Labour-Pangs, the Affliction ſhe was in at the Loſs of him, rendered her for ſome Time, rather dead than alive; her Huſband was not then at home, being detained at Court under Pretence of ſome honourable Employment, that the Count of *Beſſin* had begg'd for him from the King, with whom he was then in great Favour, which did not a little aggravate the Suſpicions they had of him. That unhappy Lady afflicting herſelf to the higheſt Degree, and ſeeing the Robbers carry away her Soul, her Life and only Joy; ſhe a long Time made her Houſe the moſt afflicting Spectacle that can be conceiv'd: Her Grief and the Lamentations of her affectionate Domeſticks, can only be gueſs'd

gueſs'd at, by the Singularity of the Accident; when at laſt, Heaven touched with her Cries, ſeem'd to take Pity of 'em, and permitted that, after a ſtrong Convulſion, that Lady, who happily was big of Twins, was brought to-bed of another Child, which, tho' a Daughter, was a great Conſolation to her Mother and the whole afflicted Family. This Daughter is the beautiful *Mathilda*; but, if ſhe occaſion'd ſo much Joy then, judge how their Fondneſs increas'd, when with Age ſhe grew to be the moſt charming Creature in the World. Common Report muſt certainlv have informed you of her Beauty, but I dare aſſure your Highneſs, that Fame can only have made you conceive a ſlender Idea of her Wit, and the Graces of her Perſon, in compariſon to what they really are. 'Tis her, my Lord, who, born to make her Family happy, ſeems deſtin'd to make me wretched; not that I have any Reaſon to complain of the Rigour of her Proceedings to me, but of my evil Deſtiny, which oppoſes my Purſuit of her, with ſo many almoſt unſurmountable Obſtacles. Her Father, who dreads her being carried away as his Son was, and alarmed at the Power of the Count of *Beſſin*, his Kinſman; beſides, apprehenſive of every Thing, that it is uſual for them to fear, who have the Diſpoſal of rich Heireſſes, watches her as a Treaſure, and conceals, with all imaginable Induſtry, the Place where ſhe reſides: As her Birth was miraculous, ſo was my coming acquainted with her. The wealthy *Teſſon*, who lives within two or three Leagues of this Place, is her Uncle, being her Mother's Brother, his Houſe is very ſtrong, and ſituated in the Midſt of the Foreſt; you muſt certainly have ſeen it, having ſo many hundred Times hunted thereabouts; there ſhe has been theſe two Years, ever ſince, I have ſerv'd her with a Conſtancy anſwerable to her Beauty and

Merit; 'twou'd be troubleſome to inform your Highneſs of all the Particulars of my Amour; you may judge of it, by its Birth. The very Day of my Return from *England*, I found my Father embaraſs'd in a Quarrel with *Mathilda*'s Uncle, about ſome Family Intereſts: That Gentleman, tho' in other Things a Man of Honour, had uſed my Father very ill, and treating him unhandſomely on account of his Age, oppos'd him on all Occaſions very much to his Detriment. I was no ſooner arriv'd, than being inform'd of his Behaviour, I thought myſelf in Honour obliged to call him to an Account for it; I was ſenſible he did not know me, becauſe I was very young when I left *Normandy* to go for *England*, and we never ſerved both in the ſame Place. On this Account, I made no Difficulty of delivering my Challenge to him myſelf; I went therefore to his Houſe, which is a Caſtle fortified by its natural Situation on a Rock, inacceſſible almoſt on all Sides, and defended with deep Ditches on that Part where it joins to the Foreſt. The Baron of *Dover* thought his Daughter would be ſafe in ſo ſtrong a Place, but yet he was ſo precautious, that no one knows where ſhe is, but her Mother and Nurſe: At her Uncle's, ſhe paſſes for a Relation they have in *Maine*, and her Father gives it out, that his Daughter is in a Monaſtery at *Rouen*. But to return to my Challenge, 'tis that has engag'd me in the cruelleſt War, I ever experienc'd; I aſk'd for *Teſſon*, he was not then at home, but taking the Air in the Foreſt: As they told me, they expected him back every Moment, to prevent any Suſpicions of my Deſign, I thought my ſelf obliged to aſk for his Wife, and to pay my Reſpects to her, under the Name of a Relation of theirs, much about my Age, who came from *England* along with me, and who during our Voyage, told me they had never ſeen.

him

him. My Deſign ſucceeded according to my Hopes: I for ſome Time entertain'd that Lady, and her Niece who came down with her, and whom ſhe preſented to me, under another Name; but I own, I never made a Viſit with ſo much Diſtraction; perhaps, no body ever fell in Love, and ſo paſſionately, in ſo extraordinary a Manner. However, I executed my Deſign, which occaſion'd me the Honour of being known to your Highneſs: We were going to fight, this Enemy of my Father and myſelf, having for Seconds, one of his Gentlemen, and one of mine; when you returning from Hunting, with a great many Noblemen, came up to us in the Plain, juſt as we were drawing our Swords, you made us embrace, being inform'd of our Quarrel, by one in your Train, who knew us both. I believe, my Lord, you remember this Adventure, tho' it ſcarce merits it; 'tis what I'm ſure I ſhall never forget, ſince 'twas the Beginning of the moſt glorious, and the moſt unhappy Life that can be imagin'd: But if the Friendſhip with which you honour me, owes its Riſe to that Day; as you have been ſo good, often to tell me it does, as that makes me the happieſt Man of my Rank, I may ſay my Love no ways reſembles it: Not that I am ill treated by the lovely *Mathilda*; no, my Lord, my Paſſion meets with a Return, ſhe has even bound herſelf by the moſt ſacred Oaths, never to marry any other than myſelf; but yet I cannot prevail on her to marry me without her Parents Approbation. Laying aſide the Difficulties I've met with in ſeeing her 'tis impoſſible to expreſs the Obſtacles I have found, in making her approve of my Addreſſes; I ſhould never have done, were I to repeat the different Parts I've been obliged to act: I believe, from the Gypſy and Pilgrim, to the moſt exalted Diſguiſe, there's nothing I have not put in practice. I have been a Pedlar, a Painter,

ter, a Muſician, nay, I have not ſcrupled aſſuming a religious Dreſs to gain Admittance: Love is full of Ingenuity, 'tis impoſſible to be long an Apprentice to him, without being perfect in all ſubtle Contrivances. The Leiſure I enjoy in my Solitude, has inſpired me with the ſtrangeſt Deſigns, which the Violence of my Paſſion has made me put in practice; but what have they availed me? They have only embaraſs'd me the more: The Father of *Mathilda*, thinks her ſo conſiderable a Match, that I believe, he would hardly give her to you, unleſs you were to be King of *England*. Tho' his Brother and I were made Friends, yet, after thoſe ſort of Reconciliations, there often remains a conceal'd Hatred, that differs from Quarrels, only in outward Appearance; he eſteems me, as *Mathilda* tells me, but ſhe has always diſſuaded me from breaking the Matter to him. My Condition is every way equal to theirs, my Hopes through your Highneſs's Favour are even greater; but yet 'tis impoſſible to prevail on *Mathilda*, to do any Thing contrary to her Duty, as ſhe calls it. On the other hand, the Count of *Beſſin* hates me, becauſe he has injured me; for when an inſolent Favourite wrongs a Man, he never forgives him: and as he thirſts for that Eſtate, which has already coſt him a Crime, he would with Greedineſs lay hold on the leaſt Pretence to ſeize on it. Thus, my Lord, you ſee the Situation of my Mind, whatever Melancholy you read in my Eyes and Heart, I beg you to believe, that I receive with all the Joy I ought, the Honour of your Highneſs's Affection. Prince *Henry* liſtened with Attention to his Diſcourſe, ſurpriz'd at *Montafilant*'s Addreſs, in ſo long concealing his Paſſion, that no Body had ever ſo much as ſuſpected it; he did not content himſelf with making him a thouſand Offers of his Intereſt, with the Father and Relations

of

of *Mathilda*, and with the King; but he even promis'd him to manage it ſo, that the Queen his Mother ſhould eſpouſe his Intereſts, and take *Mathilda* to be near her Perſon. *Montafilant*, tranſported with theſe Profeſſions of Friendſhip, could not refrain from telling him, that at leaſt, he had this Conſolation in his Afflictions, that few Weeks paſt, in which he did not ſee *Mathilda* once or twice; becauſe having gained her Nurſe, in whom ſhe very much confided, he had, through her Means, got the Keys of the Park, where *Mathilda* uſually walked every Night, and that often ſhelter'd by Obſcurity, he was introduced into the Apartment of that Beauty, by means of a little Draw-bridge, which her Nurſe, whoſe Name was *Clementia*, let down for him when the Family were aſleep; and that ſometimes, he even continued conceal'd in a Cloſet adjoining to her Chamber the whole Day, not going away till the next Night. Upon this, the Prince told him he would be his Confident, and that he was reſolv'd in Perſon, to aſſure *Mathilda* of the Affection he had for him. Pleas'd with theſe Marks of the Prince's Favour, little did *Montafilant* think of the Storm, which was about to ſucceed this Calm: Notwithſtanding his utmoſt Endeavours, to diſſuade the Prince from giving himſelf that Trouble, he could not prevail; and having accidentally told him, that every Thing was ready for his ſeeing her that very Night; the Prince intereſted himſelf ſo much in the Affair, that he would accompany him, contrary to that unhappy Lover's Inclination, not out of any fore-ſight of the Misfortune that afterwards befel him, but only, that he might have Time to prepare *Mathilda* for a Viſit of ſuch Importance, and to let her know the Reaſons that had induced him to diſcover it to the Prince, leſt ſhe might otherwiſe be offended at his Imprudence. But the Prince would

not

not be put off, telling him, that ſuch a Surprize could not be ill taken, but would rather convince her with what Ardour he undertook the Affair: In ſhort, Fortune that had hitherto perſecuted *Montafilant*, did not let ſlip this Opportunity of ruining him. The Prince ſaw *Mathilda*; that unhappy Lover, who introduced him, unwittingly contributed to his own Undoing, and his Misfortune was ſo much the greater, becauſe it came from that Quarter whence he expected Felicity. The Prince did not return from the Viſit as generous as he went; Friendſhip was too weak a Defence againſt her irreſiſtible Charms: According to her Promiſe to *Montafilant*, *Mathilda* was part of the Night in the Park with him, and the Prince, attended by *Clementia*; at firſt ſhe was ſurpris'd to ſee one with him, but being inform'd of his Confident's Quality, and finding by his firſt Diſcourſe, the Deſire he had to oblige his Favourite, ſhe ſoon laid aſide the Anger ſhe had aſſum'd, on the Thoughts of her Lover's having betray'd her Secret.

The Paſſion Prince *Henry* conceived for her, became in a little Time ſo violent, that it maſter'd all his Actions and Deſigns, and he reſolved to ſacrifice to it, all he ow'd his Friendſhip; yet at firſt, he was forced to diſſemble with his Rival, becauſe *Mathilda* could not be ſeen but through him; he apprehended her being moved from where ſhe was, by her Friends, if he ſhould make his Paſſion publick; for tho' he did not value his Rival's loſing her, he was unwilling to be depriv'd of her himſelf. He continued therefore his Careſſes to *Montafilant* as uſual, and was as inquiſitive to know how his Affairs went on; but he had no Regard to any of his Promiſes, but only that, of getting her to be with the Queen, becauſe he could not be ſo ſollicitous to accompany his Rival always in his Aſſignations for any Time, without

out his Deſigns being diſcover'd. Nothing is ſo clear-ſighted as a Lover, in what regards his Heart; the Prince could not ſo well diſſemble, but that *Montafilant* muſt have thought ill of his always inſiſting on going with him: For whatever Glory it might be to him, to have a third Perſon of that Quality with him, yet to be ſure, he would much rather entertain his Miſtreſs alone, for 'twas impoſſible to confine the Prince to the Converſation of *Clementia*. For this Reaſon, the new Lover, conſcious of his own Guilt, and dreading the Penetration of his Favourite, did not expreſs too great Eagerneſs to ſee *Mathilda*, but managed with ſo much Artifice, that without its being diſcover'd, why he undertook the Affair, the Queen ſent for *Mathilda*'s Mother, and knew ſo well how to flatter her, that ſhe receiv'd with Joy the Propoſal ſhe made her, of taking her Daughter to be with her, only, on the bare Report ſhe had heard of her Virtue, Wit and Beauty. How could her Parents poſſibly refuſe ſuch an Offer? For beſides the Security ſhe was in, when with that Princeſs, 'twas a School of Honour and Piety, where their Daughter would always meet with good Examples; beſides which, ever ſince the Conqueror's going to *England*, the Queen had reſided in the Abbey of the Holy Trinity, which ſhe herſelf had founded, where that rich Heireſs would be perfectly ſafe. Her Mother immediately brought her to the Queen, who received her with a great many Careſſes, promiſing to look upon her as her own Daughter, and to have the greateſt Care of her: The Prince had hitherto diſſembled ſo well, that *Montafilant* thinking all this had been done for his Advantage, thank'd the Prince every Day, with ſo much Reſpect and Gratitude, that he having, as I have already ſaid, ſome Sentiments of Honour, could not help feeling Remorſe, at ſo unworthily betraying

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ing a Gentleman, for whom he had profeſs'd ſo much Friendſhip; but at length, this unhappy Lover grew ſenſible of the Wrong that was done him, for the Face of Things began to alter, and he ſoon found himſelf in his Rival's Power. Whilſt *Mathilda* was at her Uncle's, the Prince could not ſee her without *Montafilant*'s Aſſiſtance; but now *Montafilant* could not ſee her but through his Maſter, for the Queen of *England*, as it is cuſtomary in Abbeys, did not admit of any Gentlemen's entring the Convent, but when they came with the Prince: On other Days ſhe gave Audience at the Grate, but that was only ſeldom, and 'twas ſtill more rare, to ſee any of the Ladies that attended her. The Prince exerted his Authority a little tyrannically, for not having any longer Occaſion for his Rival's Company, he hid himſelf from him when he went to the Abbey, or when the Violence of his Paſſion forced that Cavalier to implore his Aſſiſtance. The Prince expreſs'd ſo much Uneaſineſs to him, at going to wait on the Queen his Mother, that he did not dare take the Liberty to preſs him to it often; and when he begg'd him to uſe his Intereſt with the Queen, to allow of his making his Addreſſes to *Mathilda*, he either put him off from Day to Day, or elſe diſappointed him; but what ſtill comforted him, was, that *Clementia* being with *Mathilda*, and going in and out of the Abbey according as her Miſtreſs's or her own Affairs required it; there ſeldom paſt a Day, that he did not write or receive Letters. The Prince had declared himſelf to *Mathilda*, tho' not to *Montafilant*; ſhe flattered herſelf, that the Prince would ſee the Injuſtice of his Behaviour, and was not ſo little ignorant of the Effects of Jealouſy, but that ſhe concluded, if her Lover ſhould know of it, he would infallibly complain of it to his Maſter, which in all Appearance would be his Ruin. But

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the God of Love is not to be deceiv'd; *Montafilant* had already ſome Suſpicions of the Prince's Paſſion, and ſuſpecting every Thing, watched with the greateſt Aſſiduity all his Actions. Whatever care his Maſter took in concealing his Viſits, he could not prevent his attending him thither, oftner than was agreeable to him; which occaſion'd a Coldneſs in his Behaviour to him, that *Montafilant* was very ſenſible of: But tho' it increaſed his Suſpicions, yet following his Maſter's Example, he diſſembled it; and the Prince not thinking it proper, to come to an open Rupture with him as yet, or elſe the better to deceive his Rival, did ſometimes carry him along with him to the Abbey, contriving as often as he could, to time his Viſit when the Queen was at her Devotion, and conſequently all her Ladies about her; ſo that *Montafilant* could not diſcourſe with his Miſtreſs any more than himſelf, and was forced to be contented with ſeeing her in the Church and in Publick. It happened one Day, that the Prince attended thither by *Montafilant*, had a Mind to view the Monaſtery, a Privilege which his Birth gave him; leaving therefore the Ladies at Church, he took that Gentleman, and two or three others with him, went all over it, paſſing by *Mathilda*'s Chamber, and finding there a young Gentlewoman who waited on her, they went in, and came out again immediately; but *Montafilant* ſtay'd to make an Acquaintance with her, ſhe being entirely a Stranger to him. As he was talking to her near the Table, *Mathilda*'s Cabinet offer'd itſelf to his View open: There were in it, ſeveral Letters which he knew to be written in her Mother's and Aunt's Hand; but amongſt them, two little Papers, folded without any Directions, and in a different Manner from what his own uſed to be, very much tempted his Curioſity, eſpecially, as he had ſo much Reaſon to be miſtruſtful: But being

being unwilling to diſcover any Thing before *Mathilda*'s Attendant, to get rid of her, he begg'd of her to ſee how far the Prince was off, and made a Motion as tho' he would look himſelf, which made her go to do him that piece of Service, being unwilling that he ſhould give himſelf that Trouble. In the mean Time, taking up one of the Papers, and opening it a little, he ſaw 'twas the Prince's Hand; fearing her coming back, he put them both into his Pocket, and went after her, which was all done in ſo little Time, that ſhe had ſcarce got three Steps out of the Room, ſo that ſhe could not ſuſpect him of the Theft he had committed. He was in the utmoſt Impatience to get home, where he was no ſooner arrived, than opening one of the Papers, he found it contained as follows.

" I AM not at all ſurpriz'd at your firſt Rigour; " my Enterprize is of ſuch a Nature as to expect " Difficulties; but at the ſame Time, my Paſſion " is not to be repuls'd by them. I love you, beau- " tiful *Mathilda*, 'tis no longer in my Power to " conceal it; your Diſdain may render me the moſt " unhappy of Men, but it cannot alter the Reſo- " lution I have taken; 'twould be in vain therefore " for me to make any Effort towards it: As your " Beauty was what gave Birth to my Paſſion, blame " that alſo for the Continuance of it, and think " not, that Heaven has left that in my Power, " which is not even in yours.

Theſe were the Contents of the ſecond Letter.

" 'TIS Love alone that I conſult, for what can " be alledged by that Friendſhip, whoſe " Counſel you in vain adviſe me to follow? I have " liſt'ned to it, and its Reaſons are too weak to re-

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" ſiſt your all-powerful Charms; I would not wil-
" lingly diſpleaſe you, but ſilence that troubleſome
" Friendſhip, leſt my Love juſtly provoked, ſhould
" be tranſported beyond all Bounds: Hitherto, I
" have only told you half what it has to ſay, my
" Reſpect for you has prevented me, but that will
" not always be Maſter; gueſs therefore at that,
" which I dare not tell you, and think that a Paſ-
" ſion, like that I feel for you, cannot eaſily ſuffer
" itſelf to be ſacrificed to a Rival."

How unhappy did theſe Letters render *Montaſi-lant!* The leaſt Injuries received from Perſons, whoſe Friendſhip we flatter ourſelves with, or who are dear to us, are the cruelleſt of Outrages. This Gentleman had ſerv'd the Prince with the greateſt Zeal and Affection, and now finding himſelf ſo baſely betray'd, he was pierced with the moſt poinant Grief that ever Man felt; but when he thought of *Mathilda*, his Sorrow flam'd up even to Rage: Theſe Letters had nothing in 'em could convince him of her being falſe to him; but when his Diffidence repreſented to him, that ſhe had never in the leaſt diſcovered to him, that the Prince was in love with her, conſidering upon what Terms he was with her, his Jealouſy had room enough to believe ſhe liſt'ned to him. Love is naturally ſuſpicious and apprehenſive; he thought, that charmed with the Prince's Quality, ſhe only affected Cruelty to inflame him the more, and oblige him to marry her. Fill'd with theſe Thoughts, being alone, his Love as he imagined betray'd, and his injur'd Friendſhip inſpired him with Deſpair; which he gave Vent to, in the moſt melancholy Complainings; but not knowing what to reſolve on, he ſpent the reſt of the Day, and the ſucceeding Night, in the greateſt Agitation that was poſſible for a Mind to be tor-

mented with. Sometimes he reſolved to go and reproach the Prince with his Infidelity, and make him bluſh at the Injuſtice he was guilty of; then he thought of ſcaling the Walls, that deprived him of the Sight of *Mathilda*, to upbraid her with his Jealouſy; then again, depreſs'd with the Severity of his Fate, he endeavoured to forget both, with this Thought. As ſoon as Day appeared, being ſenſible, that 'twould be impoſſible for him not to diſcover his Grief; he took Horſe, and being very prudent, for fear of doing ſomething he might afterwards repent of, he choſe to retire from the Town. He had a Relation, to whom belong'd all that beautiful Track of Land, which lies Weſtward of the Mouth of the River *Orne*. This Gentleman was an intimate Friend of his, whom he often viſited, as well on account of the Friendſhip he had for him, as becauſe the Situation of his Houſe, was one of the fineſt in the World: To him therefore *Montafilant* went, to indulge his Melancholy, and gain Time, to form ſome prudent Reſolution. The Prince was accuſtom'd to ſee him retire in this Manner, without any Uneaſineſs; for whether *Montafilant* went to ſee his Father or his Friend, he often did it, without informing any body of it before hand, and ſo, in the ſame Manner, would return as unſuſpected. After having ſpent four or five Days there, he deſired his Friend to write Word to ſomebody in the Prince's Court, that he was ſick, that his Retreat might occaſion no Uneaſineſs: Under this Pretence, he continued ſeveral Days in that Solitude, abandoning himſelf to his Grief, chiefly ſpending his Time in walking alone by the Sea-ſide, comparing the Inconſtancy of that Element, to his falſe Fair-one. Before he had ſet out, he had wrote a Letter to *Mathilda*, and had ſent it to a Brother *Clementia* had in the Town, where they were accuſtom'd to

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ſend their Letters: *Clementia* bringing *Mathilda*'s, and taking away *Montaſilant*'s; a Valet de Chambre doing the ſame for him; unleſs when *Clementia* had ſome Meſſage to deliver to him from her Miſtreſs, for then being appriz'd of it a Day before-hand, he either met her at that Houſe, at a Church, or ſomewhere elſe; varying the Place as often as poſſible, for fear of their Intelligence being diſcover'd. He had inclos'd the Prince's two Letters in his own to *Mathilda*, which was conceiv'd in the following Terms.

"SINCE I have not been able to deſerve the "entire Poſſeſſion of your Heart, in return for "my having wholly devoted mine to you, take not "ſo much Pains to deceive me: The Prince, on "whoſe Account, perhaps, you repent your ever "having ſo much as allowed of my Paſſion, is cer-"tainly much more worthy the Honour of ſerving "you; it's better for me, out of Generoſity, and "for promoting your Intereſts, to give up that "Place, which my Misfortune will otherwiſe, ſoon "deprive me of. You need not longer conceal the "Myſtery; it's enough, I know your Thoughts. "---In the ſame Day to loſe a Maſter, I thought "my beſt Friend, and her Heart whoſe Fidelity I "believed myſelf aſſured of, is certainly the cruel-"leſt Misfortune Man can be expoſed to; but even "that, great as it is, has its Remedy, when one "knows how to die."

This Letter, and thoſe of the Prince that attended it, very much afflicted *Mathilda*; her Conſcience telling her how little ſhe deſerved ſuch Treatment, made her at firſt very much reſent it: But Love, who always takes the Part of his faithful Votaries, ſoon made her alter her Sentiments, whether 'twas

owing to the Truth of that Saying, That all Crimes appear ſlight, when the Author of 'em is belov'd; or, to the Report of *Montaſilant*'s being ſick; ſhe would not any longer ſuffer him to condemn her, unheard. As for the Prince, whether he ſuſpected the Feint, or whether he thought him really ill, ungenerouſly ſtifling the Remains of Friendſhip; he could not refrain from rejoicing at his Abſence, and willing to make uſe of it, immediately preſs'd *Mathilda* with Warmth to receive his Paſſion; this he did in Terms that ſurpriz'd her: He threatned her with his Power, and with revenging himſelf on his Rival. This made her change her Deſign, of puniſhing, by a long Silence, her Lover, by whom ſhe thought herſelf injur'd. At the End of ſeven or eight Days, ſhe could not refrain from informing him of the Truth of every Thing, and how unjuſtly he had ſuſpected her of Infidelity. She ſent for her faithful *Clementia*'s Brother, whoſe Zeal for her Service, ſhe had on ſeveral Occaſions been convinced of; and giving him a Letter, ordered him to carry it to the Gentleman's where *Montaſilant* was retir'd to: He did ſo, and he receiving it, open'd it, and read the following Lines.

" THE Death with which you threaten me, is
" what you deſerve, and what I ſhould wiſh
" you, if I had not ſtill more Friendſhip for you,
" than you have Juſtice for me; I never heard it
" was thought doing our Friends an Injury, the not
" telling them ill News. Have therefore a better
" Opinion of my Conſtancy, ſince that's my only
" Crime; I will alter my Behaviour, but it ſhall be
" to puniſh you: At preſent, I can ſay no more to
" you; if you will come back with the Bearer of
" this, he'll tell you the Method I've contriv'd, to
" acquaint you with the Truth of this Affair my-

" ſelf.

" ſelf. Adieu, you rather deſerve to be forgot, " than to receive this Favour, but after your Ex- " ample, I reſolve to be unjuſt; yet with this Dif- " ference, that I have been wrong'd by you, in- " ſtead of thank'd as I deſerved, and that I reward " you when you merit to be puniſh'd."

Montafilant, upon the Reception of ſo engaging a Summons, could not any longer continue in his Solitude; *Clementia* being appriz'd of the Commiſſion *Mathilda* had given her Brother, had inform'd him very exactly of every Thing, and he did not fail to acquit himſelf of it, as he ought. *Montafilant* learnt from him, the Extremity to which *Mathilda* was reduced, by the Impatience of the Prince's Paſſion, and 'twas that induced him to ſet out immediately.

Belonging to the Abbey is a Garden, ſurrounded with very high Walls: *Mathilda* had found out a Place, where, by means of a Stone, which might be taken out and replaced again, 'twas eaſy, thro' the Wall, to converſe with any one in the Street. The City of *Caen* was not ſo large then as it is at preſent, and conſequently that Place much more unfrequented than it is now. *Clementia*'s Brother ſet out firſt, to give *Mathilda* Notice to be at the Place, and that when it ſhould be late, and every body retired, *Montafilant* would not fail being there: On the other hand, that Cavalier contrived it ſo, that it was Night before he came to Town, where he concealed himſelf at a Friend's, till the appointed Hour. 'Twould ſignify nothing to repeat all theſe Lovers Converſation; thoſe ſort of Eclarciſſements are ſeldom done in few Words; 'tis enough to ſay, that *Mathilda* juſtified herſelf to *Montafilant*, for not having acquainted him with the Prince's Paſſion for her; and that *Montafilant* aſked her Pardon a

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thouſand Times, for his having queſtioned her Fidelity. After which, few Nights paſs'd, that they did not by this Means converſe together; and now *Montaſilant* began to preſs her more earneſtly, to conſent to his carrying her away, having loſt the Support of his Maſter's Friendſhip; he ſaw plainly that without making uſe of extraordinary Methods, he ſhould never accompliſh his Deſigns, and the Prince's Paſſion grew to ſuch a Height, that there was nothing but what was to be feared from it; but yet *Mathilda* could not be perſuaded to do a Thing ſo contrary to her Duty; ſhe adviſed him firſt to endeavour to prevail with the Prince, and to make uſe of his Credit with the Queen: That Princeſs had a great deal of Eſteem for him; *Mathilda* had often heard her expreſs a Regard for him, and that ſhe ſaw with Pleaſure her Son make choice of ſo worthy a Favourite; ſince which, having taken Notice of his Diſgrace, ſhe had often aſked him the Reaſon of it, but he would never confeſs the Truth. At length, that Cavalier relying on her Goodneſs, reſolv'd to have Recourſe to it. One Day therefore, having found an Opportunity to diſcourſe her, he inform'd her ſuccinctly of his Adventure, the Birth of his Paſſion, and of the Prince's Favour to him; and how at preſent he was become his Rival. The Queen, who was generous, and who beſides began to have ſome Suſpicions of her Son's Paſſion, which ſhe thought neither juſt, nor ſuitable; reſolv'd in every Thing ſhe could, to favour *Montaſilant*: She promiſed him to ſpeak to *Mathilda*'s Parents, and to her Son. As for the latter Part of her Promiſe, having eaſily Opportunities, ſhe immediately acquitted herſelf of it: That very Day, ſhe remonſtrated to him the Injuſtice that every way attended his Paſſion; but having ſo much Reaſon, ſhe could not help mixing Sharpneſs with her tender Counſels.

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The Prince did but ill receive theſe Reprimands, and ſo far from ſubmitting, without ſo much as hearing *Montafilant*, ſuſpecting him to be the Cauſe of 'em, he commanded him inſtantly to retire to his Father's Houſe, and not to approach the City upon pain of Death. That Cavalier, accuſtom'd to Diſgraces at Court, was but little touched in regard to his Fortune, but he could not think without Deſpair, on the Injuſtice that was done his Love; his Father attempted in vain to conſole him, Death was a thouſand Times more preferable, than the leaſt Idea of yielding up *Mathilda*: For this Reaſon, as their Interviews had never been diſcovered, he renewed them as often as poſſible, which was not a little Conſolation to him in his Afflictions; as Love, in generous Souls is augmented by Difficulties, his Miſtreſs ſhewed ſo much Conſtancy, that he had all the Reaſon in the World to be ſatisfy'd with it. Heaven, who takes a Pleaſure in deceiving our Hopes and Fears, and who derides the Prudence of Men in their wiſeſt Reſolutions, ordered it ſo, that as his Unhappineſs came from that Quarter where he leaſt expected it, ſo ſhould his Felicity: As yet, his utmoſt Efforts had not made the leaſt Impreſſion on *Mathilda*'s Reſolution, not to conſent to his taking her away; the very Inſtant he leaſt expected it, Fortune forced her, to throw herſelf into his Arms. Ever ſince *Montafilant*'s Baniſhment, the Queen who gueſs'd at the Occaſion of it, did what ſhe could, to make Prince *Henry* ſenſible of the Injuſtice of his Behaviour; but he made ſlight of her Reproofs and Threats: On the contrary, as he ſaw his Father at a Diſtance, tranſported by the Violence of his natural Temper and his Love, he was reſolv'd to gratify it at any rate. After having in vain try'd all other Methods, without conſidering the Conſequences of ſuch an Attempt; he reſolved to take

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her by Force from the Monaſtery, but with this Precaution, of effecting it with as little Noiſe and Scandal as poſſible, and to manage it ſo, that *Montafilant* might be accus'd with doing it, and of conſequence, for fear of the Law, be obliged to fly for it. For this Purpoſe, he made choice of three Men only, the moſt reſolute and faithful in his whole Court. At the Bottom of the Garden a great Diſtance from the Abbey, was a Summer-Houſe; whether he had falſe Keys, or was let in by ſome body that belonged to the Abbey, there he got in, from whence, conveying himſelf to *Mathilda*'s Apartment, after having left two of his People at the Door, to make the leſs Noiſe, he entered her Chamber attended by the third; and forcibly ſeizing her, notwithſtanding her Reſiſtance, took her away. She would have cry'd out, but he ſtopping her Mouth with a Handkerchief, hindered it. *Clementia* being up and in the ſame Room, would have prevented them by her Cries, but the Man that was with the Prince, clapping a Ponyard to her Breaſt, threatned to kill her if ſhe made the leaſt Noiſe; nevertheleſs, unwilling to forſake her Miſtreſs, ſhe follow'd her, and the Prince finding that ſhe knew him, thought it was proper to carry her off too, and therefore did not hinder her. Being come to the Back-door, one of the Men that guarded it, joined with him, that had threatened to ponyard her, and gagg'd her, ſo that ſhe could not cry out: As for *Mathilda*, the Prince uſed her with a little more Reſpect, but notwithſtanding her Tears and Supplications, ſhe could not have avoided her evil Deſtiny, had it not been for the lucky Arrival of her Lover. She was not gone to Bed, but waiting for the Clock ſtriking Twelve, which was the Hour appointed for ſeeing him; it was then but Eleven, and notwithſtanding her Struggling as they dragg'd her along to gain

Time,

Time, 'twould have been in vain: But *Montaſilant*, impatient as all paſſionate Lovers are, choſe to come too ſoon, rather than make her wait. Paſſing therefore by the Summer-Houſe, becauſe the Place where he uſed to converſe with *Mathilda*, was near it, and hearing the Door open, his Curioſity was rais'd to ſee what it could be; it being light enough to diſcern Objects within ten or twelve Paces; as ſoon therefore as he came near it, he ſaw two Women bringing out by Force, which was plain by their Efforts to eſcape out of the Hands of their Raviſhers. His Love preſently inſpired him with the Truth of it, and diſtinguiſhing immediately who the Men were, he was tranſported with the utmoſt Rage; he foreſaw it would be his Ruin, yet without heſitating, making at the Man that was neareſt him, he ran him through the Body with his Sword, and kill'd him on the Spot: He had but one Servant on Horſeback with him, whom he took rather to hold his Horſe, than with any Thought of wanting his Aſſiſtance, for he rely'd on the Secrecy of his Journey. This Man had a great deal of Courage, which on this Occaſion he exerted; for valiantly ſeconding his Maſter, he vigorouſly attack'd another of the Raviſhers. The Prince preſently knew *Montaſilant*, and thinking he would reſpect his Quality, went up to him, but that Cavalier having ſince his Exile loſt all Hopes of prevailing on him to quit *Mathilda*, anſwered him fiercely, that on any other Occaſion, he would die a thouſand Times to ſerve him, and that he ſhould always have the greateſt Reſpect for him; but that it was impoſſible for him to conſent to the carrying away of his Miſtreſs, and that the only way to effect it, was, to kill him firſt. Well then, (cry'd the Prince) thou ſhalt die. Force me not, my Lord, (reply'd he) to fail in my Duty to you; but ſet at Liberty *Mathilda*, and the Moment

ſhe's enter'd into the Monaſtery, I'll deliver you up my Sword, but otherwiſe expect to ſee the firſt that offers her the leaſt Violence die by my Hands before your Eyes. The Prince ſaid, that then he ſhould begin with him, and at the ſame Time mounting his Horſe, and cauſing *Mathilda* to be given him by the other Man that had held *Clementia*, and who, having ſhut the Door of the Summer-houſe, had let her go, he endeavour'd to take her up into his Arms. *Montafilant*, ſeeing the Fellow lift *Mathilda* up, flew to him, and would have ran him through with his Sword, but, fearing to wound his Miſtreſs, he could not tell where to ſtrike; for the Man knowing him oppoſed *Mathilda* to his Blows, making uſe of her Body as a Shield. The Prince being wholly intent on accompliſhing his Deſign, and on taking *Mathilda* up before him from the Man who was endeavouring to give her to him, gave *Montafilant* an Opportunity to ſeize on his Sword and diſarm him; for that Gentleman fearing nothing, laid hold on his Arm which he held out to receive *Mathilda*, and, turning the Sword back in his Hand, wrench'd it from him. The Prince, finding himſelf thus incapacitated from reſiſting, loſt all Courage, and, judging of his Rival's Love by his own, dreaded provoking his Rage, if he ſhould any longer oppoſe him; and ſeeing the Man, who was engaged with *Montafilant*'s Servant, had his Horſe kill'd under him, he reſolv'd immediately to gain the Town, and return with freſh Forces, believing that *Montafilant*, embaraſs'd with his Miſtreſs, could not get ſo far, but that he might overtake him, or at leaſt in revenge accuſe him of the Rape, which the Death of his Attendant would eaſily prove. Thus *Montafilant* ſaw himſelf without Enemies; the Abbey-door had been ſhut by the Prince's People; there was therefore no Poſſibility of *Mathilda*'s getting in again: In ſhort,

that

that Lover ſo well improv'd the Opportunity, that he prevail'd on her to put herſelf into his Hands. It ſignifies little to repeat the Arguments *Montafilant* made uſe of in the little Leiſure they had; they may be gueſs'd at by the Rage of the Prince, into whoſe Hands ſhe feared falling, and againſt whoſe Power there could be no Security, by the Difficulties they would have to ſee each other again, and by all the Incidents of ſo unlucky a Conjuncture. As *Mathilda* plainly ſaw ſhe muſt either loſe her Lover, or expoſe him to the greateſt Dangers in the World; terrify'd by thoſe they had already gone through, ſhe reſolved to accompany him in his Flight, but upon Condition that he ſhould make no Attempt on her Honour, nor preſs her to marry, till ſhe could prevail on her Parents to conſent. At the ſame Time they conſulted on the Place of their Retreat, and weigh'd every thing as well as the little Time they had would admit of. The Governor of *Honfleur* was an intimate Friend of *Montafilant*'s, and thither they reſolv'd to fly; not that he deſign'd to expoſe his Friend to ſuch apparent Danger, or draw upon him the Anger of the enrag'd Prince, whoſe Power, during the Abſence of his Father, was abſolute; but he hop'd, as *Honfleur* was a Sea-port Town, he might from thence get to ſome foreign Country, before the Prince's Orders could arrive; and in the mean time make himſelf known to no-body but his Friend. This Deſign was no ſooner propos'd, than accepted of by the reſolute *Mathilda*; immediately therefore they took the Road to *Honfleur*: Though it is but ten or twelve Leagues off *Caen*, there are three different Paſſes to it, the firſt is the River *Orne*, which is paſs'd by a Bridge of Boats; the other the *Dive*, where there is a Ferry-boat; and the third a ſmall River a little higher, which ſwells ſo when the Sea comes in that

there is no fording it, but at low Water: *Montafilant* was ſo lucky, that all theſe three Paſſes were favourable to him. The Prince followed him cloſe, but finding the Cords that held the Bridge of Boats cut, where *Montafilant* had croſs'd, he was forced to go a great Way about; for as the *Orne* is broad and deep in that Place, he was obliged to go back again to the Bridge in the Town. In the mean Time, theſe Lovers gained a great deal of Ground, and were ſo happy in their Misfortunes, as at their Arrival at the Mouth of the River *Seyne*, to find a *Flemiſh* Veſſel, ready to ſet ſail to ſome Port in *Flanders*. Recollecting that he had heard his Father *Orlando* mention his being known to *Baldwin*, Count of that Province; he reſolved, therefore, to take Shelter in that Prince's Court, ſtill preſerving ſo great a Reſpect for his Maſter, as not to go to the King of *France*'s; becauſe, the Prince and that King, having had ſome Difference at an Interview, they had been from that Time Enemies. *Montafilant* embarked with his Miſtreſs and *Clementia*, but firſt he thought it proper, to give his Father Notice of what had happened, and their Deſign, that he might ſupply 'em in their Flight; for this Reaſon, he ſent back the Man who had ſo courageouſly aſſiſted him, and informed him of every Thing; *Oſmond*, (for that was his Name) being prudent, took a great Compaſs in going back, and by that Means avoided the People the Prince had diſpatched on all Sides, to ſeize on him and his Maſter; the next Day he arrived at the Caſtle of *Montafilant*, where he found the good *Orlando*, who fondly loved his Son, and had heard of the taking away of *Mathilda*, in very great Uneaſineſs: Being appris'd of his Deſign and Health by *Oſmond*, whether he foreſaw that the Tempeſt would fall on him, or that he could not live without his beloved Son, he reſolved immediately

ately to follow him; becauſe the Count of *Flanders* did indeed very much eſteem him, and would for his Sake, better receive his Son and *Mathilda*. The Conqueror's Wife, was that Count's Daughter, and old *Montafilant* had been ſent Embaſſador to him by the King of *England*, when as yet, he was only Duke of *Normandy*, to treat of his Marriage with that Princeſs; 'twas by this Means, that *Montafilant*'s Father was known to that Count, and ſaw himſelf very much beloved by him, as well on account of the excellent Qualities he was Maſter of, as becauſe having a great deal of Addreſs, without prejudicing his Maſter's Intereſts, he found ſeveral Opportunities during his negotiating that Affair, to oblige the Queen and her Father. Abandoning therefore all his Eſtate, and charging himſelf with all the Diamonds and Money he could, he made to the neareſt Port, from whence he paſt into *Flanders* with ſo much Diligence, that *Montafilant* and *Mathilda* were got to *Ghent*, the Place they had appointed *Oſmond* to come to them at, but two Days before the good old Man and that faithful Servant arrived there: But they were no ſooner there, than they were informed, that the Count was dangerouſly ill, and they were ſo unhappy, that that Prince, from whom they expected ſo much Protection, died three Days afterwards. This was a terrible Addition to the reſt of their Misfortunes; the Courage of that unhappy Lover, was ſtaggered at this Conjuncture; he was almoſt diſtracted, not on his own Account, but on theirs, whom he ſo paſſionately loved, and whom he ſaw plunged into theſe Difficulties on his Account: And notwithſtanding all that they could do, his Father, to ſhew his Courage, and *Mathilda* to convince him, that the Paſſion ſhe had for him was Proof againſt the worſt that could befall her, he could not be comforted; neither is it poſſible to conceive, what Complaints

his afflicted Love inſpir'd him with; but Fortune was not ſatisfy'd with having thrown him into this Diſtreſs. Apprehending that he ſhould not be able now to find any Support in that Court againſt Prince *Henry*, and the King his Father, who in all probability would intereſt himſelf in the Quarrel, on the Account of Count *Beſſin*, who, as his Enemy and *Mathilda*'s Heir, would not fail to join in perſecuting them, they thought it proper in time to look out for another Azyle. *Montafilant*'s and *Mathilda*'s Anceſtors were come from *Denmark* with *Rollo* the firſt Duke of *Normandy*, which was ſtill freſh in every-body's Memory; for the greateſt Part of the noble Families of that Time ſtill kept up a Correſpondence with the Places from whence they had their Origin. Old *Montafilant* knew he had ſome Relations there; tho' in Misfortunes they are not always aſſur'd Friends, yet he reſolved, that they would go and take Refuge with them: But they were no ſooner embark'd, than they were attack'd by a furious Tempeſt, by which they were a thouſand times reduc'd to the laſt Extremity; their Ship had loſt its Maſts and Rudder, and, after having been toſs'd about by the Waves in this wretched Condition for the Space of two Days, as if Fortune had been afraid they ſhould not ſufficiently feel the Effects of her Anger, ſhe no ſooner ſaw them out of this Danger, but ſhe plung'd them into a greater; all that the Sea has, that's terrible, ſeem'd to combine againſt them. As ſoon as theſe unhappy Lovers thought they had eſcap'd the Storm, they ſaw the Veſſel attack'd by a *Corſair*, who had all the Advantages that was poſſible for a large Man of War to have over a ſmall Merchant Ship: *Montafilant* would have gladly laid hold of this Opportunity to put an end to his unhappy Life; but his Regard for *Mathilda*, moderated his Deſpair: On the

other

other hand he ſaw his Father and her ſo indifferent about Life, and Death ſo much to be deſir'd by them, that he knew not what to ſay to them, or what to reſolve on; but the *Corſairs* did not allow him much Leiſure to think, whatever Efforts he made to encourage the few Men in his Ship; they were ſo terrify'd with the Strength of their Enemies, and ſo fatigued with the Tempeſt, that he could not inſpire them with his generous Reſolution. The *Corſairs* in a Moment made themſelves Maſters of his Ship, and carry'd every Thing that was valuable out of it into their own: What had hitherto happen'd to theſe unfortunate Lovers was nothing, in compariſon to the Extremity they were now reduc'd to. The *Corſair* who had taken them was a *Scotchman*, very much dreaded at Sea, and in great Favour with the King of *Scotland* his Maſter. The Ship theſe Lovers were in was *Dutch*, and at that Time the Count, who was Sovereign of *Holland*, was at War with the King of *Scotland:* So that, notwithſtanding all that *Montafilant* could alledge of their being Subjects of *France*, they were declar'd lawful Prize, and a very great Ranſom ſet upon them, as they were in all appearance Perſons of Quality. They had agreed among themſelves to profeſs themſelves *French*, knowing the Friendſhip that ſubſiſted between theſe two Crowns, and fearing, if they had declar'd their true Country and Names, the News of their ill Fortune might reach *England*, where the Count of *Beſſin* might imploy the Intereſt of the King his Maſter, with the King of *Scotland*, between whom there was Peace, and ſo they ſhould fall into the Hands of their Enemies; but this Artifice did not ſucceed: The King of *Scotland*, willing to favour that Captain, order'd them, till they paid their Ranſom, to be impriſon'd in the Caſtle of *Edinburgh*, of which that Officer was Governor. All

that

that they could do, was to write to their Relations, and get *Oſmond* to be allowed to go and ſee if they would not aſſiſt them; but he ſoon returned with the worſt of News: He brought them back Advice, that all their Eſtates had been confiſcated and given to the Count of *Beſſin*, and that *Montafilant* was out-lawed, that he had found ſuch Coolneſs among their Friends and Relations, that of them all together, he could only get ſo inconſiderable a Sum, that 'twas not ſufficient to pay half their Ranſom. How was *Montafilant* tranſported with Grief, at ſeeing his Miſtreſs in ſo great a Misfortune on his Account, and his Father at his Age reduced to the Miſery of a Priſon, purely for his Tenderneſs for him; he expreſſed ſo piercing a Sorrow, that to prevent its turning to Deſpair, *Mathilda* and his fond Father endeavoured to forget their own Afflictions to comfort him; his Miſtreſs ſhewed him ſo much Conſtancy, and his Father ſo much Affection, that they ſeemed to rejoice in their Unhappineſs, ſince at leaſt they were not in the Power of their Enemies: Love and Friendſhip made them only ſenſible of each other's Sorrow, and even in this Extremity they had the Satisfaction of being together: The Pleaſure of ſeeing each other daily, was ſome Alleviation of their Misfortunes; but the inveterate Malice of Fortune would not long allow them that Comfort.

The Captain, whoſe Priſoners they were, ſavage and brutal as Men of his Profeſſion generally are, was no ways touched with *Mathilda*'s Charms, her Beauty and Merit made no Impreſſion on him; yet being very much ſelf-intereſted, he bethought himſelf, that if the King's Favourite, who was young and amorous, and a moſt accompliſhed Courtier, were to fall in Love with that beautiful Lady, who was at his Diſpoſal, 'twould, in all Probability, be the Means of making his Fortune. *Montroſe*, that

was,

was the Favourite's Name, was endowed with the fineſt Qualities; but what chiefly induced the *Corſair* to endeavour to ingratiate himſelf with him, was, that he governed the King ſo abſolutely, that to pleaſe him, was the moſt certain Method to gain Preferment at Court: He began by often talking to him of the Beauty of his Priſoner, and after having ſeveral times laid Snares for his Liberty, by the Reports he made to him of that fair Creature's Charms, he took his Opportunity one Day, when the King and *Montroſe* were in the Caſtle of *Edinburgh*, to prevail on him to go and viſit her. Till then, that Favourite had truly lov'd nothing but his Fortune and Pleaſures; but he was ſo livelily touched with the Beauty of *Mathilda*, that if he did not immediately conceive the moſt violent Paſſion for her, the Sight of her had ſuch an Effect on him, that thenceforward he could talk of nothing elſe. The Captain no ſooner ſaw him captivated, than he began to ſet a greater Value on his Prize; at the ſame Time giving him to underſtand, that he wiſhed for nothing ſo much as an Opportunity, to ſhew the Zeal he had for his Service.

On the other Hand, the King loved his Favourite ſo blindly, that the greateſt Pleaſure he could have, was to make him Maſter of every Thing he wiſhed for; ſo that as ſoon as he knew of his Paſſion for the fair Stranger, he advis'd him to gratify it at any Rate; but yet it ſo happened, that the Favourite had as much Generoſity and Honour, as the King had Violence and Inconſiderateneſs; ſo that *Mathilda*'s Virtue actuating on ſo noble a Subject, ſoon had an Effect, worthy of her and it. Tho' *Montroſe* did not at firſt aſſume the Reſolution of marrying her, yet he reſolved not to gain her by any ungenerous Method; his firſt Thoughts were to ſet at Liberty her, and the two *Montafilants*, who paſs'd

for

for her Father and Brother; for, as ſoon as they began to ſuſpect any Thing of *Montroſe*'s Paſſion, they agreed upon that, apprehending with Reaſon that the firſt Thing that Favourite would do, would be to remove his Rival, if he ſhould know him to be ſo, tho' perhaps, as the Event ſhew'd, he would have been generous enough to have acted otherwiſe. If his Love had follow'd the Dictates of his Generoſity only, this was what he would have done, and have heap'd up Riches on thoſe Priſoners; but a Confidant of his, to whom he always diſcover'd his Thoughts, hindered him, by the following Reaſons. What are you going to do? (ſaid he to him:) You ſee with what Coldneſs that Priſoner receives the Tender of your Services; if you give her her Liberty perhaps ſhe'll make uſe of it to eſcape from you: How do you know but ſhe has, in her own Country, a Lover, for whom ſhe would contemn your Fortune? No, my Lord, a gentle Conſtraint has a greater Effect on the Minds of moſt Women, than all the Obligations that can poſſibly be laid on them: You muſt ſoften the Rigour of her's, her Father's and Brother's Captivity by all imaginable good Uſage; let her know that every Thing is at her Diſpoſal, except her own Perſon, but you expect that to be given to you, in return for all the Favours you ſhall beſtow on her; let her be ſerv'd with the greateſt State and Magnificence; endeavour in every Thing to pleaſe her Vanity; in ſhort, gild her Chains and her Priſon, but let her ſtill remain there till ſhe's yours. By theſe Words, or the like, *Gilthon* (for that was the Confidant's Name) ſtifled the generous Sentiments of his Maſter: That Man had a great Power over him, and, as he had a great deal of Addreſs, and that *Montroſe* had always found his Counſel ſucceed, he very much rely'd on him; beſides, conſulting the Intereſt of his Love, not-

notwithſtanding his Generoſity, he enter'd into the Force of his Arguments, and thought 'twould be better to be a little leſs prais'd, and more happy: So that whatever Civility and Complaiſance accompany'd the Proceedings of this new Lover, *Mathilda* could not help being alarm'd at it; and notwithſtanding the Confidence that *Montafilant* had in his Miſtreſs's Fidelity, he could not be without his Fears; for Love's a timorous and ſuſpicious Deity.

Montroſe was ſomewhat younger than him, perfectly agreeable both in Mind and Perſon, held in great Veneration for his Courage and Probity; he ſeem'd to be more King than the King himſelf, ſo that *Montafilant*, in the wretched Circumſtances he was in, had great Reaſon to be uneaſy at his having a Rival of ſo much Merit, beſides his Memory ſupply'd him with ſeveral Examples of the Inſtability of Man's Happineſs. His Maſter had broke his Faith with him, and violated the Friendſhip he had promis'd him, after ſo many Aſſurances of the contrary; but certainly *Mathilda*'s Soul was very different from that of the Prince; from the very firſt Moment ſhe was acquainted with this new Paſſion, that ſhe might not give her Lover the leaſt Reaſon to be uneaſy, ſhe did nothing without his and his Father's Advice. So that in this unlucky Conjuncture they all three ſhar'd each others Diſquiets, which is certainly not a little Conſolation to the Afflicted, ſuch is the Efficacy of true Friendſhip. All that *Montroſe* ſaid or did to expreſs his Paſſion was told to *Montafilant*. In ſhort, if there's any Pleaſure in ſeeing a Rival more powerful and fortunate than ourſelves ſacrificed to us, *Montafilant* enjoy'd it. As they had agreed in their little Council, that, if that Paſſion, which was ſo full of Reſpect was rightly manag'd, it might be a Means of delivering them from their

Captivity,

Captivity, they had reſolved not to provoke it by ill Treatment.

Whatever Letters *Mathilda* received from *Montroſe*, 'twas his Rival that anſwer'd them; ſo that 'twas always in his Power to render him unhappier than himſelf; but if he gave him any Pain, he himſelf had his Share of it. We may eaſily believe that *Mathilda*'s Anſwers were not the moſt favourable, whether in their Converſations, where they were premeditated, or in her Letters *Montafilant* dictated. Under whatſoever Words it was diſguis'd, 'twas ſtill Rigour; but yet this Commerce ſo well concerted had ſo much Wit in it, which, added to the modeſt Reſervedneſs of *Mathilda*, ſtill more and more enflamed *Montroſe*'s Heart. *Montafilant* ſaw, notwithſtanding all his Arts, nothing but Wretchedneſs to him could be the Conſequence of the Paſſion of ſo powerful a Rival; for what Lover, who had every Thing entirely at his own Diſpoſal, could preſerve his Patience unprovoked for ever? *Montroſe* might boaſt of having done every Thing to deſerve her Love, we cannot therefore be ſurpriſed if he did not always overcome the Greatneſs of his Paſſion which he plainly perceived to be deſpis'd; he intreated, ſighed and ſupplicated, but he ſometimes proceeded even to Threats, when he took the King's Advice; but then coming to himſelf again, and rather chuſing her Rigour than her Anger, he returned to Intreaties and Repentance; ſo that deſperate with Love, yet reſtrained by *Mathilda*'s Modeſty, he found himſelf cruelly tortur'd by an invincible Paſſion. The Policy of his Confidant, who remonſtrated to him that the Priſoners abus'd his Good-nature, the Humour of the King, who ſtill counſel'd him to make uſe of Violence, made him ſometimes take ſtrange Reſolutions; but his Generoſity continually combated them, ſo that at laſt he fell dangerouſly ill: In the

Tranſports

Tranſports of his Fever he had nothing in his Mouth but the Name of the Beautiful Captive, for ſo ſhe was called at Court; full of Deſpair, his Anſwers to the Phyſicians Queſtions were only ſuch as Love generally dictates to unhappy Lovers. So that, if the King had not before known of his Paſſion, the Report the Phyſicians made to him of his Illneſs muſt have inform'd him of it; beſides, being almoſt all Day long in his Chamber himſelf, he was an Eye-Witneſs of his Deſpair. 'Tis ſcarce to be conceiv'd to what a Degree his Brutality tranſported the King, when the Phyſicians told him of the Danger his Favourite was in. Without having any Conſideration for *Mathilda*'s Honour and Virtue, which was the innocent Cauſe of the Death he ſo much dreaded, he immediately ordered them to be more cloſely confined; for, ſince *Montroſe*'s Paſſion, they were upon their Parole, and had the whole Caſtle of *Edinburgh* for their Priſon: Yet, not contenting himſelf with this ſevere and unjuſt Treatment, he ordered them to be told, that, if his Favourite died, they were to expect no Mercy. By chance *Montroſe*'s Illneſs at the End of ſeven or eight Days abating, he learnt with a great deal of Grief, what the King's Friendſhip for him had made him do to the two Strangers and his Miſtreſs; he ſent to make his Excuſes to them, and to beg the King to revoke ſo unjuſt a Sentence; but all he could alledge gained no other Anſwer from him, than that he expected *Mathilda* ſhould reſtore to him his Favourite, whom ſhe was on the Point of depriving him of, and that he would not only give her her Liberty, but there was nothing he would not do for her. This Anſwer, ſo contrary to his Sentiments, had like to have redoubled his Sickneſs, and had not *Gilthon*'s Advice moderated his Concern, this Interval of his Fever would not have laſted long; but he, by his cunning Management did

not

not a little contribute to calm his Soul; he remonſtrated to him, that he ought to be ſatisfy'd with having had no hand in ſo ſevere a Proceeding, that he had long enough uſed gentle Methods, and that he had now an Opportunity to try whether the King's harſh Proceeding would not be of greater Service to him. By degrees he made him reliſh his Counſel, and, ſo reviving his half-dead Hopes, he ſeem'd to inſpire his Body, as well as Love, with new Life. By his Advice he ſent for *Montafilant*, whom he took for his Miſtreſs's Brother, not his Rival; and as he had not Strength enough to ſpeak to him himſelf, he order'd that his Confidant ſhould entertain him in the Manner they had before agreed on, which was in theſe Terms: Stranger (ſaid *Gilthon* to him) you ſee to what a deplorable Condition this too faithful Lover is reduced, 'tis this makes us have recourſe to you; tho' your Siſter is innocently ſo, yet ſtill ſhe is the Cauſe of this Misfortune with which we're threaten'd; through her the King and all *Scotland* are in Danger of loſing all that's dear to 'em: If you do not diſſuade her from the Reſolution ſhe ſeems to have taken, I will not mention the Good or Ill that will befall you; you can't but be ſenſible of the one, by the hitherto obliging and generous Proceeding of the enamour'd *Montroſe*; and if the Condition you are in, and the Power of the King cannot make you apprehend the other, you may eaſily foreſee what it will be when the Cruelty of your Siſter and your Imprudence will not avert the Storm that hangs over your Heads. *Montroſe*, incapable of Speech, keeping his Eyes fix'd on him whom he thought *Mathilda*'s Brother, accompany'd this Diſcourſe with ſuch melancholy Looks, that muſt have touch'd any other than *Montafilant*; but he was ſo ſurpris'd at this unlook'd for Adventure, that all his Thoughts were taken up in conſidering how

to

to form an Anſwer; the Death, which he ſaw written on the Face of that unhappy ſick Man, putting him in mind of the Danger his Miſtreſs, Father and Self were expos'd to, through the King's Cruelty, (which he had already experienc'd) ſtrangely alarm'd him. But yet, even at that Inſtant his Love and Jealouſy did not forſake him; ſenſible of what he really was, he could not but bluſh at the Propoſition he foreſaw would be made him, but yet he did not dare to make himſelf known, or to anſwer as became his Birth and Quality; that would have been at once undoing all that their Policy had advis'd 'em to, in order to leſſen their Ranſom and keep them together. In this Diſorder, ſummoning all his Reaſon to his Aid, he endeavour'd to interrupt *Gilthon*, and prevent the ſo much dreaded Propoſal. Hold Sir, (cry'd he) make not an ill Uſe of our Captivity, and do not talk to me in a Manner unworthy of me; were the Beauty of my Siſter capable of reducing your Maſter to the Condition I ſee him in, is it not enough that I do not interfere with her Behaviour?----My Lord, (ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to *Montroſe*) the noble Treatment, we have receiv'd from your Generoſity, has ſo powerfully bound us to you, that I would with pleaſure die to teſtify my Gratitude. Let the ſame Generoſity ſtill prevail; though our Misfortunes, our Lives, and Perſons are at your Diſpoſal, you have too much Honour to make any Attempt on my Siſter's Virtue, or to wound me in ſo ſenſible a Part. The Tone, with which *Montafilant* pronounc'd theſe few Words, gave *Gilthon* ſufficiently to underſtand, that his Expedient would not have the deſir'd Effect, yet he would not ſo ſoon give it over. He reminded *Montafilant* of the Regard he ought to have for his Father and Siſter, and of the Peril they would be expos'd to; but, finding that had no Effect, he proceeded

ceeded to Threats, to try if Rigour would not meet with better Succeſs. If hitherto *Montafilant* had reſtrained his Reſentment, the Thoughts of his being in Captivity could now no longer bridle his Paſſion; ſeeing himſelf thus inſulted, he could not help telling him, that tho' he was a Priſoner, he ſhould feel his Reſentment, were it not for the Reſpect he ow'd to the Condition his Maſter was in: At the ſame Time turning to him, Send me, my Lord, (ſaid he) back to my Priſon, rather than let me hear this Man talk to me in a Manner unworthy of you and me; which was immediately done. From that Time the Favourite's Illneſs increaſed, and the King being appriſed of *Montafilant*'s Anſwer and *Mathilda*'s Reſolution, orderad them to be treated with the worſt of Uſage. This Cruelty making them apprehend ſtill greater, drove *Montafilant* to deſpair; for the Age of his Father not being able to ſupport ſo many ſhocking Afflictions, he every Moment dreaded his Death. In the mean Time, *Montroſe* grew ſo bad, that every body thought him at the Point of Death: The Priſoners learnt this News with the utmoſt Grief, if the Threats of the King had not given them the greateſt Uneaſineſs immaginable, that Lover and Enemy together, was Maſter of ſo many fine Qualities, and had ſhow'd ſo much Reſpect in his Proceedings, that 'twas impoſſible for Perſons of their Generoſity not to be touched with his Death, tho' he was the Occaſion of their being ſo wretched; but what had ſtill a greater Effect on them, was, that at the ſame Time that one of their Guards told them that Piece of bad News, a Page of *Montroſe*'s came with a Letter for *Mathilda*, and told her that his Maſter being given over by the Phyſicians, had call'd for Paper, and after having with a great deal of Difficulty writ that Letter, had commanded him to bring it to her. *Mathilda* calling the old *Montafi-*

lant,

lant, her pretended Father, to be preſent when ſhe opened it, read as follows.

" BEAUTIFUL Stranger, I'm very ſenſible " that I muſt die, not becauſe the Phyſicians " forſake me, but becauſe I'm abandoned by you. " Fortune and Fate ſeem'd to have promis'd me " more Happineſs, but that was not in their Power " without your Aſſiſtance; 'twas only you that " cou'd have made me live happy, yet 'tis you " alone that have occaſion'd my dying wretched! " 'Tis therefore to obey you that I lay down Life; " happy, if by ſo doing I can arrive at the Felicity " I have always thought conſiſted in the pleaſing " you, and wretched that I cou'd not effect it, by " the moſt violent Paſſion that ever Man felt."

Montafilant approaching whilſt *Mathilda* was reading, they were all three extremely affected with it, particularly he and his Father; inſomuch, that, out of pure Generoſity, not from any Fear of the Misfortunes his Death would draw upon them, they perſuaded *Mathilda* to treat him with leſs Rigour; and, having put a Pen into her Hand, oblig'd her to return this Anſwer.

" SO far from being the Cauſe of your Death, I " ſhou'd with the greateſt Regret bear the Loſs " of the moſt generous of Men.---Wou'd to Hea- " ven, my Lord, 'twere in my Power to avert ſo " dreadful an Accident; tho' at the Expence of my " Life, you ſhou'd not ſee me heſitate a Moment, " I have ſo lively a Senſe of your Goodneſs, and " eſteem you ſo much. But, my Lord, judge bet- " ter of yourſelf, and do not believe that the moſt " miſerable Perſon in the World can any Ways " contribute to the Felicity of one, who in all Ap-

" pearance is the happieſt.----Live to experience it,
" and, if I have any Power over you, to oblige me,
" reſume your Health, for, you may aſſure youſelf,
" 'tis what I ardently wiſh for."

Tho' one would have thought this Letter ſhould not have been ſufficient to have cur'd *Montroſe*, yet he had no ſooner receiv'd it, than he felt ſome Relief; and continued mending the three or four following Days: But, if the Priſoners began to rejoice, they did not long do ſo, when they ſaw that Fortune had taken them out of that Strait only to throw them into one more dangerous, and ſuch an one that their inveterate Enemy, who had always purſued them with ſuch implacable Rage, ſeem'd now to have vented the very utmoſt of her induſtrious Malice. Whether *Montroſe*'s Recovery was owing to the Hopes he conceiv'd from the Deſign, which perhaps he had projected during his Illneſs, or whether that Deſign ow'd its Birth to his Deſpair; but he no ſooner found himſelf able to talk, than he ſent for *Montafilant*, who being come he ordered everybody to retire out of his Chamber, and addreſs'd himſelf to him in this Manner: Whatever Inducement I have to flatter myſelf, that I am not entirely abandon'd by my good Fortune, yet the only Reaſon I had for begging the Favour of this Viſit was to tell you, that I expect my Health from you only. ----From me, my Lord, (cry'd out *Montafilant* interrupting him) alas! how can I poſſibly be happy enough to effect that? Yes, from you, (reply'd *Montroſe*) but give me leave to explain myſelf without Interruption, while my Illneſs permits: I own I was to blame to let *Gilthon* talk to you as he did, but I beg you to impute it to the Zeal of an affectionate Friend, and the Deſpair I was then in. I aſſure you, that your Misfortunes and Captivity have

have not hindered me from having the Regard that yours and your Siſter's Merit would exact even from the moſt barbarous. I have diſcovered ſomething in her and you that tells me your Quality is ſuperior to what you own; and I believe, that neither ſhe, your Father, or ſelf, can accuſe me of any ungenerous Uſage. *Montaſilant* anſwer'd this Diſcourſe by profound Submiſſions, and could not refrain ſometimes from interrupting him by Words which ſhewed, that he deſired that he would put an End to this long Preface, and, coming to the Point, let him know what it was he exacted of him. Upon which *Montroſe*, pauſing a little to recover his Breath, as one who ſpoke with a great deal of Difficulty, at length continu'd thus: What I require of you, generous Stranger, is not any Action unworthy of you, neither indeed is it any Thing that I might not myſelf propoſe to your Siſter, were I able to wait on her; 'tis yours and your Father's Liberty I offer you, and to ſhare my Fortune; in ſhort, 'tis to deſire you to prevail on her to accept of me as an Huſband: I have always met with ſo much Indifference in her, that I expect from your Counſel, and the Conſideration ſhe has for her Father, that which my Services could never obtain: I believe you are ſenſible that the greateſt in this Kingdom would ſeek for what I myſelf propoſe to you; but I won't endeavour to magnify your Siſter's Conqueſt:---Go and conſult with her, tho', to confeſs the Truth, I expect moſt from you; yet, as I am not oblig'd to have ſo much Conſideration for you, as the Paſſion, with which ſhe has inſpired me, has given me for her; be not offended if I tell you, that this is the only Means by which you and your Father can ever recover your Liberties; my Fate is at your Diſpoſal, if you give me her on whom alone my Life depends, what may you not expect from my Gratitude? But,

if you and your Sister are inexorable, you well know you can't so much as hope for any Mercy from the King.

Montasilant was so astonished at this Proposal, that he was unable to make any Reply; he was distracted with too many different Passions to be capable of coming to any Resolution; *Montrose* easily perceiv'd the Trouble he was in, but was far from guessing at the true Cause, and, attributing it only to his Surprize, at so unexpected a Piece of good Fortune for him and his Sister; Go, (repeated he, finding he did not answer) go, and consider of this at your Leisure, and tell your Sister, that she may be assured, from her own Merit and Beauty, of my inviolably keeping my Word; and that, from the Misery of a Prison, you and she may become the most considerable Persons in this Nation. Having spoke these Words, he left him. I leave you to judge, if there ever was a Man so cruelly tormented as that unhappy Lover; 'twas very well that his Rival bade him examine his Proposal at Leisure; for he wanted a great deal of Time to think on what he was to do, or how to behave himself towards *Mathilda*: He resolved not to go directly to her; but, shutting himself up in his Chamber, staid there till Evening, when he sent her Word, that *Montrose*, having desired it, he had been with him; but the Moment he arrived, his Fever had increased so very much, that he had not been able to speak to him. In this wretched Condition, abandoning himself to his Griefs, he vented them in the most melancholy Expressions. O cruel Fortune! (said he) how ingenious are you in persecuting me?----Oh *Mathilda!*----Oh my Father! Ah cruel Rival! thou art happier, tho' in the Arms of Death, than I am.---- What Recompence can you make me, for what you are about to deprive me of? How should I scorn

your

your Favours, and deſpiſe your Threats, if *Mathilda* and my Father were not in your Pôwer? But oh my Father! who haſt too tenderly lov'd me; and oh *Mathilda!* whom I too fondly love! Was I born only for your Ruin? Or, were you given to me only to add Weight to my Afflictions? Thus did he paſs the Evening; and, Night being come, feigning to be out of order, and to want Reſt, he went to bed; but, being alone in his Chamber, he got up again; and walking about in the moſt violent Agonies, ſometimes furious; then again, ſunk with Exceſs of Grief; ſometimes, invoking all the heavenly Powers to his Aſſiſtance, and then accuſing them of Injuſtice; he could not tell who to blame for his Misfortunes, they ſeemed to be ſo dependant on each other. Whether he ſhould impute them to the unjuſt Partiality of the King of *England*, or to the Faithleſſneſs of his Maſter; for if he traced Things back a great way, they both ſeemed to be the Cauſes of the Extremity he was then reduc'd to. But, amongſt all his different Thoughts, Love ſtill prevailing; Ah too amiable *Mathilda*, would he cry, alas! how could I have thought, I ever ſhould have been afflicted at knowing you? Yet it's but too true, that, in my preſent unhappy Condition, I ought to wiſh I had never known you; ſince now I muſt either loſe you, or make you moſt wretched, and be guilty of my Father's Death!----Ah! no, firſt let the whole World periſh, rather than I will abandon you, or give you any Counſel that way tending.---- Love, charming *Mathilda*, love my happy Rival; if Intereſt has Power enough over your Mind, to make you guilty of the greateſt Infidelity that ever was committed, or if the being weary of a Priſon can induce you to diſengage yourſelf from the Vows you have ſo ſolemnly given me of inviolable Truth; but let me firſt become the Horror of Mankind, and

be

be pointed at as a moſt conſummate Wretch, rather than be myſelf the Inſtrument of my own Ruin!---Already have you too much ſuffered, O divine *Mathilda*, and too well known the greateſt Difficulties, now poorly to ſubmit to the Apprehenſions of the ſevereſt Fate; as I judge of the Firmneſs of your Love by mine, I rely upon your Conſtancy and Courage; nor do I think you will be offended at what I do, when you ſee me ſhare your Miſery.----Forgive me therefore, O my venerable Father, forgive me, if----But what am I ſaying! (cry'd he, interrupting himſelf, and thinking on the Reſolution his Paſſion inſpired him with.) Hold, impious and ſacrilegious Tongue; pronounce not, while I am ſtill uncertain, and blacken not yourſelf with a Crime my Heart has not yet committed.----At the ſame Time an Infinity of Thoughts tormented him, and made him change his Mind: They repreſented to him the weak Condition to which the Priſon and extreme old Age had already reduced his Father; the Hazard he ran of ſeeing his *Mathilda* and him periſh in a Captivity, that would be certainly rendered inſupportable; and on the other Hand the Proſperity they would enjoy, if he could but prevail on himſelf to conſent to the Marriage of *Mathilda*, with one who ſo intirely engroſs'd the King's Favour; and, as he was by Nature generous, and truly ſenſible of the Tenderneſs his Father had always ſhown him, taking Advice of his Reaſon, which in its turn aſſum'd the Empire of his Soul and ſilenced his Paſſion: How dreadful is the Choice I have, (continu'd he) to ſee my Father and *Mathilda* periſh, or plung'd into the extremeſt Miſery, and myſelf rendered the moſt unfortunate of Men!----How can I ſee you, beautiful *Mathilda*, in the Poſſeſſion of another? Or, how bear your's and my Father's eternal Captivity, and at the ſame Time

think

think it was once in my Power to break your Chains, but had not Courage enough to do it? No, no, ſooner will I tear my Paſſion from my Heart, than let a Father periſh, who had liv'd happy, had he not lov'd me too well! Rather die, wretched *Montafilant*, than any longer ſuffer the divine *Mathilda* to languiſh! What Succeſs can my Paſſion expect, but to make us all three miſerable? Or why, if I conſult my Reaſon, ſhould I dread Death? Can it be diſagreeable to me, when by it I have preſerv'd my Father's Life, and made *Mathilda* happy? Thro' me you ſhall reign, ſince I can no otherwiſe occaſion your Felicity.----It ſhall not be, that your Faith, which you once gave me, perhaps imprudently, ſhall make me tyrannize over you, I will be more juſt; and ſince I have a thouſand times ſworn to die, to render your Life happy, can I refuſe this Opportunity? I ſhall then be at liberty to ſeek Death, and revenge myſelf on my Enemies; and when I have no one's Miſery but my own to dread, I ſhall have more Courage then to bear it: Thus at leaſt I ſhall ſet you free, and not be guilty of my Father's Death. But, (continu'd he, thinking on his Paſſion which he had almoſt ſtifled) thus ſhall I make myſelf completely wretched, thus ſhall I loſe, for ever loſe you, beautiful *Mathilda!*----but otherwiſe you muſt die.---Oh cruel Love! notwithſtanding my Misfortunes, in you ſtill conſiſts all my Felicity.

This Reflection excited great Tumults in his Breaſt; but, being already inclining to the other ſide, the Remembrance of ſo long a Series of Misfortunes and Diſgraces, which ſeem'd to be link'd to each other, and his natural Piety renewing as it were the Attack, prevail'd over his Reſolution, and entirely conquered him. It muſt be ſo, (cry'd he) Death is my Choice; and, tho' I may not put an end

to

to my Misery by my own Hands, yet my cruel Master will easily grant me that Favour, of not letting the Ravisher of *Mathilda* linger out his Life.----In the mean Time, O Father, worthy of a happier Son! *Mathilda* will not abandon you; but, when possess'd of the Fortune she so well merits, will perhaps bestow one Thought on him, who, since he could not live to serve her, at least knew how to die to make her reign. When Day appeared, it found him in this Resolution; and, as soon as he thought this Mistress was awake, he entered her Chamber, and, seating himself near her Bed; Ah! my dear Sister, said he, (for now that Name, which we made use of to deceive the World, becomes me better than those my Love has so often dictated to me, and which still are so agreeable to my Heart.)---Dearest Sister, since I no longer must call you my divine Mistress, I must---resign you to the Rigour of my Fate, I must ----lose you.----This Discourse, so little expected from *Montasilant*, pronounced with such agonizing Distraction, gave *Mathilda* the utmost Uneasiness, not being able to guess at his Meaning; but, when he had informed her of the Resolution he had taken, and of the Reasons that had induced him to it, who can conceive how much the unhappy *Mathilda* was shock'd! What---cry'd she to him, (equally transported with Grief and Resentment) is this the *Montasilant*, for whom I despis'd the Passion of Prince *Henry?*----Is this the Man, whom I have followed from Province to Province?---for whose Sake I've brav'd the Dangers of the Sea, when each tempestuous Billow threaten'd to o'er-whelm us?---for whose Sake even Captivity has seem'd light?---And does he at last advise me to espouse another?---Yes, beautiful *Mathilda*, (reply'd he) I am still the same, I die for Love of you,---with greater Passion doat on you, and cannot bear that you should for ever

be miſerable on my Account.---My Love is pure and diſintereſted, as I have a thouſand Times aſſur'd you; neither will I ever be reproach'd, that when nothing but my Death was wanting to make you happy, and free you and my Father from an endleſs Slavery, I preferr'd living and making you wretched with me. Ah! Cruel, (cry'd ſhe) did you ever hear me complain of my Captivity, or did I ever reproach you with my Sufferings? I am as ſenſible as you of the languiſhing Condition to which old Age and this Priſon have reduc'd your Father, tho' after having forgot and forſaken mine, my Mother and every Thing that was dear to me to follow you, 'tis with the greateſt Regret I ſee any Thing in your Heart ſtand in Competition with me:----But ſeek no Pretext for your Ingratitude and Infidelity, you are weary of dragging about with you one ſo unhappy as I am, and now would cover your Crime with this falſe Show of Generoſity!----Oh! too obliging Reproaches, (cry'd *Montaſilant*) Oh! agreeable Cruelty; ſeek not to ſhake my Duty, too, too willing to liſten to the charming Temper; look into my Heart, amiable *Mathilda*, look there, and oblige me not to lay aſide the generous Deſign I've form'd; ſuffer me to be miſerable, but let the Regard I have for you, my Honour and my Father, triumph. And can'ſt thou think, (reply'd *Mathilda*, more exaſperated than ever) that I ſhall run after you when you abandon me?---I ſee but too much of your Heart, perjur'd and unfaithful; go, and ſince Liberty is even this way acceptable to you, you ſhall be free, I'll deliver you from your Chains, and give you back your promis'd Faith, ſince 'tis not Proof againſt the worſt Events. Your Father may enjoy this high Fortune you've procur'd for me, you yourſelf may alſo reap the Advantages of it, ſince the Charms of Greatneſs have ſuch Power over your weak and fickle

Soul; but cruel, remember what I now tell you, henceforth expect from me naught but Scorn and Hate.

These Expressions, tho' harsh, show'd too much Love not to pierce the unhappy *Montasilant* to the Heart; and whatever Effort his Generosity might have made, doubtless he would not have been able to have withstood such Charms; already he repented, and charm'd with *Mathilda*'s Courage, was going to thank her for her Constancy, and to make a thousand Protestations of inviolable Love, but the first Words he spoke, *Mathilda* interrupted him in this Manner. Seek not to move my Pity or Compassion, my Resolution is taken as well as yours: I'll marry your Rival, since you have given me so much Reason to forget you; the greatest Difficulty is over, for I still confess, the assuming my Heart from you requir'd a greater Effort than the bestowing it on him; but since you have effected that, and have obliged me to cease loving you, which I once thought impossible, I shall easily prevail on myself to love another, who has too many fine Qualities not to be amiable to whoever loves not you. Go, and carry the Answer you have promis'd, and become in earnest my Brother, since you have forgot you was my Lover. *Montasilant* would have interrupted her here, but *Mathilda*'s Passion would not give him Leave; and all he could do, could not prevail on her to alter her Design; so that partly by Force, partly by Reason of the Motives of his first Resolution, he found himself oblig'd to yield up his Mistress; but yet unable to carry the News to his happy Rival, feigning Sickness, he sent for *Montrose*'s Confidant, and telling him somewhat of *Mathilda*'s Resolution, desir'd him to wait on her to be more particularly inform'd of her Sentiments. She being still enrag'd with the Thoughts of *Montasilant*'s

lant's abandoning her, told *Gilthon* that *Montroſe* did her too much Honour, and that ſhe would receive his Addreſſes. Thus in a Moment that Favourite recover'd his Strength, and the wretched *Montafilant* fell into a much more dangerous Condition; he again went to *Mathilda*, but ſhe repuls'd him: Can you think, (ſaid ſhe to him) that I will marry another, and conſent to your ſeeing me? No, no, find your Advantage in the Splendour of my Fortune; but don't any more pretend to my receiving your Viſits or liſtning to you. Nothing that *Montafilant* could alledge, could ſhake her Reſolution; ſo that the Time requiſite for *Montroſe*'s recovering his Health, and making the neceſſary Preparations for his Marriage, being expir'd, the appointed Day came, which in all Appearance was to be that wretched Lover's laſt. *Mathilda* had receiv'd the Viſits of the King and all his Court, the tranſporting Joy that *Montroſe* felt, had reſtor'd him to his good Mien; but certainly if his Love for *Mathilda* could have been any ways affected by an Alteration in her Beauty, it would; for notwithſtanding her utmoſt Efforts, and Reſolution, ſhe could not ſee this laſt Day approach, without feeling the moſt poinant Grief. The Priſoners had already receiv'd their Liberty, and *Mathilda* was lodged in an Apartment of the Palace with the King's Daughter, 'till ſhe ſhould be carry'd to the magnificent Houſe of *Montroſe*. That Favourite, who entirely poſſeſt his Maſter's Heart, might have married that Princeſs, had he not found more Charms in the beautiful Stranger; 'twas therefore with extreme Uneaſineſs that ſhe ſaw this Marriage approach, for the Perſon of that Favourite was ſuch, and Fortune ſo exalted, that Queens muſt with Regret have ſeen another preferr'd to them. Thus this Wedding made a great many unhappy, and only one pleas'd. *Montafilant*

entirely abandon'd himſelf to his Deſpair, fortifying himſelf in his firſt Reſolution of returning and expoſing himſelf to his Maſter's Indignation, as ſoon as he had taken his laſt Leave of *Mathilda*; but ſhe would not admit of it, and that wretched Lover was forced to wait, rack'd with the Pangs of Death, for the Day that was to make his Rival ſo happy, not daring to approach his Miſtreſs, who as the Time grew near, was more and more exaſperated; but yet whatever Severity ſhe affected to puniſh her Lover, ſhe could not but feel a great Share of the Grief ſhe gave. The Evening before that Day which was to be ſo fatal, throwing herſelf on her Bed, and having no body in her Chamber but *Clementia*, after having ſhed a Torrent of Tears, which the Preſence of thoſe who had all that Day viſited her, had till then reſtrain'd; Ah! my dear *Clementia*, (cry'd ſhe) how wretched am I, that I cannot die with Grief, ſince I very much fear I ſhall not be Miſtreſs of my Deſpair.--- Oh! ye almighty Powers, who thus cruelly perſecute me, enable me to bear the Weight of my Afflictions, and ſuffer me not to give way to the Tranſports of my Rage, by laying violent Hands on myſelf. *Clementia*, who perhaps was wearied out with theſe Calamities, and could not help being flatter'd with the Advantages ſhe ſhould reap from her Miſtreſs's great Fortune, endeavour'd to comfort her as much as poſſible, not but that ſhe pity'd poor *Montafilant*; but whether 'twas for the Reaſon I now mention'd, or that ſhe ſtifled her Compaſſion, the better to perſuade her Miſtreſs to a Marriage ſhe could not poſſibly avoid, ſhe ſtrove, by reminding her Miſtreſs of her paſt Misfortunes, to exaggerate the Joy ſhe ought now to have in getting into a ſafe Harbour, after having been toſt about in ſo many Storms: But whatever ſhe could alledge, *Mathilda* continued inconſolable. At length the Day came,

came, and *Mathilda* was forc'd to ſuffer herſelf to be dreſs'd for ſo ſolemn a Feſtival. *Montroſe* employ'd upon that Occaſion all that could be expected from his Maſter's and his own Riches; ſhe was adorn'd with all the Jewels of the Crown, and the richeſt Robes that Magnificence could invent; but ſhe ſuffer'd all theſe to be put on her as a Victim that is dreſs'd out for the Sacrifice; this was her own Thoughts; but her firſt Lover, who was obliged to be Witneſs of this Pomp, on Account of the Part he acted, look'd on himſelf as the miſerable Victim. He followed *Mathilda* to the Temple, but with ſuch viſible Uneaſineſs, that if he had not diſguis'd his Concern under the Pretence of being ſick, or if his Rival had not been ſo entirely taken up with his approaching Happineſs, that he had not room to make any Reflections, he would doubtleſs have perceiv'd that the Priſoner did but little reliſh his Liberty, and that the Brother intereſted himſelf but ſtrangely in his Siſter's good Fortune. On the other Side, *Mathilda* very much repented of what ſhe had done, when ſhe ſaw the Sorrow and Grief that was written in *Montafilant*'s Countenance: As for him, he would have thrown himſelf at his Rival's Feet, and have told him the Truth of his Condition, and have begg'd Death at his Hands, rather than to let the Ceremony proceed. Could they have been able to have conſulted together what was to be done at this terrible Conjuncture, doubtleſs they would not thus have conſented to their own Miſery.----At laſt the Hour came, *Montroſe* giving his Hand to *Mathilda*, in Preſence of all the Court, led her to the Altar, where the Biſhop of *Edinburgh* waited, who was appointed to marry them.----But I will no longer keep the Reader in Uncertainty, and the unhappy *Montafilant* in his extreme Uneaſineſs: As ſoon as the Ceremonies were begun, at the Inſtant that

Montroſe gave the Ring and his Hand to his Miſtreſs, two Things happened which interrupted the Feſtival; *Mathilda* ſwooned away, and at the ſame Time *Clementia*, who had her Eyes fix'd on *Montroſe*'s Hand, cry'd out that they ſhould not proceed any farther, 'till they had heard her. She had obſerv'd, that that Lover had the Mark of a perfect red Roſe upon his Hand, and recollecting that *Mathilda*'s Brother, who had been carried away as ſoon as he was born, was exactly mark'd in that Manner, ſhe thought herſelf oblig'd to declare it. She had heard that *Montroſe* was a Stranger, and that it was not known of whom or where he was born; tho' ſhe could not tell whether this Report was true, or whether 'twas rais'd by thoſe who envied his great Fortune; yet ſhe could not but have ſome Suſpicions, eſpecially on Account of the great Reſemblance there was between him and her Miſtreſs, which they had often took Notice of. This and her ſwooning away, which continued ſo long that ſhe was forc'd to be carried away, and laid upon a Bed, interrupted the Ceremony; beſides, as they open'd her Robe to give her Air, a Poinard which they found hid in it, gave great Occaſions to Conjectures on ſo odd an Accident; in ſhort, *Clementia*'s Suſpicion was found to be true, the Mark on *Montroſe*'s Hand was ſo very ſingular, that it alone was ſufficient Evidence of the Truth of her Diſcovery. But a Merchant who had brought him up from his Childhood, confeſſing that he had him from the Hands of Pyrates, who had taken him on the Coaſts of *Normandy*, near Mount St. *Michael*, from which Mount and the Roſe that was upon his Hand, he had given him the Name of *Montroſe*, very much ſtrengthen'd what *Clementia* ſaid. By good Luck there was in the Caſtle of *Edinburgh* an old Soldier, who being inform'd of this Adventure, and having been

been an Accomplice in the carrying him away, thought he now had an Opportunity to advance his Fortune; going therefore to *Montroſe*, and firſt begging his Pardon, he told him that the Captain under whom he then ſerv'd, was bribed by the Count of *Beſſin*, whilſt he was in ſome Port in *England*, and ſending a Man along with them to conduct them, the Buſineſs was done, as *Montafilant* told Prince *Henry* the firſt Time he ſpoke to him about *Mathilda*. But what put this Thing out of all doubt, was the Soldier's adding, that upon his Comrades dividing the Spoil and Pillage of the Baron of *Dover*'s Houſe, among ſeveral other Things that fell to his Share, was a Coral made uſe of by Children when they cut their Teeth, which he ſtill had kept; upon fetching it, it was found to be ſet in Gold, and a Coat of Arms engrav'd on it, which *Mathilda* knew to be that of her Family; and *Clementia* added, that it was deſign'd for the Child that was taken away, as it is cuſtomary before the Lyings-in of Perſons of Quality, to provide every Thing for the Child that is to be born.

Montroſe thus aſſur'd of his Extraction, and appriz'd by the Ponyard that *Mathilda* had conceal'd in her Boſom, how much Force ſhe put upon her Inclinations, when ſhe conſented to marry him, and afterwards inform'd of hers and her Lover's Hiſtory, he had too much Generoſity any longer to prevent their Happineſs. Soon after, *Montafilant* and *Mathilda* were married with as great Exceſs of Joy, as they had before felt of Afflictions. *Montroſe* married the King's Daughter, and making his Brother and Siſter-in-Law partake of his good Fortune, enabled 'em to ſettle in that Country, and heap'd Wealth upon them ſufficient to atone for the Loſs of their Eſtates.

This is the Original of the Family of *Montroſe*, and the Means that brought the Lords of *Montaſilant* out of *Normandy*. The King of *Scotland* having written the King of *England* an Account of the Villainy of the Count of *Beſſin*, and given him ſo many convincing Proofs of it; that prudent and juſt Prince began to be ſenſible of his Wickedneſs; and Fortune, who had hitherto been ſo averſe to thoſe Lovers, became ſo favourable to 'em, in even their warmeſt Wiſhes, that in a ſmall Time they recover'd the Poſſeſſion of their Eſtates, and ſaw their old Enemy the Count of *Beſſin* diſgrac'd; who being convicted of ſeveral enormous Crimes, periſh'd according to his Deſerts; all his Wealth being confiſcated to the Church, as may ſtill be ſeen in the Donations made to them by *William* the Conqueror, or by the Queen his Wife.

THE

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HISTORY

OF THE

Marqueſs of *G---- V----*.

MY Story has nothing in it but what is doleful; and I believe will affect you. Our Family were Proteſtants, and as it was in ſome Credit, it was not ſpar'd in the Times of Dragooning: Our Seat felt all the Fury of thoſe booted Miſſionaries; they ruin'd the Avenues, they ravag'd the Cellars, and their brutal Madneſs extended even to the digging up the Bodies of our Anceſtors (which had been bury'd in a Vault near the Garden) and the throwing them upon the Dunghill. My Mother, who was with Child of me, was ſo affected with theſe Horrors, that ſhe fell ill: The Officer who commanded the Dragoons, made them beat a Drum in the next Room, in order to force her, by this Torture, to ſign the Abjuration, which they offer'd her. She refus'd with Conſtancy, and dy'd two Days after my Birth. My Father, who was ſhut up in a Chamber above, could not prevail to ſee her in her laſt Moments, nor

nor to receive her laſt Sighs, becauſe he too perſiſted in the ſame Refuſal: But alas! they ſoon conquer'd his Reſolution, when they ſhew'd him the Body of my Mother expos'd in the Court upon a little Straw, where they threaten'd to leave thoſe precious Remains of his Love as a Prey to Dogs and Birds. This frightful Spectacle touch'd him ſo ſenſibly, that at laſt he did what they requir'd. Then the Dragoons retir'd, and took from him my Brother and me. My Brother, who was five Years old, was brought up in a Society at *Lyons*, by order of the King; and my Education was entruſted to the Parſon of the Pariſh, who was to be reſponſible for me. At the Age of ſeven Years I was remov'd to *Paris*, to the College *des quatres Nations*, where I was inſtructed in the *Roman* Catholick Principles, till I was thirteen Years old; when my Father, after having given ſufficient Marks of his Converſion, had Leave to take us home to him. 'Twas there that I learn'd the Commencement of my Misfortunes; and I confeſs, that in ſpite of the Prejudices of Education, from that Moment I felt a ſecret Abhorrence to the Religion which I had been educated in.

My Father, who profeſs'd it with Sincerity, as I think, thought of nothing but of confirming us in it, in order to eſtabliſh our Fortunes. He ſent me into the Army, and kept my Brother with him. Madam *Maintenon*, who had our Converſion much at Heart, becauſe of our Alliance to her, procur'd me a Cornetcy in the Regiment of *N*----. But as I was yet very young, my Father, who diſtruſted my Vivacity, recommended me to the Care of the Lieutenant-Colonel, who was a Friend of his. This Officer, whoſe long and glorious Services had acquir'd him a ſplendid Fortune, had married a Lady in our Neighbourhood who had been very

dear

dear to my late Mother. They liv'd together in ſweet Peace, and their Union ſuffer'd nothing from the Tumults of War, or the Change of Garriſons. This happy Couple had no other Fruit of their Love but one Daughter, call'd *Emilia*, whom they were extremely tender of, and the Mother had educated with uncommon Care. Tho' ſhe was but ſix Years old, and my Advantage in Age might naturally have excuſed my Attention to her growing Charms, yet they touched me; and Love gave me then a Wound, which is not yet heal'd. I had the Honour of eating every Day at my Lieutenant-Colonel's Table with his Lady. Inſenſibly I look'd upon him as my Father, and felt an unſpeakable Complacency in rendering her the Reſpects which I ſhould have paid to a Mother. By this continued Intimacy, I liv'd with the young *Emilia*, as with a Siſter whom I was infinitely fond of: I took a Pleaſure in playing with her, and in diverting her before her Mamma, and in the little Sports adapted to her tender Years: She uſed to call me her Huſband, and I her my little Wife. This amiable Infant ſometimes aſtoniſh'd me with her Sallies and Anſwers; but what moſt engaged me was, that *Emilia* had a Senſibility beyond her Age. She never ſaw us departing for a Campaign without weeping, as if ſhe had foreſeen the Uncertainties of War. The Farewels which ſhe particularly beſtow'd on me, ſoften'd me even to Tears; nor did I begin to diſcover the Cauſe of this, till I was taught it by the Part I ſuffer'd laſt War in the Misfortunes of *France*. I was taken Priſoner in the Battle of *Hochſtedt*, and carry'd into *Holland*. In the Diviſion which the States made of their Priſoners, I was ſent to *Friſe*, which is not the moſt engaging of their Provinces. I ought, however, to confeſs, that the Politeneſs of the Nobles,

bles, and the Humanity of the Inhabitants, ſenſibly leſſen'd the Griefs which I felt in my Exile. As ſoon as I had inform'd my Father where I was, he made me Remittances enough to live handſomely. I wrote too to the Lieutenant-Colonel, to know the Situation of his Fortune, and to receive News of my dear *Emilia*. She begg'd Leave to write to me, and I receiv'd Letters from her ſo full of Tenderneſs, that at length mine unveil'd itſelf: The inimitable Marks of an Infant's Careſſes were ſo lively painted in thoſe Letters, that I believed them to be her own; and they confirm'd me in my Opinion of her Wit. Nothing comforted me ſo much in my Exile as this little Correſpondence, which her Mamma approv'd of as inſtructive to her; and which, at her Time of Life, was of no Conſequence: It was not ſo with me; I was always full of this lovely Infant; the Idea of my dear *Emilia* purſued me every where; ſhe was at the Bottom of all my Projects, and the Joy of ſeeing her again was my ſtrongeſt Motive to deſire a Change. At length I learned that I was at Liberty, and that Madam *Maintenon* had procur'd me a Troop of Horſe. This Account alarm'd my Heart, becauſe I was afraid of being tranſplanted into another Regiment, and thrown beyond the Reach of ſeeing and converſing with my dear *Emilia*. Indeed, I ſhould have preferr'd the Pleaſure of ſeeing her, to my Advancement. This Inquietude made me go directly to her, when I arrived in *France*, to diſcloſe the Concern of my Heart: I was overjoy'd to learn there, that I continu'd ſtill in the ſame Regiment; and my Tranſports betraying my Paſſion, I expreſs'd it in Terms which gave her Father room enough to gueſs the Truth. He thought himſelf oblig'd to bid his Lady obſerve my Behaviour, becauſe now their

their Daughter grew old enough to think of regulating her Conduct. In Effect, *Emilia*, whom I had not ſeen in the Space of two Years, was vaſtly altered; her Features had unfolded themſelves, her Shape was form'd, and every Thing in her diſcover'd the Sketch of the moſt charming Perſon that ever liv'd: Tho' ſhe was fair, her Eyes were large and ſprightly, and marvellouſly enliven'd the Sweetneſs and Tenderneſs which were painted in her Face. She had the fineſt Complexion in the World; and that Bloom of Beauty, which nothing but Youth can give, was heighten'd by the Charm of her riſing Boſom. She had all that could compoſe a perfect Beauty: Beſides the Proportion of her Features, the fine Turn of her Face, and the Delicacy of her Shape, ſhe had that Agreement of the Whole, which has hitherto found no Name. In a Word, *Emilia* charm'd me, and I had not Courage to tell her ſo. Reſpect took Place of that Familiarity which we had liv'd in, and my Paſſion naturally perform'd what her Father deſir'd. But, as it often happens, that a Fire becomes more raging by all Endeavours to ſuppreſs it, ſo my Paſſion increas'd by Reſtraint. I lov'd *Emilia* to Exceſs, and burnt with a Deſire of revealing it; but my Fear of diſpleaſing her, taught me to forbear the dear Declaration, even in Spite of myſelf. *Emilia* feign'd an Ignorance of my Paſſion, and her Modeſty conceal'd from me the Eſteem ſhe had from me. My Reſpect for her, made me find a Sweetneſs in this Reſerve. I don't doubt, but you are well acquainted with the Value of Sighs, which proceed from a reſpectful and ſtifled Paſſion. The ſucceſſive Deſires which it gives Birth to, have a Delicacy beyond Expreſſion: Doubtleſs theſe nicer Joys are the Privilege of a Love founded on Eſteem and Virtue, and diſtinguiſh it from that brutal

brutal Paſſion which tends only to Poſſeſſion, and always ends there: Every thing contributed to the Increaſe of mine. The Virtue of my dear *Emilia* regulated all its Motions; the Sweetneſs of her Converſation gave unſpeakable Joy; her virtuous Behaviour, and the Sublimity of her Sentiments, wound up my Reſpect to ſuch a Height, that I thought her the Standard of Virtue: I durſt not even take my Leave of her, when I departed for the laſt Campaign which I made with her Father, for fear I ſhould betray my Tenderneſs at Separation. This Campaign, which was ſo fatal to *France*, was ſo too to my poor *Emilia*: There ſhe loſt her Father, who died glorioufly in the Battle of *Malplaquet*. The Senſe of this Loſs was reflected from his too tender Daughter to me, without any Abatement: But as my Duty detain'd me in the Regiment, I could only write to the Widow to endeavour her Conſolation. The Peace of *Utrecht* giving us ſome Reſpite, I came to *Paris*, where Madam *de*--- had removed with her lovely Daughter. Our firſt Interview was exceeding moving. The Tears of *Emilia* gave new Energy to her Charms and my Love. To give her a Proof of it, I ventur'd to ſolicit Madam *de Maintenon* in their Behalf. As her Influence was ſtill as great as ever, ſhe had the Goodneſs to procure an Addition to the Widow's Penſion. The Thanks ſhe paid me on that Account, gave me an Occaſion of declaring to her my Paſſion for *Emilia*; and after ſome Sollicitation, ſhe had the Goodneſs to approve it. It was then indeed, that *Emilia* charm'd me by a Declaration of her Sentiments in my Favour. I took Lodgings in their Neighbourhood, that I might be within Reach of my dear *Emilia*, during the Year I ſtaid at *Paris* to make my Court to Madam *Maintenon*; now and then viſiting

viſiting my Regiment, and ſtriving to reconcile my Duty and my Love. The King's Death finiſh'd his Favourite's Reign, and my Happineſs. How mild ſoever the Regency appear'd, it had its Severities, and exerted them too towards *Emilia*'s Mother, in retrenching her Penſion. I ſolicited the Re-eſtabliſhment of it with all poſſible Zeal; and by the Intereſt of the Abbeſs of *Chelles* (to whom I was powerfully recommended) I obtained it at the End of ſix Months. That Princeſs was then at *Val de Grace:* I engaged *Emilia* and her Mother to wait upon her, and thank her for her Goodneſs to them. Alas! I little knew the Precipice I was jumping down: But who can ſee into Futurity? In going out of her Highneſs's Parlour, we met the Prince of ----. In all Appearance he was violently ſmitten with *Emilia*'s Beauty: As ſhe follow'd her Mamma (whom I was leading to the Coach) he offer'd his Hand to conduct her thither too, and undoubtedly for an Opportunity of entertaining her. We made no Reflection on this, tho' ſo particular a Civility; and we attributed this Diſtinction to the native Gallantry of the Prince. *Emilia* herſelf turn'd off the Converſation, to bring it back to the Service which I had juſt been doing them. That generous Maid, who was full of Delicacy, knew well, that tho' the Share I took in their Affairs was founded on my Gratitude to her Mamma, yet it was equally owing to my Tenderneſs for herſelf. She ſaid one Day to me on that Subject, that ſhe was mortify'd to ſee me employ my Credit in their Behalf inſtead of uſing it to improve my own Intereſt at Court; and that ſhe could ſcarce prevail on herſelf to give me her Hand, ſince ſhe could give ſo little with it. This Diſcourſe gave me Pain, and reſolving not to be out-done in Generoſity, I threw myſelf at her Feet,

Feet, ſwore an eternal Love, and aſſur'd her, that in Circumſtances infinitely lower, her Merit would be the only Object of my Wiſhes; and I begg'd her Mother, who was preſent, to haſten the Accompliſhment of them. She had the Goodneſs to repeat her Aſſurances of Eſteem; and we reſolv'd that I ſhould make the Propoſal to my Father. I departed next Day in order to find him. He receiv'd my Propoſal with Joy, and immediately wrote to the Mother to beg her Conſent that the ancient Union between the Families might be ſtrengthned by a new Link. My elder Brother, who was of a ſickly Complexion, deſired my Father to give me all the Advantages he could, and adviſ'd him to purchaſe ſome Farms to enlarge my Portion; becauſe my Father, by means of Money fallen to him, had purchas'd an Eſtate of three hundred thouſand Francs, which he was endeavouring to erect into a Marquiſate, and which would deſcend to the eldeſt Son. Accordingly he made conſiderable Changes upon this Occaſion, to enlarge my Fortune; and I muſt avow to the Honour of my Brother, that in this Affair he behaved very differently from what is uſual among elder Brothers. I ſet out again for *Paris*, with my Father's Conſent, and a Senſe of his Favours in Behalf of my Marriage. *Emilia* receiv'd me with all imaginable Tenderneſs. The Conſent of our Families permitting her at length to lay open her Sentiments with Decency, ſhe aſſur'd me, ſhe had never wiſh'd any Thing ſo ardently as to be able to convince me of her Eſteem: For in ſhort, my dear Marqueſs, ſaid ſhe, if your Cares have prevented my Tenderneſs for you, mine have trod upon the Heels of yours. I lov'd you without knowing it. I blamed myſelf for it as ſoon as I perceived it; becauſe, as my Fortune was leſſen'd

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by the Death of my Father, I imagin'd I ought not to engage you in a Paſſion ſo little conducive to your Advancement. My Situation appear'd to me ſo improper to procure your Happineſs, that I ſentenced myſelf to ſtifle this growing Paſſion, and to confine it within the Verge of Eſteem; but unable to ſuppreſs the Flame, I reproach myſelf for having ſuffer'd you to diſcover that my Sentiments in your Favour exceeded that Eſteem. Your Generoſity conquers my Scruples; and ſince you believe that the Union of our Hearts may contribute to your Happineſs, aſſure yourſelf, my dear Marqueſs, that you have mine while I have Life. So tender a Speech awak'd in me the utmoſt Senſibility of Gratitude; and I renew'd all my Vows to her, ſealing 'em with a Kiſs, which I raviſh'd from her beauteous Hand. Alas! 'twas the only Favour ever granted me by that virtuous Maid. Thus we paſs'd ſeveral Days, from Morning 'till Night entertaining ourſelves with mutual Tenderneſs, and regulating the Preparations for our approaching Union.

However, it was deferr'd on account of the News which I receiv'd of the Danger in which my Brother was. I was obliged to go and lay his Caſe before one of the King's Phyſicians in whoſe Abilities he confided, and who, at that Time, was in the Country about ten Leagues from *Paris*. I took Leave of *Emilia* and her Mother with Diſquiets which I could not account for. I was even aſtoniſh'd at the mutual Softneſs which paſs'd between us. It was not natural for ſo ſhort an Abſence; but was the Effect of thoſe Forebodings which we feel without knowing them. I return'd the next Day. My firſt Care, at my Arrival, was to go to my dear *Emilia*. But how great was my Surpriſe to find her Mother all in Tears,

and to ſee her regard me with Horror. What's the Matter, Madam, ſaid I; and what has happen'd? And dare you aſk me, perfidious Man, (anſwer'd ſhe) after what you have done? Is there a blacker Crime than yours? After having ſeduced my Daughter and cover'd her with perpetual Shame, you come here to inſult me with affected Civility. This is the Reward of my Tenderneſs for her and you. O unhappy Mother, cry'd ſhe, how much am I to be pitied! You may eaſily imagine how deeply theſe Reproaches affected me, unjuſt as they were. The Diſorder into which they threw me, ſcarce left me Power to frame an Anſwer; but my Tears and Sighs ſupply'd their Place; and notwithſtanding my Prayers to the Mother, to unfold the Fate of *Emilia* which I was yet a Stranger to, I could get nothing but new Reproaches. Ungrateful Man, ſaid ſhe, have I deſerv'd this Uſage? Was one Month's Delay ſo long to one who had ſigh'd ſo many Years? Return me my Daughter and be gone. At that Word I was thunder-ſtruck, and the unhappy Mother, underſtanding my Confuſion as a Confeſſion, embraced me in her Arms, and tenderly ſaid to me, Ah! Sir, if it is not yet too late, let us avoid the Diſhonour of infamous Report: Reſtore me, Sir, reſtore me my dear *Emilia*. That Name ſo dear to my Love, awakening my Innocence and alarming my Paſſion, I threw myſelf at her Mother's Feet, and proteſted to her that I had not ſeen her Daughter. And indeed, what Ground was there for this Charge againſt me, whoſe Fondneſs was always blended with ſo much Reſpect, and who had no Reaſon to apprehend a Diſappointment? The Lady's Grief furniſh'd all the Likelihood for her Suſpicions; and the Tears which I ſhed, the Oaths, the Proteſtations which I made,

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at length gain'd Belief that I had no Share in her Abſence. How long, ſaid I, has ſhe diſappear'd? inform me of the Circumſtances; at any Hazard, even at that of my Life, I'll learn her Fate. *Emilia*'s Piety is too delicate to let her forget her Duty; I know her Sentiments, and have no doubt, either of her Affection or her Virtue: Undoubtedly, Madam, Violence has been offer'd----You are injur'd, Marqueſs, reply'd the Lady all in Tears; 'tis you muſt revenge my Daughter, and vindicate your Honour and mine.

After having allow'd ſome Moments to the firſt Motions of our Grief, I learn'd that my dear *Emilia* went out about Noon the Day before to go to Maſs in the Church of St. *Joſſe*, the Gates of which open'd into a Street where almoſt all the Houſes were ſhut. I went to inform myſelf among the Neighbours if they had ſeen any thing. I could find no Traces. I waited on the *Lieutenant of the Police* to prefer my Complaint to him, and to beg his Aſſiſtance in my Search. He had the Goodneſs, immediately to ſend Scouts abroad, and diſpatch'd an Order to all inferior Officers to examine into all the Inns and publick Houſes, and to inform themſelves of all who had been there for two Days. I went myſelf to abundance of ſuſpected Places; but our Inquiries met with no Light, no Glimpſe of Diſcovery. At laſt I went to the *Quinze Vingts*, to find out the blind Man who kept his Station at the Gate of St. *Joſſe*, to know whether he had heard any thing of this Adventure. As ridiculous as this Inquiry may ſeem to be, yet this very blind Man gave us the firſt Intimation of *Emilia*'s unhappy Fate. He told me, that a little Beggar had inform'd him that he had ſeen a Lady put into a Coach with ſome Violence. Upon his aſſuring me that he knew where this

Beggar

Beggar liv'd, I gave him *two Louis d'ors*, and took him into my Coach in order to find the other. In Effect we found this Boy, who confirm'd the blind Man's Account, and I carried them both to the Mother. The Boy among ſeveral Pictures diſtinguiſh'd that of *Emilia*, and even deſcrib'd the Habit which *Emilia* wore that Day. Theſe melancholy Tokens only confirm'd our Misfortune without bringing any Relief. However, I ſent for the Officer of that Diſtrict to take their Depoſitions, which were immediately ſent to the Lieutenant of the *Police*; but his exact Inquiries could make no further Diſcovery. We made no doubt of *Emilia*'s being carry'd off; but knew not where to fix the Suſpicion. Theſe Rapes had been very faſhionable at *Paris* for about a Year; ſeveral young Women had been miſſing; and within three Months before, the Daughter of a Merchant in St. *Honoria*'s Street had been taken from the very Door of her Father's Shop. Theſe melancholy Examples gave us no Conſolation, and we had no Relief but in our Tears. I did not forſake *Emilia*'s Mother, becauſe I found an Eaſe in bewailing with her our mutual Misfortune.

I was one Morning engaged in this ſorrowful Employment at the Foot of her Bed, when a Servant brought up Word to his Lady, that a Gentleman wanted to entertain her upon an Affair of the greateſt Moment. As ſoon as he enter'd, he frankly deſir'd that I might retire. The Lady told him that he might freely open himſelf before me; but whatever Argument ſhe could alledge, he inſiſted upon a private Conference, and I retired into a neighbouring Cloſet. As ſoon as he found they were alone, he told the Lady that he came to give her News of her Daughter. Alas! ſaid ſhe, I was lamenting her with the Gentleman whom you.

you obliged to quit the Room; give me Leave to re-call him: No Body has more Intereſt in her than he; he was upon the Point of marrying her. Immediately ſhe call'd me to come and learn News of *Emilia*. Ah, Sir, cry'd I, you reſtore us to Life: Tell us quickly the Place of her Retreat. Here you ſee a diſconſolate Parent and a deſperate Lover. The Gentleman anſwer'd, that ſhe was not loſt, and that with great Prudence and Secrecy ſhe might regain her Liberty. I come, added he, to offer you my Arm and my Life, as well as the Lives of three of my Friends, if the Exigency require it: They are, like me, Men of Reſolution ----I was preparing to follow him; but the Lady ſtopping me, begging him to tell her, at leaſt, where her Daughter was. The Gentleman declin'd it, becauſe good Manners would not permit the Relation before a Lady. At length, the Force of Sollicitation drew from him----that the virtuous *Emilia* was in a Brothel where ſhe had been forcibly placed. At this I fell in a Rage, and burning to have the fatal Myſtery unravel'd, trembled for *Emilia*'s Innocence. Her Mother, all in Tears, begged the Gentleman to finiſh this ſtrange Relation, in order to the better concerting her Delivery. He told us, that the preceding Day he went to a Houſe of Pleaſure in the Suburbs of St. *Martin*, in order to paſs the Night there. There, ſays he, I aſk'd for a pretty Girl, and they gave me an Account of one exquiſitely handſome, but ſo coy, that the Prince of----could not prevail (then we knew the Author of our Miſery.) The Gentleman continuing his Recital, went on. I regarded theſe Commendations as the common Artifice of that Sort of Women in order to promote their infamous Buſineſs. In ſhort, whether thro' Vanity or my Deſtiny, I reſolv'd upon this Girl.

Girl. I'll own to you that I ſuſpected her Coyneſs towards the Prince of ------- owing only to his Deformity. They conducted me to her, and I found her charming tho' all in Tears. I endeavour'd to warm her with my Careſſes, which ſhe repuls'd with Threats of attempting every Thing againſt herſelf and me. Such uncommon Severity, in ſuch a Place, aſtoniſh'd me. I aſk'd her with what Deſign ſhe came there, and whether ſhe was detain'd there by Force? You appear generous, ſaid ſhe, and I'll acquaint you who I am; perhaps you'll be touch'd with my Condition. They took me from the Gate of St. *Joſſe*'s Church. I have been here this Week. My Mother lives in ſuch a Place, and if you'll condeſcend to inform her of my frightful Situation, I hope Heaven will reward you. Her Tears which accompany'd this Diſcourſe touch'd me ſo ſenſibly, that my Paſſion changed into Reſpect. I aſſur'd her, that her Virtue had nothing to fear from me; and that I wou'd aſſiſt her to my utmoſt. I paſs'd the Night with her, leſt if I quitted her, ſhe might be deliver'd into the Hands of ſomebody brutal enough to offer Violence to her; and this Morning I wait on you with theſe Advices.

Emilia's Mother laviſh'd her Tears during this Recital, which rais'd me to a Pitch of Fury hardly manageable. We bleſs'd the generous Gentleman for his Regard to the innocent *Emilia*; and, in ſpight of the various Paſſions which agitated us, we could not help admiring the Force of Virtue, which could command Reſpect even in a Place dedicated to Vice, and from thoſe who were its greateſt Enemies. At length, after having deliberated on various Meaſures, we reſolv'd to wait on the Lieutenant of the *Police*, whither the generous Gentleman would accompany me. The Lieutenant, delighted with the Diſcovery, immediately ſent for the Officer of the

Diſtrict,

Diſtrict, and in the mean Time diſpatch'd Scouts and Spies round that infamous Place: And then mounted a Company of *Guards* to ſurround it. However, he was of Opinion, that I myſelf, with my Friend, ſhould go to amuſe the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, and guard the Place. The Gentleman undertook to entertain that infamous Creature, and I demanded a Sight of her whom they call'd the Coy One in that infernal School. Immediately they forced that innocent Victim into the Room where I was, without regard to her Tears and Cries. She was pale, disfigured, her Eyes bath'd in Tears. Good God! What a Spectacle for a Lover; and how ſenſibly was my Soul touch'd at the cruel Situation of my dear *Emilia*. I drew near to comfort her and to inform her of our Contrivance: But her Grief and Virtue teaching her to ſuſpect every Thing in that Sink of Infamy, ſhe repuls'd me rudely without knowing me. Immediately diſſolving into Tears I threw myſelf at her Feet, and ſaid to her, *Emilia*, my dear *Emilia*, don't you know your reſpectful Lover? Good God----cry'd ſhe, where am I, and what do I ſee! and in ſpeaking thus, ſhe fell into a Swoon. I catch'd her in my Arms, and ſtrove in vain to revive her. I was forced to call Help. My Friend ran to us in the Moment that we heard the Guard which ſurrounded the Houſe. The Commiſſary hearing ſome Noiſe in the Houſe, and believing that ſome Violence was offered us, gave the Signal, and introduced his Train. They ſeiz'd immediately the deteſtable Bawd, and with her ſeven of her domeſtick Proſtitutes. They were carry'd out, venting a thouſand Imprecations, the Occaſion of which was glorious to *Emilia*, and were led to a Goal on Foot in the Face of the Sun.

During theſe Emotions, *Emilia* revived; and caſting her Eyes upon me, ſaid faintly, My dear Marqueſs,

Marqueſs, to what a Fate was I reſerv'd? What does my dear Mother ſay, and what does ſhe think of her unhappy Daughter? She admires your Virtue, ſays I, and will be here in a Minute to embrace you: For I had ſent my Coach for her, and the Commiſſary went in it, to beg her to come and ſee and receive her Daughter. She ſoon arriv'd, and as it was yet high Day, the Commiſſary advis'd us to ſtay there 'till Night to avoid Noiſe. It's impoſſible to expreſs the Joy we felt in recovering *Emilia*, and in ſeeing her Virtue triumphant even in the Temple of Vice. Our Eyes accuſtom'd to Tears, pour'd out thoſe of Joy. The Mother embraced that dear Daughter, while I raviſh'd her Hand. So moving a Sight ſoften'd the whole Company. The Gentleman to whom we ow'd her Deliverance, found himſelf forced to pay a new Homage to *Emilia*'s Virtue. He begg'd her on his Knees to forget the Injury which he had deſign'd her: "Forgive, Madam, "ſaid he, the brutal Fury which a blind Paſſion had "inſpir'd me with. Your Virtue more prevalent "than my Tendency to Vice, taught me a Leſſon "of Wiſdom, which I ſhall never forget. If I "ought to bluſh at having receiv'd thoſe Inſtructions "in a Place of Debauchery, the Glory of having "been inſtrumental to your Delivery will wipe off "the Ignominy. Perhaps Heaven conducted you "hither only to make your Chaſtity ſhine forth, "and to reduce me to Virtue." The ſweet *Emilia* raiſing the Gentleman, embraced him (by her Mother's Order) and handſomely return'd him Thanks for the generous Pains he had taken; and as the Night was arriv'd, we conducted *Emilia* home, where the Lady, her Mother, detain'd at Supper the Gentleman to whom we ow'd the Recovery of that virtuous Maid.

While

While we waited Supper, the Lady desir'd her dear Daughter to acquaint us with the Circumstances of her Rape. She told us, that in going out of the Church, she was accosted by a well-dress Gentlewoman, who amus'd her with Discourse, 'till insenbly they came over-against a Coach; and immediately she found herself forced into it by two Servants, *without having Time to cry out.* The pretended Madam placing herself there in a Moment, drew up the Windows, which were of Wood, like those of Hackney Coaches, and by those Means cut off all Relief. The Coach after several Rounds stopp'd in a Court where they made her alight, and from thence shut her up in a Chamber which look'd only into that Court. In the Evening of the same Day, says she, I saw the Prince of -------- enter, who propos'd to entertain me in convenient Lodgings, with a shining Equipage and *twenty thousand Livres* a Year. I strove to dissemble the Horror which I felt at this Proposal, in representing mildly to the Prince, that as my Heart was pre-engaged, I could not accept his Offer; and that he might depend on the Sincerity of this Refusal by the little Notice I had taken of his Billets: For, added she, I had receiv'd two by means of a Beggar, who had artfully convey'd 'em into my Book; and through fear of disquieting my Mother, or of alarming the Marquefs, I suppres's'd them, imagining that this Contempt would repulse the Prince. However, finding that these Arguments did not move him, and that he was preparing to make use of all the Advantages which Solitude gave him, I seiz'd the Candlestick which stood on the Table, and vow'd to defend myself against his Brutality to my last Breath. My Resolution terrifying him, he retir'd. As soon as he was gone, the Woman who had carried me away came to chide me for my Severity, and made me remove to

a Chamber among half a Dozen infamous Creatures inſtructed to corrupt me. Spare me, ſaid *Emilia*, burſting into Tears, the Scenes of Lewdneſs and Obſcenity which I was Witneſs to during the two or three Days theſe Monſters of Iniquity were let looſe upon me. No, Hell with all its Horrors contains nothing more frightful than thoſe curſed Creatures. I moan'd, I wept, I invok'd the Aſſiſtance of Heaven, and begg'd for Death every Minute; and ſweet it would have been to me. At length the Prince return'd to me, and believing me ſeduced by ſo many infamous Leſſons and Examples, he renew'd his Promiſes and Threats. I recall'd my former Reſolution; and after having reproach'd him with his Brutality in the ſtrongeſt Terms, I threw myſelf all in Tears at his Feet, and begged him not to ſully the Luſtre of his Houſe by ſo infamous a Stain. But finding him unmov'd at my Tears, I changed my Tone. How ſcandalous is it for you, my Prince, ſaid I, to buſy yourſelf in ſeducing a Woman of Faſhion, while you ought, like your Anceſtors, to be employ'd in winning Battles. Go, cowardly Prince, and ſeek elſewhere a more glorious Death; for, be aſſur'd your Life ſhall pay for an Attack upon my Innocence. Stung with this Diſcourſe he retir'd, call'd me inſolent, and told me that I ſhould have Leiſure to repent.

After this Victory I was confin'd in my Chamber, 'till this Gentleman came to demand me; and you know the reſt, ſaid ſhe, melting again into Tears. We imagin'd that the Prince having proceeded ſo far, durſt not attend to thoſe Motions of Pity which he felt; and as one Crime is the Foundation of another, in order to conceal his, he had reſolv'd to leave *Emilia* in that infamous Place. In that Imagination, the next Day I conducted *Emilia*'s Mother to the Lieutenant of the *Police*, and begged him to

puniſh

puniſh privately the miſerable Conductor of this Enterprize. That Magiſtrate was inexorable; and tho' he perceiv'd the Force of our Arguments, he told us that the Publick Good requir'd ſhe ſhould be made a publick Example; and accordingly the next Day the Sentence was pronounced.

This Wretch, after having paſs'd thro' every Degree of the moſt infamous Debauchery, had erected at her Houſe a publick Academy of Vice. She liv'd in a very handſome Houſe and kept an Equipage neat enough. In ſhort, ſhe was a true *Lais*, and had reviv'd the ancient Proverb, *viz. Non cuivis Homini contingit adire Corinthum*; for indeed it coſt a Piece of Gold to enter her Door; and Strangers made it a Point of Religion to viſit this infamous Place. Her Puniſhment was attended with ſuch comical Circumſtances, that I don't doubt, you'll be willing to know 'em. This wretched Creature was mounted and ty'd on an Aſs, with her Face to the Tail, and led by two of the Executioner's Servants, who had before ſhav'd her Head at the Caſtle-Gate. On her Back was fix'd a Writing, which in two Words deſcrib'd her infamous Trade. She was followed by the ſeven unhappy Creatures found at her Houſe. They were barefoot, in white but batter'd Gowns, and their Hair looſe without any Head-dreſs. At every Croſs-way in *Paris* the Hangman ſhav'd one, and every time whipp'd their infamous Principal, whom at length he conducted without the Gates of *Paris*, whence ſhe was for ever baniſh'd, after having been branded with an Iron. Her ſeven Damſels were led to the Hoſpital, through the Shouts of the Mob.

This Penalty, juſt as it was, compleated our Miſery. *Emilia* could not endure the Publication of her Misfortune: She declar'd to us, that ſhe had reſolv'd to retire for a Fortnight into the Convent of

--------, in the Middle of *Paris*, there to purge her Eyes and Ears of thoſe Obſcenities which ſhe had been Witneſs to. How much ſo ever this Reſolution alarm'd me, it was impoſſible for me to break it. The Lady her Mother went with her thither, fearing they might take Advantage of *Emilia*'s Melancholy, to infuſe into her a Fondneſs for the Cloyſter. But in vain ſhe watch'd her: *Emilia* had taken her Reſolution, and at laſt told her plainly. When her Mother preſs'd her Engagements to me, which left her no Power to form new ones; the Marqueſs, ſays ſhe, is too generous to compel me, and I am too miſerable to wiſh him a Share in my Infamy: I won't ſo much as ſee him 'till I have compleated my Sacrifice by taking the Vows. The Lady her Mother, who was always in Hopes of conquering her, had conceal'd her Reſolution from me; but it could not be long conceal'd. Ah, what a terrible Blow was this to my Heart! I wept, I threaten'd, I ſent for the Superior of the Convent; I reproach'd her with having ſeduc'd my dear *Emilia*; I begg'd at leaſt to ſpeak to her, but all in vain. I went and inform'd the Cardinal *de Noailles*, of the Wrong I ſuffer'd; and his Eminence had the Goodneſs to go to the Convent and examine the Affair. He talk'd with *Emilia*, and found her ſo reſolute, that he himſelf perform'd the Ceremony of giving her the Veil: He brought me the ſorrowful Account, and a Letter which *Emilia* had wrote to me. I preſerve it, ſays the Marqueſs, and will read it to you.

Emilia's *Letter to the Marqueſs of* -------.

" AFTER the fatal Stroke which your Eyes
" were Witneſſes to, I thought nothing re-
" main'd but the Neceſſity of baniſhing myſelf from
" 'em for ever. 'Tis a Method which Providence

" has

" has made uſe of to tear me from a Paſſion which
" perhaps I ſhould have been unable to regulate.
" Let us comfort ourſelves, my dear Marqueſs, and
" ſubmit to that ſuperior Power which has placed
" an unſurmountable Bar between us. I am told
" that you are impatient to ſee me: But what would
" ſuch an Interview avail but to re-kindle in me a
" Fire which I ought to dread? Alas! miſerable
" Woman as I am, even in writing this I expe-
" rience how much I ought to fear and to avoid
" you. No, my Dear, demand no more to ſee me.
" That's at an End. A Veil, Walls and Grates,
" if poſſible, will hide my Shame for ever. Adieu.
" The Tears which fall upon my Paper redouble at
" that cruel Word. Adieu,----once more I bid the
" laſt Adieu, my dear Marqueſs. If to be belov'd
" will ſatisfy you, aſſure yourſelf that you are more
" ſo than ever Man was.

EMILIA."

Tender as was this Letter, continu'd the Marqueſs, kiſſing it, I look'd on it as the Sentence of my Death. How, *Emilia*, cry'd I, even in the Preſence of the Cardinal, is it thus you treat your unhappy Lover? O ye Sighs of ſo many Years have ye deſerv'd this Recompence! O Sir, how barbarous is your Religion! Was it not enough that it coſt me a Mother, muſt it rob me of *Emilia* too! In ſhort, Grief made me ſpeak ſo many indiſcreet Things, that a Prelate leſs moderate than the Cardinal of *Paris* would have taken 'em ill: But the good Cardinal pitying my Condition, ſtrove to comfort me. He employ'd all his common-place Perſuaſives to aſſuage my Tranſports; but all in vain. I left his Palace full of Love and Fury, and that Agitation threw me into ſo violent a Fever, that I was forced to go to Bed when I came home. My Illneſs encreas'd to

ſuch a Degree, that my Life, or at leaſt my Reaſon, was given over for loſt. I fell into a perpetual Delirium, which laſted more than three Months, during which I repeated every Moment the Name of *Emilia*; I ſpoke to her, I wrote to her, and it was only by ſpeaking of her to me, that I was prevail'd on to comply with the Preſcriptions of the Phyſicians. The Lady her Mother, who came every Day to ſee me, took ſo much Care of me, that in a Month after the Fever had left me, I was ſtrong enough to go abroad.

Immediately I went to the Convent, where *Emilia* perſiſted to the End in refuſing to ſee me, that ſhe might not expoſe herſelf to be tempted to decline the cruel Sacrifice which ſhe was preparing for. I curs'd a thouſand Times (as I went out) the Cloyſter and the Grates; and meeting an Officer, a Friend of mine whom I had not ſeen a long Time, and who was ignorant of my Misfortunes, I took him into my Chariot to make him the Recital. After ſome Turns *au Cours*, where the Phyſicians had order'd me to take the Air, we went to the Regent's Coffee-Houſe. One Stroke was wanting to the Completion of my Misfortunes, and I met that Stroke. As my Thoughts were enflamed by the Recital which I had juſt made, I ſpoke too loud and too unguardedly of the Prince of -------, I even read with Delight a Ballad made on a Piece of his Gallantry: The Song turn'd upon a ſmall Diſaſter, well deſerv'd in my Opinion, due to the Baſeneſs of his Paſſion. Intoxicated with the Pleaſure of this Revenge, I forgot who had lent me the Song, and I put it down upon a Table, ſo that no Body doubted my being the Author. The Prince was told of it; and the Regent overjoy'd at an Opportunity of obliging him, ſent me to the Baſtile. Six

Months

Months I endur'd this melancholy Confinement; and I had paſs'd four of 'em before I could win the Governor's Permiſſion to write a Letter to *Emilia*'s Mother, who was very uneaſy at my Condition. That Lady went to the Cardinal, and from thence to the Lieutenant *de la Police*, to beg that he would ſoften my Impriſonment, and to learn my Offence. That Magiſtrate came to ſee me. I confeſs'd my Indiſcretion to him; and as he knew the Foundation of it, he had the Goodneſs to ſpeak of it to the Regent; and his Royal Highneſs order'd my Enlargement. The Cardinal of *Noailles*, by an Exceſs of Prudence, inſerted a very hard Clauſe. His Eminence was afraid I ſhould diſturb the fatal Ceremony of *Emilia*'s Vows; and to prevent that Diſturbance, the Warrant which releas'd me from the Baſtile, order'd that I ſhould quit *Paris* the ſame Day; that I ſhould not return there 'till after ſix Months, and that in twenty-four Hours I ſhould render myſelf at my Garriſon. I had only Time to go and embrace *Emilia*'s Mother, and then I took Poſt to lie at *Meaux*. From thence I wrote to her dear Daughter, to reproach her with the Severity with which ſhe refus'd to ſee me; and the next Day I purſued my Road towards my Regiment. There I lived upon Tears and Sighs, prepar'd for thoſe new Misfortunes which have ſince fallen upon my Head without Intermiſſion. During my melancholy Confinement in the Baſtile I loſt my Father, which was the firſt News I learn'd from *Emilia*'s Mother, when I went to embrace her at my Enlargement. I was extremely afflicted at it. He was the beſt Father in the World, and his Tenderneſs for us had ſhewed itſelf too plainly. Though he was of a very advanced Age, I was afraid my Diſgrace had ſhorten'd his Days; and that Imagination embit-

ter'd my Loſs in Proportion to the Account I heard of his Grief.

Among the Letters which *Emilia*'s Mother had receiv'd for me during my Impriſonment, and which ſhe ſent me at my quitting *Paris*, I found one from an old Friend of our Family, which acquainted me that my dying Father expreſs'd a good deal of Reſentment at the Violence he had ſuffer'd from the Dragoons, and that he feared Heaven would puniſh his Prevarication in my future Misfortunes. This Prediction made an Impreſſion which my laſt Troubles have awaken'd in me: But the Intereſt of my Heart being then entirely engaged in *Emilia*'s Retreat, I continually wrote to her Mother to engage her Authority in the Recovery of my virtuous *Love*. At the ſame Time I plotted Means of carrying her off, which, impoſſible as they were, flatter'd my Grief for ſome Time, tho' the ſteady Virtue of my *Emilia* was an unſurmountable Bar. To compleat my Sorrows, my only Brother dy'd at this Juncture; and while I was employ'd in bewailing his Death, *Emilia* herſelf ſent me Word that her Vows had made me wretched beyond Redemption. My God, what muſt a tender Heart endure in theſe Circumſtances! To loſe at once a Father, a Brother, and a Love, without finding any Abatement of one Loſs by another: What an Abyſs of Sorrow! Sometimes the Elder Brother's Title and Eſtate are a Conſolation to a Younger Brother in my Situation: But as I had loſt a Brother dearly belov'd, ſo I had no Reliſh to his Eſtate, ſince my dear *Emilia* did not partake of it. I wrote to her about it, and that virtuous Girl anſwer'd me with her uſual Generoſity, and ſteadily refus'd me a Penſion which I would have given the Convent in her Name to excuſe her the Severities.

I then

I then wrote to the Cardinal *de Noailles* to beg that the Order which detain'd me at my Regiment might be revok'd, and to obtain Leave for me to ſet my Domeſtick Affairs in Order. He could eaſily ſucceed, becauſe he was at that Time Preſident of the Board of Conſcience, and my Liberty could now give him no Fears with Regard to *Emilia*. He gain'd me both my Requeſts, and after having made a little Tour round my Lands I return'd to *Paris*. Horror ſeiz'd me at my Arrival there, tho' I little knew how diſmal a Journey this would be to me. You gueſs, Ladies, that I did not delay my Viſit to *Emilia*. I ran to her Convent, and ſhe came into the Parlour with her Mamma. It was then fifteen Months ſince I had ſeen her; Heavens! How lovely did ſhe appear! her Veil and her mournful Dreſs heighten'd her Charms, and gave a new Luſtre to her Modeſty. She had an Air of Tranquility and Content; and the Serenity of her Looks demonſtrated the Sincerity of her Sacrifice. I continued a great while ſpeechleſs, and could ſpeak to her only by my Tears. My Grief awaking that of her Mother made her weep too. Our Tears call'd forth *Emilia*'s, and after ſhe had allow'd ſome Time to mutual Tenderneſs, ſhe comforted me with the moſt affecting Arguments which the Chriſtian Religion affords. They ſunk the deeper as her Religion was founded on Reaſon, and was free from the childiſh Bigotry of the Cloyſter. At Length ſhe left me, after a Converſation of three Hours, and gave me leave to ſee her twice a Week.

I was ſenſible of an Indulgence ſo precious and ſo ſerviceable to my afflicted Heart. There was a Reaſon to imagine that I ſhould ſpend the beſt Part of a Year at *Paris*. I was buſy'd there in giving an Account of my Lands into the Chamber of

of Accounts. And as their Erection into a Marquiſate was unfiniſh'd at my Father's Death, and my Brother had neglected it, they had rais'd me ſome Perplexity, and would make me pay twice over the King's Fine at every Change of the Lord. Vexatious as this Affair was to a Man unpractiſed in ſuch Buſineſs, I found a ſecret Pleaſure in it, ſince it furniſh'd me with a fair Pretence of remaining in *Paris* near my dear *Emilia*. I went punctually to her Convent; her Converſation and her Counſel were all my Refuge and Conſolation. Her Mother, who had ſhut herſelf up in the ſame Convent under the Title of perpetual Penſioner, always accompany'd her virtuous Daughter in the Parlour. I felt an inexpreſſible Sweetneſs in converſing with 'em: but as that was but a ſlender Recompence of my unfortunate Love, I never left them but with Tears in my Eyes. Even thoſe Days that *Emilia* was forbid to receive me by the Rule of the Convent I took a Pleaſure in being preſent at Divine Service; and my Heart leap'd whenever I heard her Voice, which was eaſily diſtinguiſh'd by its Sweetneſs; it was ſo familiar to me that I ſhould have known it among a thouſand.

Always full of *Emilia*'s Image, my Thoughts center'd in myſelf, and I made no Viſits but ſuch as my Affairs indiſpenſably requir'd. I generally ate alone, and ſaw but one Friend who lodged pretty near me. One Night he ſaw me more melancholy than uſual, and made me ſup with him. My Heart was heavy, I ſigh'd, the Tears flow'd in ſpite of me, nor could I conquer this involuntary Grief tho' I knew no freſh Cauſe of it. How happy ſhould we be could we comprehend theſe ſecret Hints which the Heart ſometimes gives of approaching Evil! But it's the Condition of Humanity to be ignorant of Futurity: And when Providence

vidence unfolds its Determinations, 'tis at leaſt a Comfort to the Miſerable that they could neither foreſee nor prevent the Stroke. My Friend ſtrove to make me chearful, but could not ſucceed, and I quitted him as much vapour'd as I had been all the Evening.

It was very late when I retir'd, and as I had but one Street to paſs through I went home alone and on Foot. I was hardly four Yards from my Friend's Houſe, when I heard ſomebody walking very faſt, and groaning behind me. I turn'd to ſee who it was, and heard a Voice which ſaid to me, "Save "me, Sir, pity me"---At the ſame time I ſaw a little Perſon who ſeem'd to me dreſt in black, and who threw herſelf at my Knees in the middle of the Street, repeating in a very paſſionate Tone, Save me, Sir, for God's Sake, ſave my Honour and my Life. I lifted her up immediately and aſk'd her how I could ſerve her: But her Diſorder was ſuch, that ſhe could only anſwer me in the ſame Words, Save me, Sir, and place me ſomewhere in Safety: I believe you generous, added ſhe trembling, I am a Perſon of Condition, pity and ſave me, Sir----All the while ſhe ſpoke to me, this poor Creature, to whom I had given my Hand, preſs'd me to walk on, and I was already at the Door of my Lodging, before I could frame an Anſwer or a Reſolution. In the mean time *Emilia*'s Misfortune coming to Remembrance, I fancy'd that this unhappy Girl might have been in ſome ſuch cruel Situation. Beſides ſhe was a young Lady and in Misfortune----Alas! Leſs had been ſufficient to move Compaſſion in my too tender Breaſt. I was ſoon reſolv'd; fear nothing, Madam, ſays I, whoever you are; this is my Lodging and ſhall protect you. My Man, who ſat up for me, ſeeing me bring in a Woman ſo late, fancy'd

cy'd it was ſome Wench willing to comfort me in the ill Succeſs of my Amour. He was indiſcreet enough to ſay ſo among the Servants of the Houſe who ſat up to chatter with him; and this Imprudence ruin'd me. However the reſpectful Air, with which he ſaw me conduct her to my Apartment, made him change his Opinion, and he has ſince own'd to me that he believ'd her to be *Emilia* whom I had carry'd off from the Convent. Every thing favour'd this idle Imagination. The Lady was in black, ſhe had her Veil let down, her Cloaths were beſpatter'd with Dirt like one who eſcap'd in a Hurry; ſhe ſeem'd very much fatigu'd, and was ſo in Reality.

As ſoon as ſhe was in my Chamber I offer'd her ſome Refreſhment. She contented herſelf with a Glaſs of Burgundy, which ſhe drank without lifting up her Veil. Believing her then a little recover'd from her Fright, I begged to know the Cauſe of it; but ſhe excus'd herſelf. I fancied the Preſence of my Servant occaſion'd her Reſerve, and would have ſent him out. No, ſays ſhe, Sir, I beg he may ſtay, I have nothing ſecret to impart. Permit me at leaſt, ſays I, the Honour of ſeeing you, and let me take away that Veil. My Prayers were vain, and believing that I approach'd her with a Deſign of committing that little Violence, ſhe threw herſelf at my Feet, and conjur'd me by all that was ſacred not to force her to make herſelf known 'till the next Day. 'Generous Sir, ſaid 'ſhe to me, don't blemiſh the Merit of that Re'fuge you have afforded me. Poſſibly if you find 'me handſome, you may deny me the Liberty of 'expreſſing my Gratitude according to my Inclina'tion; and if otherwiſe, you may reproach your'ſelf with a fruitleſs Compaſſion. To-morrow, 'added ſhe, my Fate ſhall be cleared up to you,

'and

'and I think you'll be touch'd with it. I only beg 'the Favour of repoſing here to Night, and rely 'too much upon your Generoſity to believe you 'capable of taking Advantage of my Misfortunes.' So many Tears and Sighs attended this Diſcourſe, that the moſt brutal Man alive would have pitied her. I ſwore that ſhe ſhould be ſafe with me, and Miſtreſs of her Secrets as long as ſhe pleas'd. I proteſted to her that my Curioſity ſprang only from a Deſire of curing her Misfortunes, and I promis'd her all ſhe could wiſh, whenever ſhe ſhould think proper to give me her Inſtructions. After theſe Aſſurances I order'd ſuch Diſpoſitions in my Chamber as was ſuitable to the Lady, and put the Key of the Room upon the Table to prove that ſhe was Miſtreſs there and at Liberty. At length I roſe and wiſh'd her a good Repoſe. 'Alas, Sir, ſays 'ſhe, ſighing, I want it much; and if your Wiſh 'be accompliſh'd, as I hope it will, you'll find me 'very different To-morrow. Farewel, Sir, your 'Generoſity moves me, and I hope Heaven will 'reward the Aſſiſtance you have afforded to Night 'to the moſt miſerable Woman living.' At the End of thoſe Words ſhe made me a Court'ſy and ſhut the Door.

When I reflect upon this amazing Adventure, and trace backwards the Diſaſters which followed it, I can ſcarce pardon my Imprudence. And yet were I again ſo circumſtantiated, I ſhould act in the ſame manner. Muſt not we then conclude that ſome Evils are unavoidable by human Prudence? And that a Man mark'd out by Heaven for Wretchedneſs is entangled in it when he leaſt diſturbs it. Ah! doubtleſs, Bleſſings are dealt out to us by Meaſure; and the wiſe Hand which diſpenſes 'em has interſpers'd ſome brighter Intervals among our Evils, to make us feel thoſe Evils more exquiſitely.

Be

Be that as it will, it was ſo late that I thought it almoſt too late to go to Bed, and better it had been perhaps if I had not: However I determin'd to wrap myſelf in my Night-Gown and to throw myſelf upon a Couch in the Anti-Chamber, and I ſent away my Man, charging him over and over not to mention in the Houſe what he had ſeen and heard. When I was alone I made a thouſand ſorrowful Reflections on this Adventure; I found ſomething in it ſo correſpondent to that of *Emilia*, that my Heart yearn'd in Favour of this Unknown. Poſſibly ſays I, ſhe is in the ſame Caſe; and it will be glorious to do for her what another has done for my dear *Emilia*. This Lady is certainly virtuous, her Reſerve aſſures me of her Wiſdom and Misfortune. 'Tis true, I made theſe Reflections without Order or Connection: Sleep and Wearineſs often interrupted 'em. I paſs'd the moſt cruel Night imaginable. As ſoon as I began to doze, ten thouſand terrifying Dreams ſucceeded one another and diſturb'd my Reſt: Spectres, Fantoms, and diſmal Objects danced before my Eyes, and I ſtarted at my own Ideas: As I wak'd I frequently fancy'd I heard Groans. However, I imputed theſe Diſturbances to my uneaſy Bed, and to free myſelf from it I roſe at Day-break. About Eight I call'd my Man to dreſs me, and to fit me for a decent Appearance before my Unknown. I was impatient to learn her Story.

My Impatience increas'd as the Day advanced: And I proteſt it was not excited by the leaſt Diſtruſt of thoſe Horrors which awaited me; but by that Delicacy of Compaſſion which unhappy People uſually feel in Favour of thoſe they ſuſpect to be ſo too. At Ten I liſtened at my Chamber-door, all there was in a dead Silence. I attributed this long Repoſe to the Fatigues of this unhappy Perſon.

Perſon. However, at Eleven I began to be uneaſy, and I rapp'd, but no Anſwer. Then recollecting the Ambiguity of her Adieu the Night before, I began to fear ſome fatal Accident. I repeated my knocking at the Door, and was ready to break it open, when my Man reminded me that he had another Key, which he brought me. I took it and went in, very uneaſy at the Diſcovery I was going to make. Every thing was in order in the Chamber. I went to the Bed, but what was my Amazement, when opening the Curtains I found this unhappy Creature in a frightful Poſture. I took her by the Hand and call'd her: But alas! ſhe was dead and cold as Ice. Good God, I cry'd, what do I ſee? and what ſhall I do? My Trouble hid from me the Horror of this Death which my Man made me obſerve. I can ſcarce venture to relate to you the frightful Recital. This unhappy Creature was not undreſs'd. She was ſtretch'd over my Bed; her Head hanging over the Bed-ſide was ſuſpended near the Bolſter by her Lace, and her Girdle, which ſhe had made uſe of to ſtrangle herſelf. Her Petticoats were decently ty'd round her Legs by her Garters, and ſhe had faſten'd her Feet with her Handkerchief to one of the Bed-Poſts, plainly to compaſs her Deſign---Her Head and Neck were wrapped in her Veil. There is ſome Appearance that notwithſtanding her Deſpair in the Agonies of Death ſhe ſtruggled for Life; for ſhe had one Finger under the fatal String, as if to untie it and diſengage herſelf.

My Blood ſtagnated at the Sight of this frightful Spectacle. I remain'd ſome time ſpeechleſs and unmoveable. But my Man comprehending all the Dangers to which we ſtood expos'd, preſs'd me to conſider coolly what we muſt reſolve on. He began by ſhutting the Door and the Windows, and

unty'd

unty'd that miſerable Wretch, to hide the Body leſt any one ſhould ſurpriſe and betray us. He took a rich Diamond from her Finger, and from her Arm a Bracelet, which ſhe had made of a Necklace of very large Pearls with a Croſs of Brilliants. I conceiv'd from theſe Jewels that ſhe muſt be a Woman of Quality, or at leaſt that ſhe belonged to a rich Family. Her Ear-Rings were Jewels, her Shoe-Buckles Gold, and all ſhew'd a Perſon brought up in Splendor. While my Man was engaging in this ſorrowful Employment I approach'd the Body, which in ſpite of ſo violent a Death, ſtill preſerv'd the Remains of a very regular Beauty. As well as my Trouble would give me Leave to judge ſhe was about twenty Years old. In my Opinion ſhe muſt have been charming; perhaps becauſe we love to paint the Miſerable in beautiful Colours to juſtify the Pity they raiſe in us. The Charms I dreſs'd her up in, drew from me Tears of Pity for her lamentable Fate. Alas! ſays I, this young Lady muſt have been very miſerable to treat herſelf with this Barbarity. Could ſhe take ſo much Pains to finiſh a Life capable of beſtowing ſo much Happineſs! Sure the Light was odious to her; but if ſhe was unfortunate only, why ſhould ſhe make herſelf guilty by puniſhing an involuntary Crime in ſo infamous a Manner? No,---ſays I, ſhe muſt have been virtuous; her Modeſty attended her even in her Death: The Precautions ſhe uſed to die decently are Proofs of her Virtue---- Miſerable as I am, perhaps I reduced her to this Extremity! my indiſcreet Curioſity made her dread the ſame Rocks ſhe had but juſt eſcap'd, and ſhe preferr'd Death to the Violence ſhe fear'd from me.

While I made theſe afflicting Reflections, my Man who had adjuſted my Chamber, once more begged

begged me to determine what was to be done. My firſt Deſign was to go and conſult *Emilia* and her Mother. But this Project was impracticable: It was near the End of *Lent*, and then theſe religious Ladies by the Rules of the Convent ſee no Body 'till *Eaſter*. It would have been difficult to gain an Interview without letting 'em know the Reaſon by Letter; but that was too dangerous; and general Arguments would have ſeem'd only the Pretences of an idle Man deſirous of diſtracting their Devotions. In this Extremity I reſolv'd to communicate this diſmal Caſualty to that intimate Friend with whom I had ſupp'd over Night. It had been more convenient to me to have ſent for him, but I would neither bring him to my Houſe nor go to his, for fear of entangling him in my Misfortune if this Affair ſhould be diſcover'd. I ſtepp'd into my Coach and drove to the Cloyſter of the *Cordeliers*, whither I order'd my Man to direct my Friend immediately. He came in an Inſtant, and I told him my Adventure.

He was frightned at it, and did not conceal from me that my Life was in Danger if the Magiſtracy had the leaſt Intimation of it. I apprehended ſo too, but my Mind, full of the diſaſtrous Accident, could frame no Reſolution. Every Attempt ſeem'd feaſible at firſt, but impracticable upon a nearer Inſight. We form'd a thouſand Schemes without approving one; becauſe the great Affair was to get rid of the Corpſe as ſecretly and as ſoon as poſſible, and we could not tell where to diſpoſe it. In the midſt of this Perplexity my Man drew near and told us a Contrivance of his: That was to purchaſe of my Landlord a Harpſicord which was in my Chamber, to make for it a boarded Caſe and to put the Body into it, by which Means it might be convey'd away with Eaſe. This Notion gave

Birth to another in my Friend, who advis'd me to re-enter my Coach with him, to go a League from *Paris*. It was near Two o'Clock and I was faſting: So we ſtopp'd at the Door of the firſt Coffee-Houſe, and without alighting took two Diſhes of Chocolate a-piece in the Chariot.

As we went, my Friend gave me his Reaſons for this Journey; and we ſoon came to the Village of *Aſnieres*. There we alighted at the Gate of a Palace which belong'd to the Dutcheſs of *Brunſwick*. As that Princeſs did not reſide there, it was under the Care of a Steward only, who deny'd Entertainment to none that would pay for it. This Caſtle, which is rather large than magnificent, has Gardens handſome enough; and with peculiar Taſte, they have built very pretty Solitudes in the Midſt of Groves. They are little Buildings like Cells, where there is a ſmall Chapel, and one or two Rooms with Paintings. The Steward who had the Keys of them, entruſted them with Gentlemen deſirous of a little Retirement there. This Place had for ſome Years been much frequented by the *Janſeniſts*, whom the great Reputation of Mr. *Jube*, Curate of *Aſnieres*, drew thither from all Parts. I pretended, according to my Friend's Project, a Deſire of paſſing my *Eaſter* there; and the Woman who kept the Houſe, taking me for ſome Solitary eſcap'd from *Port Royal*, civilly allow'd me the prettieſt of thoſe Cells. In walking in the Gardens, we obſerv'd that they were cleanſing a large Canal, and the Soil of it ſerv'd to raiſe the Corner of a Grove: This ſeem'd calculated to favour our Project. I deſir'd the Steward's Wife to make two Beds immediately in the Room which ſhe allotted me; at the ſame Time I put ſome Gold into her Hand, which ſhe receiv'd, as ſhe ſaid, for the Poor. She undertook to procure a Con-

Conveyance the next Day for my Harpſicord and my Books in a Huſbandman's Cart, who was then going to Market with his Wares.

As ſoon as we came to *Paris*, we went to buy an Harpſicord in the Shops; we choſe the largeſt we could find, and order'd it to be cover'd with a Caſe of Boards to ſecure its Conveyance into the Country. My Man had it brought to my Inn, where I came an Hour after. According to our Deſign we took out the Harpſicord, which we pull'd in Pieces, and put in the Body dreſt as it was. The reſt of the Box we fill'd with the Pieces of the Harpſicord, we threw in too the Matting of the Bed, and the Muſick Papers hung negligently out of the Caſe, which we faſtened very exactly. At the End of it I ty'd a Baſs Viol, better to conceal the Cheat; and after this doleful Employ I went to find my Friend, who waited for me to ſup at *Payen*'s, where we paſs'd the Night. Next Morning we executed every Thing happily as we had projected, and there was no Room for the leaſt Suſpicion. My Man told the People of the Inn, I ſhould be abſent ſome Days, without ſaying where, and they believ'd I wanted to take Lodgings for the Miſs I had brought Home, in order to converſe with her more at Eaſe. My Man was arch enough to let them remain in an Error too important to be clear'd up. It had been more happy for me if I had not imprudently diſcover'd my bringing Home that unfortunate Creature.

Towards Night I arriv'd at the Caſtle of *Aſnieres*, and took Poſſeſſion of my Hermitage. As ſoon it was Night, my Man went to fetch the Spades and Pick-Axes, which the Workmen had left at the Side of the Canal they were cleaning, and carry'd them where they carry'd the Soil. We began to dig, and while I made the Grave he fetch'd the

ſad Object of our Fears, and laid it at my Feet. We could not forbear Tears during this mournful Ceremony, and after having wrapp'd her Head and and her Hands in her Veil and Handkerchief, we interr'd the Carcaſs as decently as poſſible, and we cover'd the Grave with Mud, to prevent in the Workmen next Day, all Suſpicion which new rais'd Earth might have excited in them.

That Faintneſs which Inquietude and Fatigue occaſion'd in me neither lull'd me ſooner nor made my Sleep ſweeter. The Horrors of Night and the Silence of my Solitude, encreas'd the Melancholy of my afflicting Thoughts. The Image of this unfortunate Unknown was always before my Eyes, I even fancy'd I heard her Voice from under the Earth, and it was Day-break, when after cruel Agitations, I fell aſleep. However, I was forc'd to riſe pretty early to attend Morning Prayers. It was *Palm-Sunday*, and I could not chuſe a more proper Time of Retirement than this Week, becauſe the Length of the Service and the Singularity of the Ceremonies might divert my Diſquiets. Beſides, I was deſirous of experiencing all that I had heard of the Curate of *Aſnieres*, and of being Witneſs to the Innovations which they accus'd him of introducing into the Service, under Pretence of reſtoring the Simplicity of the antient Liturgies. You muſt have heard of this extraordinary Man. The *Janſeniſts* look'd upon him as one of their Leaders, and the Integrity of his Manners reflected Honour upon them; eſpecially at a Time, when too many were leſs exact. But he was not more ſevere in his Morals than ſteady in the Singularity of his Opinions and his Liturgy. He was of a lively entertaining Genius----ſomewhat tenacious of his Opinion. In ſhort, he was qualify'd to head a Sect. His Steadineſs ſerv'd as

his

his Rampart at Court againſt the Inſinuations of his Adverſaries, and gain'd him Credit with the Regent who was a Judge of Merit: In Truth he had a great deal, and I may have Occaſion hereafter to acquaint you with ſome curious Incidents with regard to him.

The Piety of that Prieſt appear'd ſo natural and ſincere, that I had a Mind to make him a Viſit; he made me one the next Day, and his Converſation edified me greatly. It was religious and witty as well as rational, and diſcover'd nothing of his auſtere Life. He invited me to Dinner; but as he made but one Meal a Day in *Lent*, and that not till Four, I took Care to caution myſelf againſt the extream Frugality of his Table. However I found there a Dinner neat enough and very good Wine; but he himſelf touch'd nothing but Pulſe and Water. He had with him a very worthy Eccleſiaſtick, who purſu'd the ſame Regimen of Penitence, tho' his Revenues were very great.

After this Repaſt the Curate took a Turn with me in the Caſtle Gardens, and would ſee my Hermitage. He led the Converſation to the Advantages of Retirement, and as unhappy People enjoy inexpreſſible Sweets in it, I ſpoke feelingly. However my Notions ſeem'd extravagant to him, and his own Evperience taught him to counſel a Moderation in my Sorrow, if I would preſerve myſelf from being a Prey to it. He blam'd me too for having broke my Harpſicord, the Pieces of which he ſaw in my Chamber. In order to conceal the true Motive, I was forced to tell him, that I broke it to avoid the Temptation of playing ludicrous and profane Tunes. He very wiſely anſwer'd me, that thoſe Tunes might be ſanctify'd by joining Pſalms and Hymns to them; but at worſt that it had been better if I had ſold it for the Benefit of the Poor.

His

His Converſation charm'd me ſo, that I loſt no Opportunity of profiting by it; and I have ſince conſider'd him as the Inſtrument of Providence to explain the ſecret Strokes I had felt, in order to recall me to the Paths of Truth. I ſo reliſh'd his Maxims, that I would willingly have ſtretch'd my Retirement beyond the Term I propos'd, if Heaven, by a terrible Stroke, had not torn me away for ever, and condemn'd me to a wandering Life.

The Sweetneſs of this Solitude had not extinguiſh'd in me the Remembrance of *Emilia*, nor the Deſire of learning what paſs'd in *Paris* with Regard to that which made me quit it. I had ſent my Man to *Emilia*'s Mother with a Note to inform her of my Retirement, the fatal Cauſe of which I gave her only Room to gueſs at. The Tenderneſs of that generous Lady ſuffer'd her not to remain long ignorant of the Story: She would ſee my Man, who related it to her; and ſhe ſent me a very comfortable Letter by him, which ſhe wrote in the midſt of her Religious Exerciſes. I was aſtoniſh'd to receive none from my Friend whom my Man could not find. His Silence gave me Uneaſineſs and ſad Fore-bodings. Alas! it was not without Reaſon, and the Myſtery of his Silence was but too ſoon explain'd. On *Eaſter-Eve* I received at Three o'Clock a Viſit from an Unknown, who had rode Poſt to bring me a Letter from my Friend. Tho' it was not ſign'd I knew the Hand, and punctually obey'd its Orders. The Letter was this. 'Leave your Solitude, mount the 'Horſes I have ſent you, and come directly to the 'Bridge of *Neuilly* with your Man. You'll find 'me there. I allow you but an Hour. Be gone. 'Delay brings Death.

I ſtood motionleſs on reading this Note; a Blaſt of Light'ning had been leſs amazing. In an Inſtant

ſtant I ſaw the whole Train of Evils which threatned me. Immediately I took my Papers, mounted, and ſet out for the appointed Place, which my Diligence made me reach in a Quarter of an Hour. There I found my Friend who expected me at the Gate of an Inn. I had hardly diſmounted, when he order'd my Man to wait for us at the Bottom of the Town, and inſtantly clapp'd me into the Coach of the Ambaſſador of---- with his Excellency's Secretary whom he had brought with him. At the Bottom of the Town we mounted my Servant, and after ſeveral Turns in the Foreſt of *Boulogne*, where my Man changed his Cloaths, I was carry'd to *Paris* to the Ambaſſador's Houſe. There I learn'd the Alarms my generous Friend had ſuffer'd on my Account. He told me, that the Night before, and even that Morning, in his Inn, and all the Lodgings in that Diſtrict, the ſame Search had been made by the Lieutenant *de Police*, as I had procur'd to find my dear *Emilia*. This repeated Search made him conclude that it was in Queſt of my Unknown; and for fear I might be betray'd or traced out, he engaged the Secretary of the Ambaſſador of ------ to afford me a Refuge. The Secretary promis'd to be watchful for my Safety, and if poſſible to procure me his Excellency's Protection. I embraced this generous Friend; and after having ſome Time conſidered the Precautions we ought to take, they went out to viſit all the Coffee-Houſes, and diſcover what paſs'd.

The Secretary came back an Hour after, and told me he had heard in the Regent's Coffee-Houſe, that a Lady of the firſt Quality, who had been forced into the Convent of *Paris*, had been ſtolen thence; and tho' her Family had made eight Days Inquiry, they could diſcover no Traces. My Friend came in a Moment after, and told us he had learn'd from

from his Landlord, that ſome Marqueſs whoſe Name was conceal'd had carry'd off the Lady they look'd for: That he had imprudently carried her to his Houſe from the Convent; but as ſhe was not ſeen to go out, and as the Marqueſs and his Man were gone off, the Commiſſary had open'd his Chamber-Door, that after ſome Search they found under the Bed a Woman's Shoe and a Garter, which having been carried to the Convent were known to be hers; and that they inferred from thence that ſhe had quitted *Paris* in Diſguiſe.

I was too well convinced by theſe ſad Evidences that my Ruin was compleat. The miſerable End of this unhappy Creature left no Proof of my Innocence. My Man and I were the only Witneſſes; we could not clear ourſelves of the Rape without incurring the Suſpicion of Murder; and our Silence in that Point made us guilty of the Rape. In this frightful Alternative I could ſee no Glimpſe of Hope. The Laws of *France* ſhew no Favour in this Caſe: And my Crime ſeem'd to be doubly capital, ſince the Monks have join'd Sacrilege to the Violation of a Religious Houſe. Good God, I cry'd out, what am I intended for? Thy Hand has raviſh'd my virtuous *Emilia* from my tender Wiſhes, and I have born the Loſs! Nature inſpires me with an innocent Compaſſion for an unhappy Woman, and that Pity coſts me my Liberty, my Eſtate, my Honour, and perhaps my Life. Muſt I ſee myſelf guilty and puniſh'd and yet virtuous? Heaven, whoſe Decrees I adore, deign at leaſt to expound them.

After theſe firſt Tranſports, my two Friends made me reſolve to quit the Kingdom, and ſee in Safety the Sequel of this unhappy Buſineſs; and next Morning I took Poſt under the Name of the Baron of ---- who was then really ill at the Ambaſſador's

baſſador's Houſe; and I arriv'd happily at *Bruſſels*. I wrote immediately to my dear *Emilia* and her Mother, to acquaint them with my Condition. Alas! I never knew their Tenderneſs for me ſo well as on this Occaſion. The Mother offer'd me all her Fortune, and *Emilia* who had none offer'd her Tears and her Vows. To be ſure this ſoften'd my Misfortune. At length my Man ararriv'd, and a ſenſible Joy it gave me. Beſides that my Innocence depended on his Safety: This Fellow had liv'd with me a dozen Years, and ſerv'd me with uncommon Affection. As ſoon as he ſaw me he threw himſelf at my Feet, and begg'd Pardon for his Indiſcretion in letting the Servants of the Houſe know that I had brought in a Girl. He accus'd himſelf of my Misfortunes, and I could hardly comfort him. He would attend me in my Exile, and is the ſame who ſerves me here. He brought no Letters for fear of being ſtopt by the way, but told me that when he left *Paris* I was violently accus'd of carrying off this Girl, and that I had been ſearch'd for at the Caſtle of *Aſnieres* the Day after my Eſcape. My Flight confirm'd my Crime; but as theſe Evidences did not amount to a judicial Proof againſt me, they ſuſpended the Proceſs. The Relations of this unhappy Lady ceas'd their Inquiries to avoid a ſhameful Diſcovery. I have ſince found that ſhe was Daughter to the Counteſs of ----- and that this innocent Victim had been ſacrificed to the Coquetry of her Mother, who by ill Treatment had forced her to take the Habit of a Candidate in the Convent of ——. This young Lady had no Crime, but that a Lover of her Mother had revolted to her, and this cruel Parent puniſh'd in her Daughter the Infidelity of a Gallant who deſpiſed her. There is Reaſon to imagine, that this poor Lady

deſign'd to have implor'd the Aſſiſtance of her Lover, or of her Relations; but that, being terrified with the Difficulties of her Project, ſhe had ſunk under her Deſpair. Terrible as her End was, her Story juſtify'd my imprudent Compaſſion, and made me the leſs regret my Misfortunes. However, the Impreſſion of Sadneſs they had made on me, awaken'd my Taſte for Solitude. I quitted *Bruſſels* and went into *Holland* where I had a mind to live unknown.

I came to the *Hague*, where at my Arrival I received a whole Year's Revenue, and conſiderable Arrears from my Steward, together with all the ready Money left by my Brother at his Death, and what aroſe from his Plate which I melted down. With this Succour, which aſſured me a moderate Subſiſtence for ſome Years, I gave myſelf up to ſerious Reflections on the Riſe of my Misfortunes. Heaven made 'em appear to me as the Conſequences and Puniſhments of my Father's Weakneſs in ſacrificing his Religion to his Tenderneſs for us. Could I, any other way, account for the Ruin of a Family, in all Appearance ſo firmly eſtabliſh'd, that nothing leſs than unheard of Accidents could ruin it? In the midſt of theſe Reflections I recollected the diſintereſted Advice of the Curate of *Aſnieres*, with regard to the Love of Truth and the Study of Religion: And to them I reſolv'd to ſacrifice the Shipwreck of my Fortunes. To that purpoſe I addreſs'd myſelf to Mr. *Saurin*, Chaplain to the Nobles at the *Hague*. I found ſo much Complacency and Goodneſs in this Clergyman, that I entruſted him with the Secrets of my Life. He guided and aſſiſted me in the Study of that Religion; and his Doctrine ſo enlightned my Darkneſs, that in leſs than three Months he found me ſufficiently inſtructed. 'Tis true my Doubts began

began from my Converſation with the Curate of *Aſnieres*. The Simplicity, to which he reduced what he call'd the Rubbiſh of the *Romiſh* Rites, had already freed me from a childiſh Subjection to that Religion. His Manner of inſtructing his People, by having the Bible read diſtinctly in *French* during Divine Service; the Aboliſhment of Images and Tapers in his Church; his Objections to the Papal Authority; in ſhort, the whole Conduct of that enlighten'd Man inſpir'd me with a Diſtruſt of that Church which perſecuted him, and the Zeal and Obſervances of which had been ſo fatal to me. Full of theſe Sentiments I begg'd Mr. *Saurin* to admit my Abjuration. However, he delay'd it a while to avoid Precipitation. At length, yielding to my Inſtances, he directed me to the Paſtor of a Church in a neighbouring Province, where I made my publick Profeſſion without Noiſe.

By this Action I renounced irrevocably my Country and my Fortune. A Relation, under Pretence of preſerving my Eſtate, held it as in Truſt; and at firſt I was obliged to him for his Care: But he did not leave me long in that Error. After ſeveral trifling Delays, he excus'd himſelf from remitting me a conſiderable Sum which I wanted to raiſe a Stock in my Exile. I thought him enough my Friend to truſt him with the Secret of my Abjuration, and made that an Argument to preſs a ſpeedy Remittance; aſſuring him that I would leave him peaceable Poſſeſſor of the reſt. Alas! I furniſh'd him with Arms againſt myſelf! This barbarous Relation fearing my Eſtate would eſcape him if the Confiſcation ſhould take Place, filed my Letter among the Records of Juſtice, and there enroll'd me a Proteſtant Refugee. Immediately the Procurator-General ſeiz'd my whole Effects in the King's Name according to the Edict of 1685, and

put 'em in Truſt. Some Months after, this unnatural Relation who had formerly been a zealous Proteſtant, ſued for the Succeſſion, and obtain'd it under the Title of the new Convert. 'Tis true he paid dear for it; for I have ſince heard that the Archbiſhop of ——— Superintendant of Eſtates forfeited by Refugees in our Province, would not conſent to the Conveyance of mine 'till my Relation had given him ſeventy thouſand Franks.

Severe as this Stroke was, I felt the Loſs of my Effects leſs than the Perfidy of this ſcoundrel Relation. One Thing more troubled me extreamly, which was to acquaint *Emilia* with my Change. I had Reaſon to fear the Loſs of her Heart for a Crime uſually ſo odious to the Religious. But I wrong'd her Equity; ſhe prevented my Apologies, and wrote to me very tenderly on the barbarous Behaviour of my Relation which had come to her Ears. I leave, ſays ſhe in her Letter to me, the Judgment of your Sentiments and Conduct to God the proper Judge of 'em. I muſt even commend your Zeal for that which you think the Truth; ſince to that you have ſacrificed even the Hope of ſeeing your own Country again. My Sentiments, tho' different from yours, ſhall not hinder me from bewailing you, and procuring you all the Succour in my Power to ſoften your Exile; of this you'll be convinced by my Mother's Letter. In reality that Letter brought me from her ſeveral conſiderable Bills of Exchange, which ſhe had rais'd by the Sale of her Jewels. That generous Lady reſerv'd but a moderate Annuity, and had ſold all her Effects to provide me a Fund, whatever Repugnance I had to receive this exceſſive Liberality, ſhe put me under a kind of Neceſſity of accepting it. She even call'd it a Debt; and her Affection, ingenious in proving it, found ſome Arguments in my

my former Commerce with *Emilia*. I join'd this Sum to the Wreck of my loft Fortune; and thus I had a Revenue fufficient to fupport me in a modeft Manner, as became me. It is true, the Prince of ———, whofe Acquaintance I owe to Mr. *Saurin*, added a Penfion of 400 Crowns *per Ann.* and three Months ago made me Gentleman in Ordinary of his Bed-Chamber.

THE HISTORY OF *BERNARD LOMELLIN*, Merchant of *Genoa*.

THERE happened together in an Inn at *Paris* ſome *Italian* Merchants, who had come thither upon their different Occaſions, and meeting at Supper one Night, and converſing merrily of one thing after another, they came at laſt to talk of their Wives, whom they had left behind them; when one of them ſaid in a jeſting way, I do not know what my Wife does with herſelf; but I am ſure if I meet with any thing that pleaſes me, I forget my Love to her, and make uſe of the Opportunity. And ſo do I, quoth another; for whether I believe it or not, my Wife will do as ſhe pleaſes. A third was of the ſame Opinion, and all ſeemed to agree that their Wives at home loſt no time in their Abſence. Only one Man among them all, named *Bernard Lomellin*, of *Genoa* avow'd the contrary; declaring that he had a Wife, in whom centered all the Virtues that could adorn either Sex: That ſhe was young and beautiful in her

her Perſon; that ſhe was Miſtreſs of her Needle; that no Man-ſervant waited with more Dexterity at his Maſter's Table, than he was ſerved by her, as being throughly diſcreet and well-bred; that beſides her Skill in Horſemanſhip, and the Management of an Hawk, there was no Merchant underſtood Accounts better: And coming at length to what begun the Diſpute, he declared with an Oath, that no Woman upon Earth could be more virtuous and chaſte than ſhe was; for he firmly believed, was he to be abſent from her ten Years, ſhe would have to do with no other Perſon. Amongſt the Merchants who had been talking upon this Subject, was a young Fellow called *Ambroſe* of *Placentia*, who made the greateſt Jeſt in the World of what *Bernard* ſaid laſt in Praiſe of his Wife, aſking him if the Emperor had given him this Privilege, excluſive of the reſt of Mankind? *Bernard* was a little diſturbed at this, and ſaid, Not the Emperor, but God Almighty, who was ſomething more powerful than the Emperor, had beſtowed this Favour upon him. *Ambroſe* replied, I make not the leaſt Doubt, but that you think you ſpeak Truth: But in my Opinion, you have not enough conſidered the Nature of Things; for if you had, I do not think your Underſtanding ſo mean, not to find many Reaſons to make you think more coolly upon the Matter. Wherefore leſt you ſhould imagine, that we (who have ſpoke ſo much at large concerning our Wives) might ſuppoſe our Wives of a different make to yours, but that we have Regard to the natural Propenſity of all, I ſhall beg leave to reaſon a little with you upon this Subject. I have always underſtood, that Man is the moſt noble of God's Creatures; and that Woman is in the next Degree to him: Now as Man is allowed to be more perfect, he muſt conſequently have

more Reſolution and Conſtancy. In like manner, Women are always more wavering and fickle, as I could ſhew by ſeveral Reaſons, which I ſhall omit at preſent. If therefore Man, who is allowed to have the moſt Stability, cannot (I will not ſay reſiſt a Woman, that ſhould intreat him) but even deſire, and do all that lies in his Power to get into the Company of a Woman that he likes; and this not once in a Month, but a thouſand Times every Day? What can you think, a Woman naturally weak can do againſt the Entreaties, Flatteries, Gifts, and a thouſand other Means, which an artful Lover knows how to uſe? Do you think ſhe can reſiſt? Affirm it as you will, I ſhall never think you are in earneſt. You ſay your Wife is Fleſh and Blood, and therefore ſubject to the ſame Deſires with other Women; and her Strength to reſiſt thoſe Deſires muſt be the ſame: Be ſhe then ever ſo virtuous, it is poſſible for her to do like other Women: And if it be poſſible, you ſhould never have denied it in that poſitive Manner, and maintained the contrary, as you have done. *Bernard* replied, and ſaid, I am a Merchant, and not a Philoſopher, and ſhall anſwer you as ſuch; I tell you therefore, that what you ſay may be the Caſe of Women of little Underſtanding, and who have no Senſe of Shame; but ſuch as are wiſe have that Regard for their Honour, that they become more firm than the Men, who are not ſo tender in that Point, and ſuch a one is my Wife. Truly, ſaid *Ambroſe*, if for every Fault of this Kind they were to have an Horn ſpring out of their Foreheads, to bear Teſtimony againſt them, I believe few would be guilty: But ſo far from having an Horn grow, if they be wiſe, there is nothing to make the leaſt Diſcovery; and as Shame and Loſs of Character happens only when Things are made publick,

publick, therefore what they can accompliſh in ſecret, they rarely fail to do; or if they abſtain, it is through their Folly. Take this then for a Rule, that Woman only is chaſte who has never been aſked; or ſhe who herſelf has aſked and been refuſed. And tho' I am convinced of this by natural and juſt Reaſons, yet I ſhould not ſpeak as I do, if I had not tried the Humours and Affections of many different Women. Let me alſo tell you, that if I was in company with your moſt virtuous Wife, I ſhould not doubt my obtaining the ſame Favour from her, that I have gained from many others. *Bernard* was provoked at this, and ſaid, there is no End of diſputing; you aſſert and I aſſert, which is all nothing: But ſince you ſay they are ſo eaſily warped, and have ſuch an Opinion of your own Power that Way; to convince you of my Wife's Virtue, I will forfeit my Head, if you ever bring her to a Compliance, upon Condition that if you ſhould not prevail upon her, you only loſe a thouſand Florins of Gold. *Ambroſe* replied with a good deal of Warmth, What Service will your Life be to me, if I ſhould win it? But if you have a mind to put the Thing to the Trial, depoſit five thouſand Florins, which are of leſs Value than your Life, againſt one thouſand of mine; and as you fix no Time, I will oblige myſelf to go to *Genoa*, and in leſs than three Months from the Day of my Departure, to gain my Will of your Wife, and to bring ſuch Tokens of that back with me, as you yourſelf ſhall confeſs to be juſt; provided you will give me your Word, that you will neither come to *Genoa* in that Time, nor write to her about that Matter. *Bernard* ſaid, he liked the Wager; and tho' the other Merchants endeavoured all they could to prevent it, as well knowing what Miſchief might enſue; yet the two Merchants were ſo warm, that in ſpite of

all their Friends could do, they immediately ſign'd the Articles to that Purpoſe. *Bernard* therefore ſtaid behind, whilſt *Ambroſe* made the beſt of his Way to *Genoa*; where he continued a Day or two, informing himſelf as cautiouſly as might be of the Name of the Street where the Lady lived, as alſo of her Character, when he ſoon heard all that *Bernard* had related to be true, and a great deal more; which made him conclude, that he had come thither upon a very fooliſh Errand: But meeting with a poor Woman who frequented the Houſe, to whom the Lady was very kind, he wrought ſo far upon her, by means of a Bribe, that he was carried in a Cheſt made according to his own Direction, not only into the Houſe, but even into the Lady's Bed-chamber; where it was to be left for ſome Days for the greater Security, as if the good Woman was going abroad. When Night came, and the Lady (as he ſuppoſed) was aſleep, he opens the Cheſt with certain Inſtruments, which he had carried with him for that End, and goes ſoftly into the Room, where was a Light burning, by which he obſerved carefully the Form and Situation of the Chamber, and alſo the Pictures, and every thing remarkable in it; which he endeavoured to keep in his Memory. Coming then to the Bed-ſide, and ſeeing the Lady and a little Girl that was in Bed with her both faſt aſleep, he found her as beautiful as if ſhe had been dreſt; but yet he could perceive no ſign to carry away concerning her, unleſs it was a Mole upon her left Breaſt; with which being pretty well ſatisfied, and not daring from the Lady's known Character to preſume farther; after being there the greateſt part of the Night, he takes a Purſe, and alſo a Gown, with a Ring and Girdle; all which he put into his Cheſt, and went into it again, making it faſt as before, where he

continued

continued two Nights, without the Lady's perceiving any thing of the Matter. The third Day the Woman came for the Cheſt according to her Appointment, and carried it back; when *Ambroſe* ſatisfied her according to Promiſe, and haſtes away to *Paris* with thoſe Tokens before the limited Time. There he ſummon'd the Merchants together, who were preſent when the Wager was laid, declaring to *Bernard* that he had won, having brought the Tokens which he had promiſed to produce. Firſt then he deſcribed the Chamber and the Paintings, and ſhew'd thoſe Things, which he ſaid he had received from herſelf. *Bernard* own'd that the Chamber was as he had deſcribed it; and he remembered alſo that the Things which he had brought belonged to his Wife; but he added that he might have an Account of the Room, as well as procure the other things from ſome of the Servants; wherefore if he could ſay nothing more, this did not ſeem ſufficient to entitle him to the Wager. When *Ambroſe* replied, Truly this ought to ſatisfy you; but ſince you would have me ſay ſomething more, know then, that Madam *Zineura* your Wife has a Mole upon her left Breaſt. When *Bernard* heard this, he was ſtruck to the very Heart, and his Countenance changed in ſuch Manner, to convince them, if he had not ſaid another Word, that *Ambroſe* ſpoke Truth; and after ſome time he replied: Gentlemen, what *Ambroſe* ſays is true; and as I own myſelf to have loſt, he may come when he pleaſes, and I will pay him. The Money therefore was paid the next Day, and *Bernard* ſet out for *Genoa* moſt cruelly incenſed againſt his Wife; and being come to a Country-houſe of his about twenty Miles off, he ſent a Servant, whom he could

truſt,

truſt, with a couple of Horſes and a Letter to her; wherein he acquainted her with his Return, and that he would have her come away along with the Servant, whom he had charg'd at the ſame time, that as ſoon as he came to a fit Place, he ſhould put her to Death, and repair to him. The Servant delivered a Letter to his Miſtreſs, who received the News with great Joy; and the next Morning ſhe ſet forwards with him: And as they travelled along talking of diverſe Things by the Way, they came into a ſolitary Vale ſurrounded with Trees, which the Servant thought a fit Place for the Execution of his Maſter's Orders; wherefore drawing a Knife out of his Pocket, and taking the Lady by the Arm, he ſaid, Madam, commend your Soul to God, for here you muſt die. She in the utmoſt Aſtoniſhment begged for God's Sake, that before he put her to death, he would tell her what ſhe had done to offend him in that Manner. Madam, ſays the Servant, you have done me no Harm; and as to your Huſband, I can ſay only this, that he ordered me to kill you by the Way, without ſhewing you the leaſt Mercy; threatening otherwiſe to hang me up. You know full well my Obligations to him, and that I muſt not reſiſt his Commands; I am ſorry for you, God knows, but I cannot help it. The Lady wept, and ſaid, Alas! do not murder me, who have never injured you, for the Sake of another Perſon: God is my Witneſs, who knoweth all Things, that I never did any thing to deſerve this from my Huſhand; but ſetting that aſide, you may (if you pleaſe) ſerve God, your Maſter, and myſelf in this Manner; namely, do you take my Clothes, leaving me only your Hat and Doublet, and carry them to my Lord and yours, telling him that you have killed me; and I ſwear by that Life which I

ſhall

ſhall be indebted to you for, that I will go where neither he, you, nor any Perſon in this Country ſhall ever hear more concerning me. The Servant, who was loth to put her to death, was eaſily prevailed upon; and leaving her his Coat and Hat, and ſome Money which ſhe had about her, and intreating her not to make any ſtay, goes ſtraight to his Maſter, telling him that he had obey'd his Commands, and left the Body to be devoured by Wolves. After ſome Time *Bernard* returned to *Genoa*, and the Fact being diſcovered he was much blamed for what he had done. The Lady being left alone, as ſoon as Night came on, ſhe diſguiſed herſelf as well as ſhe could, and went to a neighbouring Village, where ſhe procured what ſhe wanted of an old Woman, and ſhe mended and cut the Doublet ſhorter, and turned her Shift into a pair of Trowzers; and having cut her Hair, and appearing in every reſpect like a common Sailor, ſhe went to the Sea-ſide, where ſhe met a *Catalonian* Gentleman, named Signior *Encararch*, who being juſt come on ſhore to refreſh himſelf at a Spring of freſh Water, ſhe falls into Diſcourſe with him, and agrees to enter into his Service, and goes on board, calling herſelf *Sicurano de Finale*. There ſhe had better Cloaths given her, and ſhe proved ſo expert and diligent a Servant, that he was entirely pleaſed with her. Soon afterwards this Gentleman ſailed to *Alexandria*, carrying with him a Number of Falcons as a Preſent to the *Sultan*, who often entertained him at his Table; and taking particular notice of the Behaviour of *Sicurano*, who waited always upon her Maſter, he begs her of the Gentleman much againſt his Will; and in a little Time ſhe was in as great Favour with the *Sultan*, as ſhe had been with her former Maſter. Now at a certain Time

of

of the Year there was to be a Fair at *Acres*, which was under the Dominion of the *Sultan*, and where was a great Reſort both of Chriſtian and *Turkiſh* Merchants, for whoſe greater Security the *Sultan* uſed to ſend one of his ordinary Officers with a Band of Soldiers. And the Time now drawing near, he reſolves to ſend *Sicurano* for that Purpoſe, being well-ſkilled in the Languages; who being come to *Acres* as Captain of the Guard for the Merchants, diſcharged her Duty with great Care and Diligence, converſing daily with *Sicilian*, *Piſan*, *Genoeſe*, *Venetian* and other *Italian* Merchants, whom ſhe chiefly was acquainted with, becauſe they were of her own Country. As ſhe was one Day therefore in a Shop belonging to ſome *Venetian* Merchant, amongſt ſome other Toys, ſhe caſt her Eye upon a Purſe and Girdle, which ſhe ſtraightway knew to be her own; but without making any ſuch Diſcovery, ſhe aſked who they belonged to, and if they were to be ſold? Now it happened that *Ambroſe* was come thither with a great Stock of Goods, along with theſe Merchants on board their Ship, and hearing that the Captain of the Guard made Enquiry whom thoſe Things belonged to, he ſtept forwards, and ſaid with a Laugh, Sir, they are mine, and not to be ſold; but if you like them, they are at your Service. *Sicurano* ſeeing him laugh, ſuppoſed it was at ſome Action or Behaviour of hers, and therefore with a more ſettled Countenance ſhe ſaid, I ſuppoſe you laugh to ſee me, a Man profeſſing Arms, inquiring after ſuch womaniſh Toys. Sir, ſays *Ambroſe*, I do not laugh at that; but I laugh only at the manner by which I obtained them. *Sicurano* then replied, Good Sir, (if it be not too much Trouble) tell me how that was. Sir, quoth *Ambroſe*, a Lady of *Genoa* called *Zineura*, Wife to one *Bernard Lomellin*, gave them

them to me one Night when I lay with her, and desired I would keep them for her Sake. I laugh therefore at *Bernard*'s Folly, who laid me five thousand Florins to one thousand, that I could not obtain my Will of her; which I did, and won my Wager, whilst he, who deserved to have been punish'd for his Brutality more than she, who did no more than what all Women do, returned to *Genoa*, and, by what I can find, had her put to death. *Sicurano* now found out the Grounds of *Bernard*'s Displeasure; and as she perceived this Man had been the Cause of it, she determines not to let him go unpunish'd: But seeming to be pleased with his Story, she became more acquainted with him; and when the Fair was ended, she took him with her to *Alexandria*, and made him hire a Shop, and lodged Money in his Hands, which turned to such Account, that he was very willing to stay there. *Sicurano*, desirous of making her Innocence appear to her Husband, agreed with some *Genoese* Merchants, under some Pretence or other, to have him brought thither, and being come in a poor and wretched Plight, she had him privately to a Friend's House to be taken care of, till it should be Time to put her Purpose in Execution. Now *Sicurano* had made *Ambrose* tell the Story before the *Sultan*, who seemed pleased with it; but as soon as her Husband was come, she determined to wait no longer; and taking a fit Opportunity, she prevailed upon the *Sultan* to send for *Ambrose* and *Bernard* both before him, and in the presence of *Bernard* to make the other confess by force, if he would not own it otherwise, how the Affair was, which he had boasted of concerning *Bernard*'s Wife. Accordingly they were brought face to face, and the *Sultan* with a stern Countenance commanded *Ambrose* before a Number of

People

People to ſpeak the Truth, namely, how he had won of *Bernard* the five thouſand Florins. *Sicurano* alſo, who was preſent (and in whom *Ambroſe* put a good deal of Confidence) declared with a great deal of Anger in her Looks, that he ſhould be ſeverely chaſtiſed, if he did not: Being terrified therefore on both ſides, and in ſome meaſure compelled; expecting alſo to reſtore only the five thouſand Florins, without any other Puniſhment, he related the whole Affair. Which being done, *Sicurano*, as Miniſter to the *Sultan*, turns to *Bernard*, and ſaith, What did you then to your Wife, on account of this Lie? He made anſwer, Being outragious with the Loſs of my Money and Shame together, for the Injury I thought I had ſuſtained from her, I ordered one of my Servants to murder her, and, as he informs me, ſhe was immediately devoured by Wolves. Theſe things being related in the Preſence of the *Sultan* and many other Witneſſes, without his knowing what *Sicurano*'s Purpoſe was thereby, ſhe ſaid therefore, My Lord, you now ſee plainly what great Reaſon the poor Woman has to boaſt of her Gallant and Huſband; for the one deprives her of her good Character with Lies, and ruins her Huſband at the ſame time; whilſt the other, ſhewing greater Regard to that Perſon's Falſeneſs, than to the Virtue of his Wife, (of which he might have been aſſured from long Experience) has her murdered and devoured by Wolves. Beſides, ſuch is the Reſpect that they both bear towards her, that ſhe is now known to neither of them, tho' they have been long entertained by her. But that you may more perfectly underſtand what both have deſerved, and if at my Requeſt you will puniſh the Deceiver, and excuſe the Perſon who was deceived, ſhe ſhall forthwith appear before you and them. The *Sultan*

tan (who was diſpoſed to ſhew Favour to *Sicurano* in every thing) agreed that the Lady ſhould appear; at which *Bernard* was much ſurpriſed, as ſuppoſing ſhe was dead. Whilſt *Ambroſe* foreſeeing what was like to happen, began to think of ſomething worſe than Repayment of the Money, not knowing whether he had more Reaſon to fear or hope for her appearing there; and he expected her with the utmoſt Conſternation. The *Sultan* having thus given Leave, *Sicurano* threw herſelf at his Feet, and laying aſide her manly Voice and Demeanour, ſhe ſaid, My Lord, I am the miſerable and unfortunate *Zineura*, who for the Space of ſix Years have wandered over the World in Man's Diſguiſe, being moſt baſely aſperſed by that Villain *Ambroſe*; and given up to a Servant by that moſt cruel and unjuſt Man to be murder'd and devoured by Wolves. And ſhewing her Breaſt, ſhe made it appear that ſhe was the ſame Woman. Turning then to *Ambroſe*, ſhe reſolutely demanded, when it was that he had lain with her, as he had formerly vaunted? But he knowing her again, was ſo ſtruck with Shame, that he could not utter a Word. The *Sultan*, who had all along taken her for a Man, was ſo ſurpriſed at what he heard and ſaw, that it appeared to him more like a Dream than Truth: But upon recollecting himſelf, and ſeeing every thing plainly made out, he moſt highly commended the Life, Conſtancy, and Behaviour of *Zineura*, heretofore called *Sicurano*; and ordering proper Apparel and Attendants for her, pardon'd *Bernard*, at her Requeſt, the Death he had juſtly merited; who now knowing her again, kneels down and begs Pardon, which ſhe readily granted, (however unworthy he was of it) and embrac'd him as her Huſband. The *Sultan* then ordered *Ambroſe* to be tied to a Stake in the moſt

eminent Part of the City, and his naked Body ſmear'd over with Honey, and to hang there till he ſhould drop in Pieces; which Sentence was ſoon put in Execution. Next he gave charge, that all his Subſtance ſhould be given to *Zineura*, which did not amount to leſs than ten thouſand double Ducats: And making a moſt ſumptuous Feaſt in Honour of *Bernard* as her Huſband, and *Zineura* as a moſt worthy Lady, he preſented her with Plate and Money, to the amount of ten thouſand Ducats more: And providing a Ship for them, when the Feaſt was over, he gave them leave to depart to *Genoa*, which they did with great Joy, and were received with the utmoſt Reſpect, eſpecially *Zineura*, who was thought to be dead; and the ſame Eſteem was continued towards her as long as ſhe lived. As for *Ambroſe*, he was not only deſtroy'd the very Day he was impal'd, with Waſps and Hornets, with which the Country abounds, but he was eaten to the very Bones; which being bound together by the Sinews, remained hanging there for ſome time as a Teſtimony of his Villainy. And thus it is, that the Deceiver lies at the Mercy of the Deceived.

THE

THE HISTORY OF Mr. DE RAINCOURT.

I AM the only Son of a Father whom I loſt too ſoon, and who, with a Fortune ſufficient to live with Diſtinction in my Province, left me at his Death a great many Law-ſuits as an eſſential Part of his Eſtate. I was but twenty two Years old when I loſt my Father, and I had been two Years Cornet in the Regiment of *C*----. I quitted the Service at my Father's Death, and after having allow'd ſome Time to the juſt Tears which I ow'd him, I was forced to labour with my Mother the Arrangement of our Affairs, which had ſuffer'd a good deal by my Father's Fondneſs for the Law. Among thoſe he left behind him one indifferent to me. The Poſſeſſion of *Leonora* was attach'd to it, a very amiable Relation of mine, with whom I had been in ſome ſort educated, and whom I tenderly lov'd. The Union of our Hearts founded upon the Conformity of our Sentiments, had prevented the Conſent of our Parents. I lov'd my dear Couſin from her Infancy; but as I grew up, I ſoon per-

ceiv'd that Blood and Nature were not the ſole Agents in me, and that my Tenderneſs for her was more active and reſpectful than the Friendſhips of Infancy generally are. My little Couſin too felt the ſame Sentiments, for as ſoon as Time had unfolded thoſe beauteous Lines which ſtruck me at firſt, and thoſe Sentiments of Honour and Generoſity which compoſed her Character, ſhe ſhunn'd my Eyes, ſhe bluſh'd if by Chance we two were together, and we were often ſilent when we found ourſelves alone, tho' we had long deſir'd that happy Opportunity. Many times I had a mind to entertain her with my growing Paſſion, but its Baſhfulneſs ſuppreſs'd the Declaration. I had ſcarce Power to tell her I lov'd. One Day, however, I broke Silence, and begg'd my lovely Couſin to explain her Sentiments with regard to me, and to accept the Aſſurances of my eternal Eſteem. At thoſe Words *Leonora* bluſh'd and ſigh'd, and immediately riſing, quitted me abruptly, but with theſe Words, If you love me, my dear *Raincourt*, don't oblige me to make the ſame Confeſſion. Be contented with my Eſteem, 'tis all I can grant, and you have it all; my Heart and Hand are in my Father's Diſpoſal. If I were Miſtreſs of both ----- Adieu, ſays ſhe, avoid me-----. Theſe Words, which ſhe pronounced with Steadineſs, taught me, that the ſevere Virtue of my dear *Leonora* was ſuperior to her Sentiments of innocent Tenderneſs in my Behalf, and I perceiv'd that to pleaſe her, I muſt indulge her Delicacy. In the mean time all my Precautions could not conceal my Paſſion from our Families; I own'd it to my Father, and engag'd him to demand my dear Couſin for me. She had leſs Fortune than Virtue, and her Father was paſſionately deſirous of a rich Match for her; and this ſeem'd to his Gout. But the Falling of the

Bank

Bank-bills was a Bar to our Union. My Father had ſome Years before bought a conſiderable Eſtate, and they that had ſold it, taking the Advantage which the Bank then gave them, had a mind to purchaſe the Land again by Equity of Redemption, and to pay for it in Bank-bills. My Father refus'd to accept the Bills, which were upon Record, and the Uncertainty of this Proceſs made *Leonora*'s Father ſuſpend his Conſent, who declared poſitively that he would not give me his Daughter unleſs this Cauſe was gained: Becauſe if it was decided againſt us it would make a conſiderable Change in my Fortune. You may imagine that this Anſwer was not very agreeable to me: But thoſe Hopes which are the Refuge of thoſe in Love and at Law hinder'd me then from too ſeverely reflecting on this avaricious Father. Mine dy'd in theſe Circumſtances; and as ſoon as I could with Decency, my Mother made me go to *Paris*, loaded with Recommendations for the ſolliciting this Cauſe, upon which the Succeſs of my Love depended. I took Leave of *Leonora*, and at parting we made repeated Vows of an inviolable Tenderneſs: For while our Paſſion was encourag'd by our Parents, this amiable Couſin had been leſs reſerv'd towards me, and had even told me that ſhe was in an uneaſy Situation.

As ſoon as I was at *Paris*, I gave myſelf up entirely to the Purſuit of my Cauſe. Intricate as it was, the Integrity of my Judge gave me great Hopes. However, that I might reproach myſelf with nothing, I prudently made uſe of my Recommendations as occaſion requir'd. I went every Morning to the Palace, and every Day to viſit a certain Number of Counſellors; and to repay the Fatigue of thoſe Employments, I went after Dinner *a l' Hotel de Mouſquetaires*, to look for ſome Friends

of

of my Province, with whom I paſs'd the reſt of the Day more agreeably.

One of them introduc'd me to the Acquaintance of a very handſome Woman, who liv'd at *Marais*. She had been two Years the Widow of a Counſellor, and was not thirty. She was a charming brown Woman, and had not ſuffer'd much by the Sorrows of Widowhood. I ſoon found that the Deceas'd had coſt her no more than Tears of Ceremony. By her Funeral Orations which ſhe ſometimes made on him, it was eaſy to judge that if ſhe had not liv'd well with him, ſhe was not diſpos'd to live better with a ſecond. However, as ſhe had as much Wit as Coquetry, ſhe knew how to hide under an honeſt Prudery thoſe Liberties ſhe allow'd at her Houſe. Seven or eight young Fellows frequented her Houſe, and were receiv'd there under the Name of Relations. I was the only one admitted for Protection. As ſoon as ſhe underſtood the Grounds of my Suit, the Juſtice of my Cauſe gave this beautiful Widow an ample Occaſion of diſplaying her Charms and her Wit. In two or three Converſations ſhe ſeem'd to me to be better vers'd in my Affairs than myſelf, and ſhe promiſed me all her Credit; her Rank, her Alliances, and her Merit, gave her a great deal, and at firſt I confeſs ſhe really ſerv'd me. But how dear did I pay her for the good Offices!

The Agreement of ſo many Rivals, that came to her every Day without Jealouſy, tho' equally well receiv'd, at firſt gave me ſome Suſpicion of her Conduct. However, I did not endeavour to clear up that Point. An Officer, you know, does not uſually trouble his Head about that; beſides, as in Law-ſuits every thing ſerves, and the Eyes of a fine Woman, eſpecially in *France*, enlighten the moſt obſcure Cauſe, I imprudently

prudently reſolv'd at any Price to retain hers in my Cauſe. I knew but one Method, which was to feign a particular Attachment to her. Yet I heſitated in this Point, for fear of appearing unfaithful to my dear *Leonora*. But the Advantage I foreſaw from the Succeſs of a Cauſe which would make me Maſter of my beauteous Couſin, ſoften'd my Repugnance. I knew my Heart and its Conſtancy to that only charming Object of my Love, I reſolv'd to wheedle the Widow, much more through Intereſt than Tenderneſs, perhaps through Indolence too. Sick of ſolliciting, it ſeem'd to me more certain and pleaſanter, to remit my Affairs into the Hands of a handſome Woman, and to purchaſe her Patronage with a few ſtudied Sighs, than to go eternally from Door to Door to ſollicite Judges, ſometimes inacceſſible and always auſtere. This ſeemed at leaſt the ſhorteſt Method, and moſt conſonant to my Temper. That of the Widow ſpar'd me the Expence of a ſolemn Declaration, and I made mine without much Ceremony. She made a Jeſt of it at firſt, and even rally'd me upon it: I repeated it on all Occaſions when I could with Decency; and in a few Days I perſuaded her of my Paſſion, or at leaſt to be in Doubt about it.

I perceiv'd it plainly by the new Intereſt ſhe took in my Cauſe. She continually talk'd to me of it, and under Pretence of not obliging the reſt of the Company with her Converſation, ſhe took me aſide into a Corner of the Window. Like a Man of Gallantry I made the moſt of theſe *Tete a Tete*, and never parted from her without new Vows of that ardent Paſſion which I diſſembled for her. In the mean Time I ſaw that we were both in an Error; ſhe, in believing my Paſſion ſincere; and I, in thinking I made no Engagement with her. Whatever Difference there may be between

Love

Love and Gallantry, the Tranſition from one to the other is ſo eaſy, that very often there is but one Step to make. My Widow was ſo artful, that I almoſt run into the Snare. Forgive me this Confeſſion, in Conſideration of the long and cruel Penance I have ſuffer'd for it, to expiate the momentary Infidelity which I was almoſt guilty of to *Leonora*, with no View but to haſten the Poſſeſſion of herſelf. The Scruples which I entertain'd at a nice Juncture with regard to my Conduct, made me ſhun ſome Part of the Snare. Happy! could I have foreſeen it ſooner. However, I thought I ought to purſue the Route I had taken, and as my Love for the Widow was methodical as it ought to be for a profeſs'd Coquette, I had room left for Reflection. And reflect I did upon the Confidence ſhe repos'd in me with regard to the Paſſion which the Prince of -----, (Ambaſſador from the ----- at *Paris*) had for her even while her Huſband was alive.

The Particulars which ſhe related to me, confirm'd me in my Opinion that I mov'd too ſlow for her Bent to Gallantry. But I had no room to doubt it after the Anſwer ſhe one Day made me. Some little Reproaches I was making her, which I thought myſelf obliged to make her, to maintain the paſſionate Character I had aſſum'd, in order to promote my Suit. And thoſe Reproaches turn'd upon her Equality of Sentiments with regard to all her regular Viſitors, and that ſhe made no Diſtinction between the Energy of my Paſſion and the little Cares of others. 'You are Ingrate, ſays 'ſhe to me; if I don't explain myſelf ſufficiently, 'my Induſtry in your Affairs ſpeak plain enough. 'Do you think, added ſhe, that my Reputation 'ſuffers nothing, when the World ſees me conti-'nually ſoliciting the Cauſe of a Cavalier of your Age?

'Age? It is already talk'd among the Friends of 'my late Husband, that I only wait the Conclu-'sion of your Suit to give you his Place. Nay, I 'don't know what I might do if you were more 'prudent, were it only to silence them.' This was full enough for me, and I saw the Drift of her Advances. In the mean Time, I myself had advanced too far to retreat. I contented myself with thanking her with an Air of Perplexity and Confusion, which she understood as a Mark of Discretion, as the rest of the Company had their Eyes on us.

The first Reflection I made on this Declaration, was, that it was a plain Trap. Whatever good Opinion I had of myself, in an Age when young Fellows always rate themselves beyond their Worth, yet I never conceiv'd myself capable of making such rapid Conquests, especially among the Ladies of *Paris*, who have a thorough Contempt of the Provincials. Besides the uncertain State of my Affairs, which she was intimately acquainted with, placed me abundantly beneath the splendid Situation she was in. However, unable to make a certain Judgment of her Heart, because that of a Coquette is an inextricable Labyrinth, I thought it best to leave the Widow in her Persuasion of my Passion, and to observe the Progress of hers with Caution. My sole View was to make Advantage of it, to hasten the Determination of my Suit, the Secret and the Papers relating to which I had incautiously entrusted her with. This was an Indiscretion, which I can't conceal from you, because it gave Rise to those just Griefs which occasion'd my Distemper.

But while I avow my Weaknesses, continu'd Mr. *Raincourt*, it is but just that I acquaint you too with the secret Reproaches of my Heart, while I was prodigal of my Vows to the Widow. I was

ſenſible of my double Dealing, in feigning a Fondneſs which was entirely Mercenary. I blam'd myſelf for impoſing on a Woman, ſince a Tenderneſs is due even to Follies in that Sex; and if any Thing could excuſe me, 'twas that I only prevented a deſigning Coquette. But the moſt importunate of my Scruples concern'd the dividing my outward Expreſſions of Tenderneſs between her and *Leonora*. I had no ſooner ſaid a ſoft Thing to her, but my Heart reproach'd me with robbing *Leonora*. I even bluſh'd at the Proſtitution of my Vows, which were ſo much the lawful Due of my dear Couſin. If *Leonora* heard me, ſaid I to myſelf what ſhould ſhe conclude of my Conſtancy and Fidelity; ſhe whoſe Letters are ſo tender? What would ſhe ſay, were ſhe to know that I have taken a Pleaſure in entertaining a guilty Paſſion for a Woman ſo much her Inferior in Merit and Virtue? Could the Integrity of my Intentions excuſe the Appearances of my Infidelity? The frequent return of theſe Reflections expiated the Guilt of my Procedure, and I panted for the Concluſion of my Suit to recover myſelf adroitly from the Hands of this artful Woman.

Theſe Conſiderations forced me to a ſtill greater Obſervance of her, that I might ſpy an Occaſion of handſomely retrieving my Papers, and of breaking with her. So I viſited her as uſual. I play'd and ſupp'd with her as others did, without her ſhewing any Diſtinction in my Favour. Nay, I was a little leſs importunate to diſcover the real Secret of her Sentiments towards me, and of her Conduct towards others. Alas! mine towards her ſhew'd my want of Experience, and I was then ignorant of what I have but too perfectly learn'd ſince, that a Woman of her Character has more Artifice than the moſt artful Man can keep Pace with.

with. All I could learn by obſerving my Widow, was that within a few Days ſhe became more ſad, more thoughtful, and leſs alert than uſual. And for ſome Time I was her Dupe, in imagining that in ſpite of myſelf I had fix'd the Heart of a Coquette. But if this Notion flatter'd my Self-love, it alarm'd my Foreſight, for when I reflected on the Conſequences, I foreſaw nothing pleaſing. However, I thought I might aſk her the Reaſon of her Melancholy. Immediately ſhe put on an Air of Openneſs to deceive me by a pretended Confidence in me. And after ſome Ceremony ſhe told me with a myſterious Air, that her Melancholy proceeded from an immenſe Loſs, ſhe had juſt ſuffer'd by Bank-bills and Stock, which her Factor had been robb'd of in the Tumult which happen'd in *Quimquempoix* Street. I ſaw ſo much Likelihood in her Story, that I never doubted it, eſpecially at a Time, when all *Paris* from the Vine-dreſſer to the Prince were mad after the Bank.

This Adventure, the eſſential Circumſtances of which ſhe artfully conceal'd, while ſhe exaggerated the Conſequences of it, really touch'd me. I condol'd with her, and endeavour'd to comfort her; and in the Height of my fine Speeches this eſcap'd me. 'If I am ſo happy as to gain my Cauſe, 'I expect to be in a Condition to repair your 'Loſs.' I imagin'd Gratitude exacted this of me; and beſides that, I ſhould have thought myſelf too happy to get rid of her ſo cheap; 'tis a common Cuſtom at *Paris*, to make ſome Preſent to theſe Sollicitreſſes, that ſell their Credit to the firſt Comer. Alas! I ran into Misfortune, where I meant only to make Compliment. Who would believe that Expreſſion muſt coſt me my *Leonora*, and that the perfidious Widow took Occaſion from it to ruin me? If I was indiſcreet, permit me,

without complaining of an amiable Sex which I reſpect, to ſay the Widow's Perfidy was beyond Precedent. I am apt to think no Man was ever ſo ſeverely puniſhed for a diſſembled Paſſion as I have been. Be that as it will, the artful Widow taking me at my Word, anſwer'd me with a feign'd Air of Tenderneſs; 'Whatever be my Circum-'ſtances, Sir, I ſhould always be ſatisfy'd were I 'ſure of your Heart.' The Thruſt was the more home, as it was unexpected. However, I anſwer'd her, that ſhe need not doubt her Power over a Heart in which Gratitude alone would do every Thing ſhe could expect from her own extraordinary Merit; but that ſhe muſt impute the Moderation of my Deſires to a too reſpectful Paſſion. In ſhort, not to ſhock her, I was going to pour out Proteſtations, and perhaps Oaths, if Heaven which had ſo much Grief in Store for me, had not interpos'd to preſerve me from Perjury. For in ſhort, it was as difficult for me to feign a Paſſion which I did not feel, as it was to conceal that I felt. Nay, I have been amaz'd twenty Times, that I was ſo long able to act my Part with ſo diſcerning a Coquette. Perhaps to hide my Trouble, I might have been too prodigal of my Promiſes; or perhaps that very Trouble in my Soul might have laid it open by ſome unguarded Expreſſion. Happily for me, a Letter deliver'd to her in a myſterious Manner, deliver'd me too from this Intrigue for this once, and ſhe diſmiſs'd the Company under Pretence of important Affairs.

As it was now late, and the Opera in all Probability too far advanc'd, I propos'd to the Muſqueteer my Friend, to ſpend an Hour with me at the *Baptiſt* Coffee-Houſe, and accordingly we went. There we heard of nothing but the Seizure

of the unfortunate Count *de Horne*, whoſe tragical End is known all over *Europe*. We learn'd there that diligent Search was made for one of the Accomplices who had eſcap'd; at the ſame Time that they were upon the Hunt for ſeveral Adventurers of different Countries, whom the Bank had drawn together at *Paris*. This Piece of News awaken'd our Reflections on the Widow's Melancholy, on the myſterious Letter ſhe receiv'd, which might be a Caution, but above all on the Abſence of the Marqueſs of *B*----, who had not appear'd at her Houſe for ſome Days, tho' one of the moſt aſſiduous. We communicated our Suſpicions; I acquainted the Muſqueteer with the Confidence the Widow had repos'd in me, and we made no Doubt but the Marqueſs was one of the People ſought for, becauſe he had often mention'd to us the Count *de Horne*, and had undertaken to introduce him to the Widow. My Friend told me in his Turn, that the Widow's Melancholy took away all Remains of Doubt, becauſe he knew the Marqueſs was the greateſt Favourite, and firmly believ'd they liv'd together in a very familiar Manner. And he adviſ'd me to watch the Tendency of theſe Affairs a little before I repeated my Viſits, for fear of being involv'd with her.

The Advice was certainly prudent, but I could not poſſibly purſue it. My Cauſe now at its Criſis ſoon call'd me to her; and as I had too much depended on the Widow in ſolliciting the Judges, ſhe was in ſome Meaſure Arbiter of my Cauſe. Beſides, the Face of Affairs was chang'd. I had receiv'd News of my Mother's Death, who was carry'd off in three Days by a malignant Fever. The Situation of my Affairs would not even permit me to pay the laſt Duties to her. I was oblig'd to communicate this to the Widow, becauſe the Suit

was now to be carry'd on in my Name only, whereas before my Mother had a Share in the Cauſe. The deep Mourning I had re-aſſum'd, ſerv'd as an Excuſe for my Abſence. My Grief was ſo natural and ſo obſervable, that the beautiful Widow muſt be contented; in ſhort, my Affliction was ſo lively, that I could not refrain Tears even in her Preſence. Beſides my Loſs of a moſt endearing Mother, my dear *Leonora* loſt a Confidante, and my Hopes a ſtrong Support; 'twas through her Hands I wrote to that amiable Relation, who tenderly eſteem'd my Mother for my Sake; and my Mother impatiently wiſh'd the Marriage, comforted by her Counſels the gentle *Leonora* for the Injuſtice of her Father's Sentiments. That generous Maid wrote to me, to comfort me in our common Loſs, with renew'd Aſſurances of her conſtant Eſteem. But, whether the Widow thought my Tears as inſincere as thoſe ſhe had ſhed for her Huſband, or willing to take Advantage of my Trouble, ſhe reminded me of the Offer I had made her, and which, ſays ſhe, I receiv'd as an inviolable Engagement, and ſhe deſir'd me to ratify it in Writing, offering to ſubſcribe too on the ſame Conditions.

So unjuſt and ſo ill tim'd a Propoſal made me tremble, and I could ſcarce reſtrain my Indignation. Then I clearly diſcern'd all the Conſequences of my Imprudence in truſting her with thoſe important Papers which made her Miſtreſs of my Fate. Immediately forgetting thoſe Sentiments of Gratitude which her firſt Cares had inſpir'd me with, I reſolv'd to hazard all rather than compleat the Meaſure of my Folly, by ſigning an Engagement equally fatal to my Love and my Honour. However, I contented myſelf with civilly telling her, that 'my Situation was too precarious to blend

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'her Fortunes with mine; that Decency during 'the Days of Mourning oppos'd what ſhe de- 'manded; and that in ſhort, it would be a ſort 'of Inhumanity to engage a Heart overwhelm'd 'with Sorrow, which too might prove an unhappy 'Omen.'

Inſtead of calming the Lady, theſe Reaſons drew down a Tempeſt of Reproaches, which Deſpight inſpired under the Appearance of affected Tenderneſs. I remain'd ſilent and did not interrupt her but by Tears and Sighs, which I pay'd to my Mother's Death and the Remembrance of the tender *Leonora*. I perceiv'd the Traitreſs took the Merit of thoſe Tears to herſelf; her Rage abated; but my continued Coolneſs and Silence ſoon undeceiv'd her. Then throwing off all Conſtraint, he flew into a Fury, which made her vomit a thouſand Imprecations againſt me, repeating every Minute that her Favours were all beſtow'd upon Ingrates; that the Marqueſs of *B*---- had undone her, but that ſhe was leſs ſenſible of that Loſs than of my Perfidiouſneſs. I was thinking of retreating, when this wretched Scene ended in a fainting Fit, occaſion'd by her Deſpair. I call'd Aſſiſtance; her Woman ran at the Noiſe, and her Concern for the Condition her Miſtreſs was in hindering her for taking Notice that I was there, ſhe dropp'd an incautious Expreſſion which juſtify'd the Muſqueteer's Suſpicion of a nearer Intimacy between the fugitive Marqueſs and the Lady. Nothing hinder'd but my Eyes might have convinc'd me; but that would have been too malicious, and the Revenge too bloody: I left then her Woman at Liberty to render her infamous Miſtreſs thoſe Cares which Decency forbad me, and which were beyond my Knowledge.

I ran immediately to my Coach, and with a Deſign of weighing this Adventure ſeriouſly, I order'd my Coachman to drive the Road to *Vincennes*. As ſoon as I ſaw myſelf at Liberty, I revolv'd every Circumſtance, and the more I reflected, the more I applauded my Reſolution. Recollecting my Ideas again, I plainly perceiv'd that this Lady had not intereſted herſelf ſo particularly in my Affairs, but to cover the Infidelity of the Marqueſs, whom probably ſhe had found tardy. A Provincial, a young Beau, ſeem'd cut out for a Dupe. But with all her Coquetry, could ſhe be to learn that an Officer ſeldom marries, and that the Contract ſeldom takes Place till he has done with Amours? From theſe Ideas I return'd to my firſt Fears about my Papers. She has them, ſays I to myſelf, and I have no Acknowledgement of it, ſo that ſhe may ſuppreſs them; and infallibly ſhe'll do it to revenge the Shame ſhe ſuffer'd in my Preſence. 'Twould be uſeleſs to demand them. If I loſe my Papers, the Loſs of my Cauſe is inevitable; and what's worſe, I muſt loſe my *Leonora* too. No matter, ſays I again: If my Indiſcretion deprives me of the Fruit of all my virtuous Sighs, I had rather ſacrifice my Love than my Fidelity. Ah! my dear *Leonora*, I cry'd out in this Tranſport, if I muſt loſe you, you ſhall know at leaſt that 'tis for having been too faithful to you. And yet, who knows, added I, whether in regard to my Diſcretion, the perfidious Widow may not affect a feign'd Generoſity? A Coquette has all her Paces; perhaps ſhe'll endeavour to retain me at that Price. Shall I ſee her again or no? Irreſolute how to proceed, I drove back to my Lodgings.

There I found a Note from my Attorney, to inform me, that it was Time to produce the Papers

pers relating to my Proceſs. In ſhort, Circumſtances preſs'd; Bank-bills ſunk every Day. Nay the Court ſeem'd willing to aboliſh the whole Paper-Syſtem; and if I loſt my Cauſe, I ran a Hazard to ſee my Hand full of Bills not worth a Shilling in Lieu of a fine Eſtate. Inſtead of haſtening the Proceedings, if the Cauſe went againſt me, I might negotiate theſe Bills, and ſave ſome Part at leaſt. In this Opinion, I reſolv'd to ſend a Note to the Widow, to re-demand my Papers of her, for I could not with Decency return to her ſo ſoon after the Accident that had happen'd. I waited two Days for an Anſwer. At laſt it came, and ſhe ſent me Word very concisely, that ſhe knew nothing of what I demanded. This Anſwer aſtoniſh'd me, but I did not at firſt perceive the whole Villainy. Far from imagining that I was to underſtand her literally, I had a Notion 'twas an Artifice to recall me, in Order to make the laſt Effort on my Inſenſibility. Her Behaviour authoriz'd this Opinion, and I thought it ſo well founded, that next Day I went to her about Noon to repeat my Demand. I compos'd my Looks, and ſhe affected a good deal of Tranquility, and talk'd with me about the News of the Town. Tir'd with this general Converſation, I conducted it gently to the Point of my Law-ſuit, and from thence to my Papers, which I begg'd her to reſtore. Could you believe it, the Traitreſs maintain'd ſhe had never had any Papers from me. I made a Jeſt of her Anſwer; but whatever I could ſay, ſhe reſolutely perſiſted in her Denials. I begg'd, I offer'd to give her a Note for ten Thouſand Francs, if ſhe would give up the Papers; but I could not prevail either by Entreaties or by Threats. Such an odious Piece of Villainy threw me into Deſpair; the

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ſole Idea that I was upon the Brink of loſing *Leonora*, rais'd my Rage to ſuch a Pitch, that I could hardly reſtrain it. However, I contented myſelf with giving her ſome Marks of my Indignation at the Menace ſhe had the Impudence to make, which was, that ſhe would have me thrown out of the Window; and away I went, with a Heart big with Rage, and curſing the Widow and her Houſe.

Immediately I went in Search of my Muſqueteer that introduced me, to acquaint him with her Treachery. The poor young Fellow was ſo aghaſt that he could ſcarce believe me. He would fain have had us return immediately to force her to make Reſtitution, and with a Piſtol at her Throat oblige her to reſtore this important Box of Writings. The Project certainly ſhew'd a true Friend and a brave Muſqueteer; but it was a little too ſlippery, and in all my Deſpair I had ſtill Reaſon enough left to reject a Deſign which would have brought us to the Scaffold. Nay, I could hardly hinder my Friend from undertaking it alone, and proving by that, that in introducing me, he never intended to expoſe me to ſuch terrible After-claps. We ſpent part of the Day together reaſoning upon this Piece of Villainy. I left him to go to my Attorney, and conſult him upon the Meaſures to be taken in order to make her acknowledge the Receipt of my Box. But he deſpair'd of it when he knew that I had neither Note nor Witneſs; for he believ'd as I did, that a Woman who has ſacrific'd her Oaths to her Huſband will ſtick at no other Oath. He adviſ'd me to write continually to this ill Woman, and to get ſeveral People to ſpeak to her about my Papers, particularly the Muſqueteer; in hopes that in her Anſwers, ſhe might drop ſome Expreſſions which

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the Law might faſten on. But the cunning Widow anſwer'd none of my Letters, and ſteadily deny'd the Fact to thoſe that mention'd it, even to Threats of demanding Reparation.

In the mean Time, *Leonora* (whom I had acquainted with the ſad Turn of my Affairs, to draw from her new Aſſurances of Kindneſs at all Events) preſs'd me extreamly to neglect Nothing, becauſe her Father, tir'd with the Tediouſneſs of a Suit which was more precarious than ever, was concerting a Match for her with a young Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, who was become very rich by ſucceeding to a great Eſtate. But while my dear *Leonora* ſent me this dreadful News, ſhe aſſur'd me too that nothing ſhould force her to it but the abſolute Commands of a Father, to whom ſhe ow'd a boundleſs Reſpect.

Judge what Grief I felt in reading this Letter, in a Situation whence I had ſo plain a Proſpect of my Misfortunes; and methought I read my Sentence even from my *Leonora*'s Hand. As this lovely Maid was extreamly virtuous, ſhe might well ſhew a Repugnance to a Match founded upon Intereſt. But her Delicacy gave me no Room to think her capable of reſiſting her Father's Orders. This Conſideration oblig'd me then to reaſſume my Suit, and to leave no Stone unturn'd to determine my Fate. But I took Pains to no Purpoſe, and even deſpair'd of Succeſs. One Day when I was extreamly fatigu'd with ſolliciting, and to unbend myſelf had been to ſeek my faithful Muſqueteer, we appointed to go and ſup together at a Villain's call'd *Cheret*, not far from my Lodgings. We took a Turn in the Wood of *Boulogne*, and in the mean Time I ſent Orders about Supper. We ſat down at Table very late, and as we ſtaid a great while to diſcuſs

my

my Adventure, it was near two when we retir'd. I lodg'd in *Buſſy*-Street, and the Muſqueteer muſt go over againſt me to his Quarters. We were on Foot, and my Man carried a Flambeau before us. We had not gone far in the Street, when we were attack'd by five Men all Strangers to us, who yet demanded Reparation for an Injury which they did not think proper to explain to us. We did not give them Time for it. We both drew our Swords, and parry'd ſeveral Thruſts by the Light of the Flambeau, which my Man left burning in the Street. The poor Fellow frighten'd to ſee ſo many againſt us two, run away crying out Murder as loud as he could bawl. My Friend perceiving the Match unequal, and that we had to do with Aſſaſſins, cry'd out, Help me Muſqueteers, the King's Guards, help. But 'twas in vain, becauſe all the Coffee-Houſes were ſhut up, and we were in Danger of dying by the Hands of theſe Wretches, if the Patrole had not made them take to their Heels. Their coming was very ſeaſonable, for my Friend had receiv'd a Wound in his Arm, which made him unable to defend himſelf. Our Aggreſſors had likewiſe receiv'd ſeveral Wounds, and my Friend fancy'd he ran one of them through the Body, and the Body was found next Day in a neighbouring Street, where he certainly dropp'd in making his Eſcape. We made ourſelves known to the Officer of the Guard; he us'd us very politely, and convey'd us to my Lodging, where I took in my Friend to dreſs his Wound. The Landlord vouching we were Men of Honour, the Officer made his Compliments of Condolence and retir'd. The firſt Notion of the Muſqueteer was, that we were oblig'd to the Widow for this Favour, and indeed it was too likely. My Man too told us he thought he recollected the Voice of

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one of her Servants. But what ſtrengthen'd our Opinion was, that the Fellow told us that he had for ſeveral Days ſeen the Widow's Men often ſauntring about my Lodgings; and that every Night he met with one of them at *Cheret*'s Door, who came up to him and invited him to go and drink with him; and as my Servant excuſed himſelf, on the Neceſſity he lay under of waiting at Table, it was plain the other gave his Miſtreſs Notice of our Appointment. Theſe Traces were enough for me, but inſufficient to found an Accuſation againſt her. However, my Friends adviſ'd me to quit *Paris* for ſome Time, for fear that wicked Woman ſhould make ſome new Attempt, at a Time when Aſſaſſinations were ſo frequent in the midſt of *Paris*, that in one Week twenty-ſeven murther'd Bodies were found in the Streets and the River.

Tho' this Method was dangerous to my Affairs, yet my Safety made it neceſſary, tho' my Love perſuaded me to it more than my Fears. It was eight Months ſince I had ſeen *Leonora*; and as her Letters were leſs frequent, I was afraid ſo mercenary a Father as her's might at laſt have forc'd her to give her Hand to my rich Rival. I was all Impatience to ſee that dear Couſin again, nor could I have ſupported ſo long an Abſence, without the Hopes of one Day poſſeſſing her. The approaching Ruin of Affairs made it a Matter of great Importance to my Heart to be aſſur'd of her's. I return'd then into *Provence*, and went directly to viſit *Leonora* and her Father. He receiv'd me very cooly, and without giving me Time ſcarce to ſpeak to his lovely Daughter, baited me with Queſtions about the Situation of my Suit. I conceal'd from him the Loſs of my Papers; but it was in vain to diſſemble my Fears, he was inform'd of all

all by Correſpondents from *Paris*, as *Leonora* told me; and he gave me to underſtand that ſince my Affairs were ſo precarious, I muſt think no more of his Daughter. Judge how ſevere a Stroke this Sentence muſt give to a conſtant, ſincere and afflicted Heart. I ſtrove to make this mercenary Parent eaſy with regard to my Lawſuit; and whether he was aſham'd of his Avarice, or had a mind to behave with ſome Decency to a Relation whom he had deſign'd for his Son in Law, he made me ſtay to dine and paſs the Day with him. Opportunity of entertaining *Leonora* was ſcarce enough; but as ſoon as I found myſelf alone with her, I threw myſelf at her Feet to renew my Vows. 'Can it be poſſible, ſays I, fair 'Leonora, that Reſpect to a Father can make you 'unfaithful? Have you ſo little Virtue as to per-'jure yourſelf and ruin ſo tender and ſo reſpectful 'a Lover? Speak, dear *Leonora*, ſpeak. Am not 'I the ſame I was ſix Years ago? Is it true 'that you love me now as much as you did 'then? Such Conſtancy, ſuch Tenderneſs, and 'ſo many Sighs, have not they been able to ba-'lance the ill Fortune which purſues me? My 'Ruin reſolv'd on, Death eſcap'd the unavoidable 'Loſs of my Cauſe for my Fidelity to you in re-'fuſing a Sigh for any other but you; in ſhort 'ſo many Sacrifices, and they but the Shadow of 'thoſe I am ſtill ready to make for your Sake, 'don't they give me ſome Right in your Heart? 'Pronounce, *Leonora*, pronounce my Fate. What-'ever Sentence your lovely Mouth decrees, aſſure 'yourſelf I ſhall be always faithful; and if Vio-'lence forces you into another's Arms, my ſad 'Soul ſhall always preſerve its barren Tender-'neſs; as you have always been the Object of 'my Vows, I ſhall never ceaſe to pour them out

'for

'for your Happineſs.' In pronouncing theſe Words, I melted into Tears, and my Sobs diſabled me from further Speech. The virtuous *Leonora* ſigh'd on her Part, and with Tears in her Eyes ſpoke thus to me. 'I am neither perjur'd nor ungrate-'ful, my dear *Raincourt.* I have promis'd you 'my Eſteem, and you have all my Tenderneſs. 'But if I am a faithful Lover, I am an obedient 'Daughter, Suffer me to make Love and Duty 'coincide. I depend upon a Father, and my Re-'ſpect to him is the only Rival you have to fear. 'Believe, at leaſt ſo long as your Proceſs conti-'nues, I'll find Occaſion from the Uncertainty of 'it to prove my Fidelity; in ſhort, whatever may 'happen don't reproach me with Inconſtancy.' Here, *Leonora* gave me her Hand, and as I ardently preſs'd it between mine, her Father came upon us. The Tenderneſſes in which he found us engaged, teaching him to fear his Daughter might be contracting herſelf in the moſt ſolemn Manner, gave him a Diſtruſt which produced all my Misfortune and Vexation. He paſs'd the reſt of the Day in my Company without quitting me a Moment; and when I took Leave, he ſignify'd to me, that I ſhould do him a Pleaſure to ſee his Daughter no more, and forbad me his Houſe. I conjur'd him to remember his Engagements with my late Father, and at leaſt to wait the Concluſion of my Buſineſs; but he was inexorable, and I found myſelf oblig'd to renounce the Sight of *Leonora.* It was even difficult to hear from her, and her Anſwers to my Letters were in very cautious Terms.

The Chagrin which this Change occaſion'd in me, fix'd itſelf ſo deep, that I fell into that Melancholy which you ſaw me in. Every thing was irkſome to me, and after having paſs'd ſome Months

Months in that Condition, I return'd to *Paris*, with the Deſign of meeting Death there. My Belief that I ſhould not eſcape the Fury of the Widow, delighted me, becauſe I eſteem'd it a Pleaſure to die a Martyr to my Fidelity. Beſides, I could not bring myſelf to live ſo near her without ſeeing her, and the Liberty of going thither which was allow'd my Rival before my Eyes, was a continual Torment to me. I reviv'd a little at *Paris*, and ſollicited the Determination of my Cauſe. Alas! it happen'd but too ſoon! I was caſt as I foreſaw, and that juſt when Bank-bills were at their loweſt. Leſs ſenſible of this Misfortune than of the Loſs of my *Leonora*, I gave myſelf up to the moſt frightful Deſpair. I reproach'd myſelf with my Folly in placing myſelf ſo much in the Power of the Widow, who drew all this Misfortune on me. I was even ready to undertake any thing againſt her; but as I was ſo much to blame, I reſolv'd to puniſh myſelf. I wrote to *Leonora* a ſorrowful Adieu, and with my Letter ſent her privately a Donation of my remaining Fortunes; begging her at leaſt to remember the unhappy *Raincourt*. Alas! in my Trouble I had finiſh'd my Miſeries by a frightful Crime, if my Man had not appriz'd the Muſqueteer of my Diſtraction. That faithful Friend came to lodge with me, he lock'd up all my Arms, and during a whole Month quitted me neither Day nor Night.

In the mean Time, the tender *Leonora*, who had receiv'd my Letter, was in a Condition of no more Tranquility. My Deſpair mov'd her, and piquing herſelf upon Generoſity, ſent me back my Donation, bidding me, if it was not too late, to preſerve a Life which was dear to her; and comforted me, begging me to expect every thing from

Time

Time and her Conſtancy. This Letter aſſwaged my Fury, but my Melancholy had already got the Aſcendant. I fell into a mortal Languor. Always full of *Leonora*, I ſpoke to her, I call'd to her every Moment like a diſtracted Creature; I renounc'd all Commerce with Man, I ſhunn'd the Ladies, I took an Antipathy to all Diverſion, even that of Reading, and I ſaw no Company but my faithful Muſqueteer. This frightful Condition degenerated at laſt into a real Diſtemper: I was attack'd with thoſe exquiſite Pains, I had the Honour to mention to you; and whenever the Medicines which my Friend forced me to take, procur'd me any Reſpite from Pain, I employ'd it in aſſuring *Leonora* that I dy'd faithful. But the ſevere Orders of her Father were ſuch a Bar to our Correſpondence, that I durſt write to her but three Times in the two laſt Years. Her inhuman Father preſs'd her from Time to Time to give her Hand to my Rival. He had Merit, and I had Room to fear that at length my dear *Leonora* might yield to his Tenderneſs and the Sollicitations of her Father. Alas! I wrong'd her much. The virtuous *Leonora* preſerv'd her Heart for me, as I have ſince learn'd from publick Report, and as ſhe herſelf has inform'd me. The conſtant Maid, finding her Father tenacious of his Right, and that ſhe could not prevail to make Choice of her Huſband, begg'd the Liberty of renouncing Marriage. She feign'd an Inclination for a Convent; the Father, on the other Side ſeem'd to conſent, to puniſh his Daughter. He thought to tire her out; while *Leonora* rely'd on her Conſtancy and future Events. 'Twas in theſe Circumſtances, that after three Years Languiſhment and Pain I conſented to come here and take the Waters. I acquainted *Leonora* with it, becauſe it was ſweet

to me to think at leaſt that her Heart concern'd itſelf in the Sufferings of mine.

I won't repeat to you what I told you before of my Diſorders in Mind and Body; you have had Proofs of my deplorable Condition. Nay, I perceive you have done me the Honour to bewail me. The Alteration I have found from the Waters of *Pouhon* is ſomething prodigious; for at a Month's End, I perceiv'd the Return of my Reaſon. I begun to hope a Cure of my Illneſs, when when I had an Account of the Death of *Leonora*'s Father, and that he acknowledg'd his Injuſtice to me on his Death-Bed. This News, by reviving my Hopes certainly advanced the good Effect of the Waters. Immediately I wrote to that amiable Perſon to let her know the Share I had in her Grief; and her Anſwer has perfected my Re-eſtabliſhment. You have been ſo good, in taking a particular Intereſt in it, that I ought not to conceal from you the Contents of that Letter. If 'tis indiſcreet to communicate it, I think I deſerve a little Indulgence; for beſides that my Heart overflows with its good Fortune, the Letter can derive nothing but Honour on *Leonora*. Here it is, and you ſhall judge, if it's capable of effecting a leſs Miracle.

Leonora's *Anſwer to Mr.* de Raincourt.

IF any Thing could comfort me for the Loſs of a Father which I bewail inceſſantly, and ſhall long bewail, it would undoubtedly be the News of my dear *Raincourt*'s Recovery. Your Heart knows the Motions of mine enough to ſupply all that I ſhould ſay to you in other Circumſtances. However, as I write to you yourſelf, I will own to you that if it's poſſible to feel at once the Extreams

of

of two contradictory Paſſions, no Body ever felt them more ſenſibly than I did at the Receipt of your Letter. My Heart, overwhelm'd with Sorrow for the Death of a Father who deſerv'd all my Reſpect, could not be inſenſible of Joy at the Knowledge of your Cure. Ah! I cry'd out in this Combat of Pain and Pleaſure, Heaven is not willing I ſhould be compleatly miſerable, ſince while it took from me the firſt Object of my Tenderneſs, it preſerves my dear *Raincourt* for me. If what I write ſeems ill-tim'd, conſider you are the Cauſe of it, and that my dying Father, convinced of your Love and my Duty, conſented to our Union. You conſtrain me to this (perhaps unſeaſonable) Acknowledgement, in telling me that your entire Re-eſtabliſhment depends on my Sentiments with regard to you. I think I explain myſelf enough to perſuade you to forget nothing which may contribute to give me the Pleaſure of ſoon ſeeing you conſtant, faithful, and in Health. As the Continuance of your Affection has always been the only Object which I eſteem'd in you, it is of ſmall Conſequence to me what your Fortune is. Adieu, dear *Raincourt*. I ſpeak of Love, while I ought to be full of Lamentation. I ſhould bluſh if you did not go Halves with me in this ſeeming Forgetfulneſs of myſelf. Think of your Re-eſtabliſhment, dear *Raincourt*, and come ſoon to partake of my juſt Fears for a Father who was mov'd at your Conſtancy, as is,

LEONORA.

THE HISTORY OF *Polydore* and *Emilia.*

IN the Reign of *Charles* the Firſt, King of *England*, lived two Gentlemen, whoſe true Names I will conceal under the feigned ones of *Acaſto* and *Septimius*. They were Neighbours, their Eſtates lay together, and they had a Friendſhip for each other, which had grown up from their earlieſt Youth.

Acaſto had an only Son, whom we will call *Polydore*, and *Septimius* an only Daughter, named *Emilia*. Though the Boy was but fourteen Years old, and the Girl but twelve, the Parents were ſo deſirous of contracting an Alliance between their Families, and of uniting the two bordering Eſtates, that they marry'd them before either was of Age to conſummate the Marriage, or even to underſtand the Nature of their Contract. As ſoon as the Ceremony was perform'd, they ſent the young Gentleman abroad, to finiſh his Education.

After four Years which he had ſpent in *France* and *Italy*, he was recall'd by the News of his Father's

ther's Death, which made it neceſſary for him to return to *England*.

Emilia, who was now about ſixteen, begun to think he had been abſent long enough, and receiv'd him with a great deal of Satisfaction. She had heard a fine Character of him, from thoſe who knew him in his Travels: And when ſhe ſaw him, his Perſon was ſo improv'd that ſhe thought herſelf the happieſt of Women in being his Wife.

But his Sentiments for her were very different.

There was in his Temper a Spirit of Contradiction, which could not bear to have a Wife impoſed upon him.—— He complained, that his Father had taken Advantage of his tender Age, to draw him into an Engagement, in which his Judgment could poſſibly have no Part. He confeſs'd that he had no Objections to the Perſon or Character of *Emilia*; but inſiſted on a Liberty of Choice, and declar'd, that he look'd upon his Marriage to be forc'd and null. In ſhort, he abſolutely refus'd to conſummate, in ſpite of all the Endeavours of their Friends, and the conjugal Affection of the poor young Lady, who did her utmoſt to vanquiſh his Averſion.—— When ſhe found that all her Kindneſs was thrown away, the natural Pride of her Sex made her deſire to be ſeparated from him, and ſhe joined with him in a Petition for a Divorce. The firſt Parliament of the Year *Forty* was then ſitting: The Affair was brought before them, and it was believ'd that a Divorce would have eaſily been obtain'd at their mutual Demand. But the Biſhops oppos'd it with great Violence, as a Breach of the Law of God, which they ſaid would admit of no Divorce, but in Caſes of Adultery. They were anſwer'd, that the Marriage was not *compleat*; and that the ceremonious

monious Part, which was all that had paſt between them, might as properly be diſpenſed with by the Legiſlature, as any other Form of Law. That the young Gentleman's Averſion was *invincible*, and inconſiſtent with the Obligation laid upon him: That therefore it would not well become the Fathers of the Church, to put him under a manifeſt Temptation of committing Adultery: And that nothing could be imagin'd more unjuſt, than to condemn the Lady to perpetual Virginity, under the Notion of a Marriage, which, it was plain, was a mere Illuſion.---- Theſe Arguments ſeem'd convincing to all the World, except the Biſhops; but they perſiſted in their *uſual Unanimity*, and were ſo powerful by the *Favour* of the *Court*, that they carry'd their Point in the Houſe of Lords: And the unfortunate *Polydore* and *Emilia* were declar'd to be *one Fleſh*, though no Union had ever been between them, either in Body or in Mind.— The Huſband immediately paid back his Wife's Portion to her Father; and firmly reſolv'd, that from that Time forwards he would never ſee her more. His natural Obſtinacy was irritated by the Conſtraint that was put upon him, and he took a Pride to ſhew the World, that there was no Power, Eccleſiaſtical or Civil, which could oblige him to act like a marry'd Man againſt his Inclination. The poor Lady retir'd to a Seat of her Father's in the Country, and endeavour'd, by long Abſence from her Huſband, to forget that he had ever pleas'd or offended her.---- Two Years afterwards the Civil War broke out between the King and Parliament. *Polydore* was ſo enrag'd againſt the Biſhops for obſtructing his Divorce, that it determin'd him in chooſing of his Party, and made him take up Arms againſt the King. *Septimius*, the Father of *Emilia*, was as zealous a Royaliſt, to which

which his Hatred of *Polydore* contributed as much as any thing; for it was hardly poſſible that two ſuch bitter Enemies ſhould be of the ſame Side. In the Courſe of the War, the King being worſted, the Eſtates of many of his Party were confiſcated; and *Septimius* having been one of the moſt active, was alſo one of thoſe that ſuffer'd moſt. He was compell'd to retire into *France* with what he could ſave out of the Wreck of his Eſtate; and carried with him his Daughter, who was quite abandon'd by her Huſband and his Family.

In the mean while, the Army of the Parliament began to form itſelf into different Factions. *Cromwell*, at the Head of the Independants, acquir'd by Degrees ſuch an Influence, that the Preſbyterians were no longer a Match for him: *Polydore*, who was devoted to that Sect, threw up his Commiſſion in Diſcontent; and happily for his Reputation had no Share in thoſe violent Proceedings, which ended in the Deſtruction of the King, and the ancient Conſtitution.

He continued quite inactive for ſome Years; but at laſt growing weary of a Life that agreed ſo ill with his Vivacity, he determin'd to go and ſerve in the Low-Countries under the great Prince of *Condé*, who, in the Year 1654, commanded the Armies of *Spain* againſt his Country.---Two Reaſons inclined *Polydore* to this Party; firſt, the Deſire he had to learn his Trade under a General of ſo great Reputation: And, ſecondly, becauſe *Cromwell* had refuſed to enter into an Alliance with that Prince, though moſt agreeable to the Intereſts of *England*.--- He found his Highneſs employ'd in beſieging *Arras*, and was receiv'd by him with high Marks of Eſteem. During the Siege he often ſignaliz'd his Courage, and ſupported the Opinion that was ſpread all over *Europe* of the Valour

of

of the Parliament-Officers: But the Marſhal *Turenne*, with *La Ferté* and *Hoquincourt*, having attack'd the Beſiegers in their Lines, relieved *Arras*, and would have deſtroyed the *Spaniſh* Army, if the Prince of *Condé* had not ſav'd it by a Retreat, which was one of the greateſt Actions of his Life. In this Battle *Polydore* was taken Priſoner, and ſent to *Paris* with many other *Spaniſh* Officers, to continue there till they ſhould be ranſom'd or exchang'd. In the Journey he contracted a great Intimacy with the Count *d'Aguilar*, Brigadier under the Count *de Fuenſaldagna*, and one of the firſt Gentlemen in *Spain*. As they travell'd together ſeveral Days, they very naturally acquainted one another with the principal Incidents of their Lives. *Polydore* related to *Aguilar* the whole Story of his Marriage with *Emilia*, and declaim'd with great Heat againſt the Folly of tying two People thus together, who wiſh'd nothing ſo much as to be looſe.

No doubt, ſaid the Count, it is moſt abſurd; but, to ſay the Truth, I find nothing very reaſonable in the whole Affair of Marriage as we have made it. I do not know what it may be to other Men, but to me it ſeems horribly unnatural to be confin'd to any ſingle Woman, let her be ever ſo agreeable.

If I had *choſen* a Woman *freely*, anſwer'd *Polydore*, I could always be conſtant to her with Pleaſure; but to have a Companion *for Life forced* upon me, I had rather row in the Gallies than ſubmit to it.

You are miſtaken, my dear *Polydore*, reply'd the Count, in fancying it ſo eaſy to be conſtant even to a Wife of one's own chuſing. I have had ſome Experience of that Kind, and know that the

firſt

firſt Choice is only good till we have made a ſecond.

To prove this to you, I need only give you the Hiſtory of my Amours—— That you may not think I am telling you a Romance, I will begin where Romances always end, with the Article of my Marriage. I was marry'd at four and twenty to a Lady, whom I choſe for her Beauty and good Senſe, without troubling myſelf about her Fortune, which was but ſmall. The three or four firſt Years that we liv'd together was the happieſt Period of my Life: I preſerv'd all the Ardour of a Lover with the Freedom and Tenderneſs of a Huſband. She lov'd me ſtill more fondly than I did her; and if I had not left her till ſhe gave me Occaſion, I believe I ſhould have been conſtant to this Day.—But I was not able to hold out any longer. All her Charms were become ſo familiar to me, that they could uot make the leaſt Impreſſion: And I went regularly to her Bed as I did to Supper, with an Appetite quite pall'd by too much Plenty. In this dull Way I drudg'd on for a tedious Twelvemonth, till the Sight of a Relation of my Wife's, who came opportunely to lodge in my own Houſe, rouz'd me out of my Lethargy. She was a beautiful Creature of eighteen, juſt taken out of a Convent to be marry'd. She knew nothing of the World, but had a natural Quickneſs that went further than Experience. However, as there was ſomething a little aukward in her exterior Carriage, the Counteſs *d'Aguilar* thought it proper to keep her with her for ſome Time before her Marriage, till ſhe had inſtructed her how to behave herſelf *in Public*. I thought my Inſtructions might be of uſe to her as well as my Wife's, to teach her how to behave herſelf *in Private*, and had the good Fortune to make them more agreeable.

She lik'd me better and better every Leſſon, and in Proportion, as her Paſſion increas'd for me, ſhe conceiv'd a ſtronger Averſion for the Man who was deſign'd to be her Huſband: And indeed ſhe had no great Reaſon to be fond of him, for he was a peeviſh, ſtupid, bigotted old Fellow, who did nothing Day or Night but pray and ſcold. Her Friends preſs'd the Concluſion of her Marriage; and, as unwilling as ſhe was to come into it, ſhe could not reſiſt their Importunities. Yet to comfort me, ſhe very fairly let me know, that ſhe would give her Virginity to me in ſpite of all their Teeth; and moreover, that I ſhould have it on the *Wedding Night*. I repreſented to her the Improbability of her performing *ſuch* a Promiſe at *ſuch* a Time; but ſhe bid me truſt to her Management and I ſhould be ſatisfy'd.

The Wedding Night came; and when the Company was retir'd, the Bridegroom was ſurpriz'd to ſee the Bride diſſolv'd in Tears. He begg'd to know the Cauſe of her Affliction; but ſhe would not tell him, except he ſwore, that, when he knew it, he would do his utmoſt to remove it.

The poor Man, in the Vehemence of his Love, aſſured her that he would do any thing to make her eaſy, that was not contrary to the *Honour of a Cavalier*, or the *Injunctions of our Holy Mother Church*.

No, ſaid ſhe, the Thing I require of you will recommend you extremely to the *Church*, as it is only to give me leave to accompliſh a Vow I made to the bleſſed Virgin, in a Fit of Sickneſs when my Life was in great Danger.

Heaven forbid, my pretty Child, reply'd the Don, that I ſhould hinder you from performing a ſacred Vow, to the Hazard of your Soul.

Well

Well then, ſaid ſhe, I will own to you, that in my Fright I vowed, that if I could but get well again, and live to be marry'd, I would conſecrate my Wedding Night to the bleſſed Virgin, by paſſing it in the Bed of my waiting Woman, the virtuous *Iſabella*. And this very Morning while I ſlept, our Lady appear'd to me in a Dream, and threaten'd me with another Fit of Sickneſs if I did not keep my Word.

If it be ſo, reply'd the Huſband, there is no doubt but *the Virgin* muſt be *ſerved* before *me*; and ſo, my Dear, I wiſh you a good Night.

Now you muſt know that the virtuous *Iſabella* was truſted with all the Secrets of her Miſtreſs, and had gone between us through the whole Courſe of our Amour.

Accordingly Madam went to bed to her waiting Woman, who had taken Care to inform me of this Deſign, and conceal'd me in a Cloſet within her Chamber; from whence, as ſoon as every body was aſleep, I was admitted to the Place of *Iſabella*, and receiv'd the full Acquittance of a Promiſe I little expected to ſee perform'd.—

The Singularity of this Adventure ſo delighted me, that I could not help, in the Vanity of my Heart, diſcovering it to the Duke *de l' Infantada*, the moſt intimate of my Friends. He was very thankful for the Confidence I repos'd in him, and to reward me for it, betray'd it inſtantly to my Wife, whom, it ſeems, he had long made Love to without Succeſs. As he thought that the greateſt Obſtacle to his Deſires was her Fondneſs for me, he hop'd to remove it by convincing her of my Falſeneſs; but though the News of it had like to have broke her Heart, it was not able to change it.

She reproach'd me in a Manner that made my Fault appear much more inexcuſable.—— I might

complain, ſaid ſhe, of the Affront you have done my Honour in debauching my Relation; but, alas! I am only ſenſible to the Injury you have done my Love. You are grown weary of me, and I know it is impoſſible to regain your Heart, ſince the ſingle Reaſon of your Diſlike muſt ſtill continue, which is, That I am your Wife. If any Part of my Behaviour had offended you, I might have chang'd it to your Satisfaction; but this is a Fault, which, in ſpite of all my Care, will grow worſe every Day.---- I endeavour'd to pacify her by Aſſurances of my future Fidelity; and really I was ſo affected by her Behaviour, that I ſeriouſly meant to keep my Word.---- But our Inclinations are very little in our Power: My Reſolution ſoon yielded to the Charms of the Counteſs *Altamira*, one of the handſomeſt Women about the Court, but the vaineſt, the moſt intereſted, and the moſt abandon'd. She made it a Point of Honour to ſeduce me, out of a Deſire to mortify my Wife, with whom ſhe had quarrell'd upon ſome female Competition of Precedency or Dreſs.

Her Avarice was equal to her Pride, and ſhe made me pay dearly for her Favours, though her Huſband was one of the richeſt Men in *Spain*. I hardly ever went to her without a Preſent of ſome kind or other, and my Fortune began to ſuffer by my Expence: Yet I was ſo bewitch'd to her, that though I heartily deſpis'd her, I could not help loving her to Madneſs.

One Day, when I came to ſee her after an Abſence that had rais'd my Deſires to the higheſt Pitch, ſhe receiv'd me with a Sullenneſs and Ill-humour that tortur'd me beyond Expreſſion. I conjur'd her to acquaint me with the Cauſe of it, and ſhe told me, 'That the laſt Time ſhe was at Court, ſhe 'had ſeen the Counteſs *d'Aguilar* with a Diamond 'Necklace

'Necklace on, which I had given her the Day 'before: That my making ſuch Preſents to ano-'ther Woman, in the midſt of our Intrigue, was 'an Inſult ſhe was determin'd not to bear; and 'that ſince I was grown ſo fond a Huſband, ſhe 'could not but make a Conſcience of diſturbing 'our conjugal Felicity.'

I offer'd her any Satisfaction ſhe would aſk: And the malicious Devil had the Impudence to tell me, that nothing could ſatisfy her, but my taking away that Necklace from my Wife, and giving it her.---- I entreated her to accept of another of twice its Value; but ſhe reply'd, that her Honour was concern'd, and, in ſhort, ſhe would have that, and that alone.---- Overcome with her Importunities, I went home, and ſtole it for her; but made her promiſe me ſolemnly to be very cautious that my Wife ſhould never ſee it in her Poſſeſſion.

About three Days after, Word was brought me, that the Counteſs *d'Aguilar* had fainted away in the Anti-chamber of the Queen, and was gone Home in great Diſorder to her Mother's the Counteſs of *Pacheco*.

I went immediately thither in ſuch a Fright, as convinc'd me I lov'd her better than I thought I did: But imagine my Confuſion, when ſhe inform'd me, that ſhe had fainted at the Sight of her own Diamonds on the Neck of the Counteſs *Altamira*. She added, that it was no Myſtery to her, nor to any body elſe, how that Lady came by them; and that, to ſave herſelf the Mortification of any more ſuch public Affronts, ſhe would no longer live with me as my Wife, but leave me at full Liberty to pleaſe myſelf, as my licentious Inclination ſhould direct.

I us'd my utmoſt Eloquence to prevail on her to come home to me again; but ſhe remained inflexi-

ble, and ſaid no more to all my Proteſtations, but, that if her paſt Conduct had not been able to fix my Heart, ſhe deſpair'd of doing it for the future.

After living without her half a Year, I was order'd to my Regiment in *Flanders*, and was very glad of an Occaſion to leave *Madrid*, where the Regret of her Separation was ſuch a Pain to me, that it entirely ſunk my Spirits. Since my Arrival in the Army, I have writ to her three or four Letters, but ſhe diſdain'd to make me any Anſwer; and I have Reaſon to believe, that her high Spirit has, by this Time, got the better of her Love.

For my Part, I endeavour to amuſe myſelf the beſt I can with other Women; and I deſire, my dear *Polydore*, that we may be always reciprocal Confidants of every Intrigue that we engage in during our Stay in *France*.---

Polydore thank'd him, and aſſur'd him, that on his Part he ſhould meet with no Reſerve. When they came to *Paris*, his firſt Care was to enquire what was become of *Septimius* and *Emilia*, whom he had heard no Account of for many Years. He was inform'd, that *Septimius* was dead, and his Daughter gone from *Paris*. His Curioſity made him write to his Friends in *England*, to aſk if ſhe was there. They anſwer'd him, that every body believ'd ſhe was dead in *France*, having receiv'd no News of her a great while. *Polydore* was mightily pleas'd with this Account, and fancy'd himſelf very happy in being a Widower, though he had given himſelf no Trouble to ſupport the Character of a Huſband.---- The two Friends had not reſided long at *Paris*, before they were exchang'd for ſome *French* Officers who were taken Priſoners by the Prince of *Condé*. They return'd to the Army, but the Seaſon not permitting them to come to any Action, they agreed to paſs the Winter at *Bruſſels*, in

in the Court of the Archduke. They had not been there above a Month, before *Aguilar* acquainted his *Engliſh* Friend, that he had begun an Intrigue with a *French* Lady, who liv'd in a very retir'd Manner, which he believ'd was owing to her Circumſtances: That he had ſeen her two or three Times, by means of a Woman at whoſe Houſe ſhe lodg'd, whoſe good Offices he had ſecur'd by a handſome Bribe. He added, that he would carry *Polydore* to ſee her the next Viſit that he made. Accordingly they went together to Mademoiſelle *Dalincourt* (for that was the Name of *Aguilar*'s new Miſtreſs.) At their coming in, *Dalincourt* ſeem'd much ſurpriz'd, chang'd Colour, and was not able to ſpeak a Word. The Count, alarm'd at her Diſorder, ſuſpected ſome Lover had been with her, and told her, with an Air of Diſcontent, that he was ſorry he came at ſo wrong a Time. She endeavour'd to ſhake off her Confuſion, and reply'd, that he was always very welcome: But that the Gentleman he brought with him had ſo much Reſemblance of a Brother of her's who was kill'd in *Flanders*, that, at firſt Sight, ſhe could not help being ſtruck with it in the Manner they had ſeen: She added, that if the Gentleman was as like her Brother in Mind, as he was in Form, ſhe ſhould be mightily pleas'd with his Acquaintance. She ſpoke this with ſuch an Air of Sincerity, that the Count began to think his Jealouſy was without Foundation.

After ſome general Diſcourſe, ſhe apply'd to *Polydore*, and aſk'd him how long he had been engag'd in the *Spaniſh* Service? with many other more particular Enquiries, which ſeem'd to intimate a Deſire to know him better. *Polydore* was very glad of it, in hopes to ſerve his Friend: And the Count, who had no Suſpicions on that

Side, did his utmoſt to engage them in a Friendſhip which he imagin'd would turn to his Advantage.

At Night, when the two Gentlemen were at home together, *Aguilar* aſk'd his Companion, what he thought of *Dalincourt*'s Perſon and Underſtanding? Better of the laſt than the firſt, anſwer'd he, though both are certainly agreeable. I can't help thinking, continu'd he, that her Perſon is not quite new to me; but I can't recollect where I met with her, except it was at *Paris*, when I was there a Boy.---- You will do well to improve your Acquaintance now, reply'd the Count; and, to give you an Opportunity of doing it, I will ſend you there to-morrow to make my Excuſes for being oblig'd to hunt with the Archduke, inſtead of waiting upon her as I intended. I know, my dear *Polydore* will employ all his Wit and Eloquence to ſet his Friend's Paſſion in the beſt Light; and while he is with her, I ſhall have leſs Uneaſineſs in being away. *Polydore* promis'd him all the Services he could do him, but ſaid, he wiſh'd he had got a Miſtreſs too, to make the Party even.

The next Day he went to her, and ſaid a great deal in Praiſe of *Aguilar*, to diſcover what ſhe thought of him. She anſwer'd him with Terms of a cold Eſteem, but nothing that gave him the leaſt Encouragement to believe ſhe was in Love. He then endeavour'd to perſuade her of the Violence of the Count's Paſſion for her; but ſhe aſſur'd him, that this was the only Subject ſhe did not care to hear him talk of.---- He return'd to his Friend quite diſcourag'd at her manner of proceeding, and told him there was nothing to be hop'd for. The Count ſhew'd him a Letter he had juſt receiv'd from his Confidant, the Lady of the Houſe; which adviſ'd him not to think of gaining *Dalincourt*

court by a timorous Reſpect; but to offer her at once a handſome Settlement, which the Straitneſs of her Fortune would make her liſten to much more kindly than ſhe did to his fine Speeches.

This indeed may do ſomething, ſaid *Polydore*; for I found by her Diſcourſe, that ſhe had been reduc'd, by a Series of Misfortunes, to a Condition very much beneath her Birth.---- In Concluſion, they agreed to make a Trial whether ſhe was to be bought or not; and *Polydore* was made the Bearer of a Letter which contain'd a very liberal Propoſal. She read it, look'd at *Polydore* ſome Time without ſaying a Word, and at laſt burſt out into a Flood of Tears.

I thought, ſaid ſhe, recovering her Voice, that it had not been in the Power of my ill Deſtiny to make me more unhappy: But I now find that my Misfortunes have ſunk me lower than ever I was aware of, ſince two Gentlemen, whoſe Eſteem I wiſh'd to gain, think ſo meanly of me, as to imagine me a proper Perſon to receive *ſuch a Letter*. But know, Sir, that I am as much a Stranger to Infamy, as I am to Happineſs; and have a Spirit ſuperior to all the Wrongs that your inſolent Sex can put upon me. Had not you diſgrac'd yourſelf by the ſcandalous Employment of endeavouring to ſeduce me with a dirty Bribe, I ſhould have been happy in ſeeing you often here; but muſt now deſire you to trouble me no more, and to tell your Friend, as my Anſwer to his Letter, that I would ſooner *give* myſelf to a Footman, than *ſell* myſelf to a Prince.----

Polydore was infinitely ſtruck with this Reception. Every Word ſhe utter'd pierc'd him to the Heart; and he look'd upon her as a Miracle of Virtue, ſuch as he never had any Notion of before.---- He return'd to the Count in great Confuſion,

fuſion, and acquainted him with the ill Succeſs of his Commiſſion. *Aguilar*, more in Love with her than ever, writ a moſt ſubmiſſive Letter to beg her Pardon; but ſhe inſtantly ſent it back unopen'd. When he found all his Courtſhip was ineffectual, he left *Bruſſels* in Deſpair, and retir'd to a Villa of one of his Friends, where he reſolv'd to ſtay till the Opening of the Campaign. In the mean while *Polydore*, who continued ſtill at *Bruſſels*, was in a Situation little eaſier than his Friend. Madamoiſelle *Dalincourt* took up all his Thoughts: He repeated to himſelf a thouſand times the laſt Words he heard her ſpeak, and admir'd the Spirit that appear'd in them to a Degree of Adoration.

Not being able to bear her Abſence any longer, he ſent to beg that he might ſee her once again, upon a Buſineſs wholly relating to himſelf. She admitted him, and begun the Converſation, by ſtrictly forbidding him to name the Count in any thing he had to ſay to her.---- I have no Inclination to name him, reply'd he; for I would willingly forget that I ever knew him. I am ſenſible that I wrong him, in declaring to you, that I love you more than Life: Yet, as his Paſſion is quite deſtitute of Hope, why ſhould I not ſollicit you for a Heart to which he has no Pretenſions? But, be my Conduct right or not in Regard to Him; to You, Madam, it ſhall ever be moſt honourable. I come to offer you my whole Fortune upon ſuch Terms as your Virtue need not bluſh at. I am a Widower, and free to marry whom I pleaſe: My Eſtate is ſufficient for us both, and I am happy to think it in my Power, to raiſe you to that Rank which you were born to. This, Madam, is the only Reparation by which I can attone for the Affront I did your Character; and, if you refuſe to accept

accept of it, my Deſpair will be equal to my Love.

The Lady anſwer'd him with Bluſhes, that ſhe was highly ſenſible of the Sentiments he expreſs'd for her; that ſhe lik'd his Perſon, and admir'd his Underſtanding; but that, to her Misfortune, ſhe was marry'd already, and therefore could ſay nothing to his Propoſal.---- Good Heaven, cry'd *Polydore*, You are marry'd! And who then is your Huſband? The moſt unworthy of Mankind, anſwer'd ſhe: One, who has abandon'd me to the Malice of my Fortune, and does not know at this Time what is become of me, nor trouble himſelf about it.---- He is, indeed, unworthy, reply'd the Lover, who is poſſeſs'd of ſuch a Treaſure, and can neglect it. But, Madam, employ me in your Revenge: Command my Sword to pierce the Monſter's Heart, and tear it from his Boſom.---- No, ſaid ſhe, your Safety is more dear to me than the Deſire of Revenge. All I aſk of you is, to ſwear that you will never be like that Huſband; but continue to love me equally when you know me better: Upon this Condition, I will grant you all the Favours which my Duty will allow; and, perhaps, your future Conduct may prevail upon me to throw off all Reſtraint.

The happy *Polydore* ſwore every Thing ſhe deſired, and ſhe permitted him to ſee her when he pleas'd; but, being inform'd by him of the Treachery of her Friend at whoſe Houſe ſhe lodg'd, they agreed to make their Appointments at another Place.

They continu'd this Commerce for ſome Time without any Interruption, till the Count *d'Aguilar* had Notice of it from his Confidant, who perceiv'd it in Spite of all their Caution.

Never

Never was Rage equal to his at this Diſcovery. He writ to *Polydore*, reproaching him with his Breach of Friendſhip in the bittereſt Terms, and requir'd him to meet him with his Sword behind the Walls of a Nunnery that was ſituated about two Leagues out of *Bruſſels*. *Polydore* accepted of the Challenge, and met him at the Place appointed: He attempted to juſtify himſelf, but the Count had not the Patience to hear him out. They fought with great Fury a good while, till the Fortune of *Polydore* prevail'd, and the Count fainted away with the Loſs of Blood from two or three Wounds which he had receiv'd. The other ſeeing him fall thought him dead, and made off with the utmoſt Precipitation.

Juſt at that Inſtant came by a Coach and Six, which was driving towards the Nunnery: A Lady who was in it, ſeeing a Gentleman lye weltering in his Blood, ſtopp'd her Coach, and went to try if ſhe could aſſiſt him. At the Sight of the Face ſhe fetch'd a Scream, and fell upon the Body in a Swoon. Her Servants, concluding it to be ſome one ſhe was much concern'd for, carry'd them both into the Nunnery, where the Lady ſoon came to herſelf, and the Count alſo begun to ſhew Signs of Life, his Spirits being agitated by the Motion. He was immediately put to Bed, and a Surgeon ſent for, who declar'd his Wounds to be dangerous, but not mortal. While they continu'd uncertain of his Cure, the Lady who brought him into the Nunnery waited conſtantly, Day and Night, at his Bedſide, and nurſed him with a Care that would not yield to a Moment of Repoſe. As her Face was always cover'd with a Veil, he took her to be one of the Nuns, and was aſtoniſh'd at a Charity ſo officious. When he grew better, his Curioſity increas'd, and he ardently preſs'd her to let him know

know to whom he ow'd ſuch great Obligations. Are you a Nun, Madam? ſaid he: I hope you are not; for it would afflict me infinitely, if I was never to ſee you more, after leaving a Houſe where you have done me ſo many Favours.---- The Lady for whom you fought, anſwer'd ſhe, will make you ſoon forget the Loſs of me; and though I am not a Nun, you will never ſee me out of the Limits of theſe Walls.

How, Madam! ſaid he, was you not *out* of them, when you found me on the Ground, and ſav'd my Life?

Yes, reply'd ſhe; I was returning from a Viſit to a Convent in the Town: But I will take care not to ſtir from hence while you are at *Bruſſels*, becauſe you are the Man in the World I would avoid.

Thls Speech ſo ſurpriz'd him, that for ſome time he was not able to make her any Anſwer. At laſt he told her, that her Actions and her Words entirely diſagreed, and that he could not think himſelf ſo hateful to her as ſhe ſaid, when he reflected how kindly ſhe had us'd him.

Theſe Riddles ſhall be clear'd to you, anſwer'd ſhe, when you are perfectly recover'd. Till then content yourſelf with knowing that I cannot hate you, but am as much determin'd to avoid you, as if I could.

Thus ended a Converſation, which left the Count in a Perplexity not to be deſcrib'd.

He ſaw her no more for a few Days; but when ſhe heard that his Strength was quite return'd, ſhe came to him one Morning, and ſpoke thus:

If you will know who ſhe is that was ſo afflicted when your Life was in Danger; that nurs'd you ſo carefully in your Illneſs; and is reſolv'd to quit you for ever

ever when you are well; think of your former Gallantries at Madrid, *of your preſent Paſſion for a Miſtreſs that deſpiſes you, and your Ingratitude to a Wife that always lov'd you; think of all this, and you will not wonder any longer at my Actions or my Words.---- Yes,* Aguilar, *I am that Wife, whoſe Fate it is to be acquainted with all your Infidelities, and to ſmart for all your Follies.*

As ſhe ſaid this, ſhe lifted up her Veil, and ſhew'd the aſtoniſh'd Count a well-known Face, which he little expected to have ſeen in *Flanders*. All the Paſſions that can agitate the Heart of Man, Shame, Remorſe, Love, Gratitude, invaded his in that Moment. He threw himſelf at her Feet, and with many Tears implor'd her to forgive him.

She rais'd him, and aſſur'd him of her Pardon, nay, more, of her Affection: *But my Perſon,* ſaid ſhe, *I am determin'd ſhall be ever ſeparated from you. I have had too many Proofs of your Inconſtancy, to hope that any Obligations can engage you: You will never be faithful to me alone, and I diſdain to ſhare you with another. It is Happineſs enough for me that I have been the Inſtrument of preſerving your Life, though you riſqu'd it for the Sake of another Woman; and all the Return I aſk of you is, to think of me ſometimes with Kindneſs, but never to attempt to ſee me more.*

Aguilar was on the Rack to hear her talk in ſo reſolute a Stile; but he flatter'd himſelf it was owing to her Jealouſy of Madamoiſelle *Dalincourt*. Being impatient to make her eaſy on that Head, he diſpatch'd one of his Servants with a Letter to acquaint that Lady with his Recovery. He begg'd her earneſtly to come to him at the *Nunnery*, and, if poſſible, to bring her Lover along with her. *Polydore* had abſconded a few Days, till he heard that

that the Count was out of Danger, after which he continu'd very publickly his Addreſſes to *Dalincourt*.

While the Meſſenger was bringing them to the *Nunnery*, *Aguilar* demanded of his Wife, by what Accident ſhe came into *Flanders?*

You know, ſaid ſhe, that after my Diſcovery of your Amour with the Counteſs *Altamira*, I retir'd to my Mother's Houſe, and remain'd there till your Departure for the Army.

Soon afterwards, I had the Misfortune to loſe my Mother; and what particularly aggravated my Grief, was the Knowledge that her Concern at your ill Uſage of me had haſten'd her Death.

Theſe Afflictions made *Madrid* ſo uneaſy to me, that I could not bear to ſtay in it any longer. Luckily about that Time I receiv'd a Letter from my Couſin *Donna Eugenia de Montalegre*, a Religious of this Houſe, to inform me of her being elected Abbeſs. It inſtantly occurr'd to me, that no Place could be more proper for my Retreat, than a Monaſtery, of which ſhe was the Head: So, as ſoon as I could ſettle my Affairs, I left *Spain*, and put myſelf into a Penſion under the Government of *Donna Eugenia*; in which manner I have liv'd ever ſince.

She had ſcarce finiſh'd this Account, when they were interrupted by the Arrival of *Polydore* and *Dalincourt*. Madam *d'Aguilar* chang'd Colour at the Sight of her; but her Huſband, embracing *Polydore*, aſſur'd him, that he no longer look'd upon him as a Rival, but was glad to reſign his Miſtreſs to a Friend who ſo well deſerv'd her. Then he related to him the Manner in which his Wife had tended and preſerv'd him, and expreſs'd ſo much Gratitude, ſo much Love, that if any thing could have ſhaken her Reſolution, this would certainly have done it.---- Madamoiſelle *Dalincourt* ſeem'd much

much affected at this Relation, and told the Counteſs, ſhe was infinitely concern'd that ſhe had been the innocent Cauſe of her Huſband's Danger; but that ſhe hop'd this Accident would be a Means of making them happy for the future, and put an End to his Infidelities and her Reſentment.

My Happineſs too, added ſhe, is now at Stake; and I have need of your Friendſhip to ſupport me in a Diſcovery which I tremble to begin, but which, in Juſtice to my Honour, I am oblig'd to delay no longer.

At theſe Words ſhe kneel'd down, and taking hold of *Polydore*'s Hand; *Behold*, ſaid ſhe, *my dear Huſband, in that* Dalincourt, *whom you have ſworn to love eternally, behold your Wife* Emilia, *that* Emilia, *whom you left a Bride and a Virgin at Sixteen; whom you imagin'd dead, and who will not live a Moment, if you refuſe to acknowledge and receive her.*

You cannot now complain that I am a Wife impos'd upon you; you choſe me freely out of pure Inclination; our Parents had nothing to do in it; Love only engag'd us, and from Love alone I deſire to poſſeſs you. This is my Claim, and if you are willing to allow it, I am bleſs'd to the Height of all my Wiſhes.

Polydore gaz'd on her with a ſilent Admiration. He examin'd every Feature over and over, then throwing his Arms round her Neck, and almoſt ſtifling her with Kiſſes: *Are you really* Emilia (cry'd he) *and have I confirm'd my former Marriage by a* new Choice, *by a* Choice *which I never will depart from, and which makes me the happieſt of Men? O my Angel, what Wonders do you tell me! How is it poſſible that I find you here at* Bruſſels, *when I thought you in your Grave? Explain all this to me, and let me know how much I wrong'd you formerly, that I may try to repair it all by my future Conduct.*

Count

Count *d'Aguilar* and his Lady joining with him in a Deſire to know her Hiſtory, ſhe related it as follows.

You may remember, *Polydore*, that as ſoon as we were parted, I went to live in the Country with my Father, being aſham'd to appear in public after the Affront your capricious Averſion had put upon me.

My Pride was deeply wounded, but with Shame I own it, my Love was the Paſſion that ſuffer'd moſt. I was bred up to conſider you as my Huſband; I had learn'd to love you from a Child, and your Perſon was ſo wonderfully agreeable, that I could not look upon you with Indifference: Nay, ſuch was my Partiality in your Favour, that I could not help admiring you for your Spirit in aſſerting the Freedom of your Choice, and juſtify'd you in my Heart for a Proceeding which openly I was oblig'd to diſapprove. In this wretched State of Mind I remain'd ſome Years, till the unfortunate Event of the Civil War depriv'd my Father of his Eſtate, and drove him out to ſeek Refuge in a foreign Country. We ſettled at *Paris*, where, with three or four thouſand Pounds, which we found Means to carry off, Part in Money, and the reſt of it in Jewels, we maintain'd ourſelves well enough in a private Way, which pleas'd my Melancholy better than any other. In this Retreat, where we ſaw no Company, but two or three *French* Women that lodg'd in the Houſe with us, I amus'd myſelf with learning the *French* Tongue, which I had ſome Knowledge of before I came to *France*; and by ſpeaking nothing elſe for three or four Years, I became ſo very perfect in it, that it was difficult to diſcover by my Accent that I was not born at *Paris*. I mention this, becauſe it has ſince been of Uſe to me, in making me paſs more eaſily upon you for the

French Woman I perſonated.---- The third Year of our Reſidence at *Paris*, my Father became acquainted with a Widow-Lady, the true Madam *Dalincourt*, whoſe Name has ſince made me full Amends for many Injuries I have to charge her with in the Sequel of my Story. This Woman was a Native of *Brabant*, but marry'd a *French* Gentleman, who dying young left her in very narrow Circumſtances. She had a Siſter much younger than herſelf, but not ſo handſome, who liv'd with her at *Paris*.

My Father was at that Time near threeſcore, and the Widow turn'd of forty; yet her Charms were ſtill powerful enough to engage him in a Paſſion for her, which nothing but Dotage could excuſe. It went ſo far, that ſhe drew him in to marry her, and to ſettle upon her three thouſand Pounds, leaving me no more than the Worth of my own Jewels, which ſcarce amounted to a thouſand. But her Avarice was not ſatisfy'd with all this. There was a *French* Nobleman who had long courted me for a Miſtreſs, and not finding me ſo complying as he wiſh'd, thought the beſt Way was to buy me of my Mother-in-law, whom he knew to be capable of ſuch a Bargain. He offer'd her a Preſent of two thouſand Crowns to introduce him by Night to my Apartment. The wicked Creature accepted of his Bribe, and taking her Opportunity, when my Father was gone into the Country, brought him late one Night into my Chamber, where ſhe imagin'd he would find me faſt aſleep. But it happen'd that I and Madamoiſelle *Du Freſne*, the Siſter of *Dalincourt*, had been engag'd in reading a Romance, which kept us up beyond our uſual Hour; and as her Room was on the other Side of the Houſe, not to diſturb the Family in paſſing through, ſhe went to Bed with me. The Romance run ſo ſtrongly in my Head

that

that I could not ſleep for thinking of it; and perceiving that the Moon ſhone very brightly, I got up, ſlipp'd on a Night-Gown, and went out to take a Walk in a little Garden that lay contiguous to my Chamber. I had not been there above half an Hour before I heard *Du Freſne* call out for Help; and coming in to her Aſſiſtance, ſaw my Lover ſtruggling with her at ſuch Advantage, that I was almoſt afraid I came too late. I join'd my Cries to hers, and the Noiſe we made ſo alarm'd the Marquis, that he thought it beſt to retire as ſoon as poſſible; eſpecially when he diſcover'd his Miſtake, and that my infamous Mother-in-law had put him to Bed to her own ugly Siſter inſtead of me.

But, to be reveng'd of her for what he took to be a Deſign of impoſing upon him, he reveal'd to us the Part ſhe had in this Affair, and bid me tell her, that he did not think the Enjoyment of Madamoiſelle *Du Freſne* worth a quarter of the Money he had given her.—— After making this Confeſſion he went off, and was hardly got ſafe out of the Houſe, when two or three of our Servants came in to us to know what was the Matter. The Story ſoon reach'd my Father's Ears; and I was ſo angry at my Step-mother for her Intention againſt my Honour, that, in the Heat of my Paſſion, I told him all that the Marquis had reveal'd, and *Du Freſne* confirm'd it; which Imprudence we had both Reaſon to repent of. My Father was ſo ſhock'd and afflicted at it, that it threw him into a Fever, which prov'd mortal. He was no ſooner dead, but his loving Widow turn'd her Siſter and me out of Doors, and it was with great Difficulty that I carry'd off my Money and neceſſary Apparel. In this Diſtreſs, which was the greateſt I ever knew, *Du Freſne* propos'd to me to go with her to *Bruſſels*, where ſhe had an old Aunt whom ſhe expected

ſomething from, and that would be willing to receive us. I gladly accepted of her Propoſal, my Spirit being too high to return to *England* in the Condition I was reduc'd to. When we came to *Bruſſels* we found that her Aunt was dead, but had left her the beſt Part of what ſhe had, which amounted to a reaſonable Subſiſtence. We agreed that I ſhould board with her under the Name of Madamoiſelle *Dalincourt*, and pretend I was a Relation of her former Brother-in-law; ſhe not caring to ſay any thing of the laſt Alliance which had been attended with ſuch ill Conſequences to us both. Upon this Foot I liv'd with her very quietly, till the Count *d'Aguilar* found me out, and by corrupting my mercenary Friend, obtain'd more frequent Acceſs to me than I deſir'd.

You remember the Diſorder I was in when he brought you firſt to ſee me. I knew you inſtantly; for my Love had trac'd your Image too ſtrongly in my Mind to be effac'd by any Length of Time; whereas your Indifference quickly made you loſe all Memory of me, and the Alteration of almoſt fifteen Years, had chang'd my Perſon entirely from what it was when you ſaw me laſt.---- I thought I ſhould have dy'd with the Surpriſe, and was going, as ſoon as I could ſpeak, to diſcover myſelf to you; but perceiving that you did not remember me, I check'd myſelf, and invented a Pretence to cover my Confuſion. It ſtruck me, that I might poſſibly make ſome Advantage of the Diſguiſe in which you ſaw me: At leaſt, I was ſure of the Satisfaction of converſing with you freely, and knowing what had happen'd to you ſince our parting. When you came to me again as the Confident of the Count *d'Aguilar*, it was no ſmall Revenge and Pleaſure to me, to ſee you ignorantly helping another Man to debauch your own Wife; and I could

have

have found in my Heart to have let you ſucceed in your friendly Mediation, as a Puniſhment for the Injuries you had done me: But my Virtue ſoon rejected that Temptation, and I thought of nothing but how to gain your Eſteem.

When you brought me the baſe Propoſal of Count *d'Aguilar*, it appear'd to me ſuch a Mark of your Contempt, that I fully reſolv'd not to ſee you any more. But when you expreſs'd a Repentance of that Fault, and declar'd a reſpectful Paſſion for me, even to the offering me Marriage, I yielded to the Dictates of my Love, and admitted you to all Freedoms but one. That I told you your future Conduct might obtain; and I believe, ſaid ſhe bluſhing, you will hardly now have the ſame Reluctance to accept it as you had formerly. But though I had thus engag'd you by your Promiſe, and ſtill more by your Inclination, my Happineſs was far from being fix'd. While the Name of *Emilia* was conceal'd, I could not tell how the Knowledge of it might affect you. It was ſtill in your Power to make me miſerable, by being angry with my innocent Deceit; but ſince you have been ſo good to approve it, and acknowledge me for your Wife, I ſhall make it my whole Study and Ambition to deſerve that Title, and never think of my paſt Misfortunes, but to inhance my preſent Happineſs.

Thus *Emilia* ended her Narration, and receiv'd the Compliments of Count *d'Aguilar* and his Lady, who both expreſs'd the higheſt Joy at her good Fortune.

Polydore, on his Side, endeavour'd to perſuade the Counteſs to follow the Example of *Emilia*, and be reconcil'd to her Huſband. She anſwer'd him coldly, That ſhe had had too much Experience of the Temper of the Count, to truſt to a ſudden Fit

of

of Fondneſs, which would wear itſelf out in a few Months: That ſhe was neither ſo young, nor ſo handſome now, as before their Separation; how then could ſhe flatter herſelf, that he would like her better when ſhe was really leſs amiable? That what ſhe had done for him might ſecure her his Eſteem, but ſhe had receiv'd abundant Proof that his Eſteem could but ill ſecure his Love. I know, ſaid ſhe, the Weakneſs of my Heart: Were I to live with him again, I ſhould be jealous of him, even though he did not give me Cauſe; and that would certainly make us both unhappy. It is better for me to leave him to his Pleaſures, and endeavour to ſecure my own Tranquility, by retiring from a World which I am unfit for.

Polydore finding it in vain to argue with her, and admiring the Greatneſs of her Mind, took his Leave of the Count, and return'd to *Bruſſels*, where his Marriage with *Emilia* was *conſummated almoſt twenty Years after it was contracted.*

THE

THE HISTORY OF OROONOKO, *or the* Royal Slave.

I Do not pretend, in giving you the Hiſtory of this *Royal Slave*, to entertain my Reader with the Adventures of a feign'd Hero, whoſe Life and Fortune's Fancy may manage at the Poet's Pleaſure; nor in relating the Truth, deſign to adorn it with any Accidents, but ſuch as arriv'd in earneſt to him; and it ſhall come ſimply into the World, recommended by its own proper Merits, and natural Intrigues; there being enough of Reality to ſupport it, and to render it diverting without the Addition of Invention.

I was myſelf an Eye-witneſs to a great Part of what you will find here ſet down; and what I could not be witneſs of, I receiv'd from the Mouth of the chief Actor in this Hiſtory, the Hero himſelf, who gave us the whole Tranſactions of his Youth: And I ſhall omit, for Brevity's Sake, a thouſand little Accidents of his Life, which, however pleaſant to us, where Hiſtory was ſcarce, and Adventures

tures very rare, yet might prove tedious and heavy to my Reader, in a World where he finds Diverſions for every Minute, new and ſtrange. But we who were perfectly charm'd with the Character of this great Man, were curious to gather every Circumſtance of his Life.

The Scene of the laſt Part of his Adventures lies in a Colony in *America*, call'd *Surinam*, in the *Weſt-Indies*.

But before I give you the Story of this gallant Slave, 'tis fit I tell you the Manner of bringing them to theſe new Colonies; thoſe they make uſe of there, not being Natives of the Place: For thoſe we live with in perfect Amity, without daring to command 'em; but, on the contrary, careſs 'em with all the brotherly and friendly Affection in the World; trading with them for their Fiſh, Veniſon, Buffaloes Skins, and little Rarities; as Marmoſets, a ſort of Monkey, as big as a Rat or Weaſel, but of a marvellous and delicate Shape, having Face and Hands like a human Creature; and Couſheries, a little Beaſt in the Form and Faſhion of a Lion, as big as a Kitten, but ſo exactly made in all Parts like that noble Beaſt, that it is it in Miniature: Then for little Paraketoes, great Parrots, Muckaws, and a thouſand other Birds and Beaſts of wonderful and ſurprizing Forms, Shapes, and Colours: For Skins of prodigious Snakes, of which there are ſome threeſcore Yards in length; as is the Skin of one that may be ſeen at his Majeſty's Antiquary's; where are alſo ſome rare Flies, of amazing Forms and Colours, preſented to 'em by myſelf: Some as big as my Fiſt, ſome leſs; and all of various Excellencies, ſuch as Art cannot imitate. Then we trade for Feathers, which they order into

to all Shapes, make themſelves little ſhort Habits of 'em, and glorious Wreaths for their Heads, Necks, Arms and Legs, whoſe Tinctures are inconceivable. I had a ſet of theſe preſented to me, and I gave 'em to the King's Theatre; it was the Dreſs of the *Indian* Queen, infinitely admir'd by Perſons of Quality; and was inimitable. Beſides theſe, a thouſand little Knacks, and Rarities in Nature; and ſome of Art, as their Baſkets, Weapons, Aprons, *&c.* We dealt with 'em with Beads of all Colours, Knives, Axes, Pins and Needles, which they us'd only as Tools to drill Holes with in their Ears, Noſes and Lips, where they hang a great many little Things; as long Beads, Bits of Tin, Braſs or Silver beat thin, and any ſhining Trinket. The Beads they weave into Aprons about a quarter of an Ell long, and of the ſame Breadth; working them very prettily in Flowers of ſeveral Colours; which Apron they wear juſt before 'em, as *Adam* and *Eve* did the Fig-leaves; the Men wearing a long Stripe of Linen, which they deal with us for. They thread theſe Beads alſo on long Cotton-Threads, and make Girdles to tie their Aprons to, which come twenty Times, or more, about the Waſte, and then croſs, like a Shoulder-belt, both Ways, and round their Necks, Arms and Legs. This Adornment, with their long black Hair, and the Face painted in little Specks or Flowers here and there, makes 'em a wonderful Figure to behold. Some of the Beauties, which indeed are finely ſhap'd, as almoſt all are, and who have pretty Features, are charming and novel; for they have all that is called Beauty, except the Colour, which is a reddiſh Yellow; or after a new oiling, which they often uſe to themſelves, they are of the Colour of a new Brick, but ſmooth, ſoft and ſleek. They are extreme modeſt and baſhful, very ſhy, and nice of being touch'd.

And tho' they are all thus naked, if one lives for ever among 'em, there is not to be ſeen an indecent Action, or Glance: And being continually us'd to ſee one another ſo unadorn'd, ſo like our firſt Parents before the Fall, it ſeems as if they had no Wiſhes, there being nothing to heighten Curioſity: But all you can ſee, you ſee at once, and every Moment ſee; and where there is no Novelty, there can be no Curioſity. Not but I have ſeen a handſome young *Indian*, dying for love of a very beautiful young *Indian* Maid; but all his Courtſhip was, to fold his Arms, purſue her with his Eyes, and Sighs were all his Language: While ſhe, as if no ſuch Lover were preſent, or rather as if ſhe deſir'd none ſuch, carefully guarded her Eyes from beholding him; and never approach'd him, but ſhe look'd down with all the bluſhing Modeſty I have ſeen in the moſt ſevere and cautious of our World. And theſe People repreſented to me an abſolute Idea of the firſt State of Innocence, before Man knew how to ſin: And 'tis moſt evident and plain, that ſimple Nature is the moſt harmleſs, inoffenſive and virtuous Miſtreſs. 'Tis ſhe alone, if ſhe were permitted, that better inſtructs the World, than all the Inventions of Man: Religion would here but deſtroy that Tranquillity they poſſeſs by Ignorance; and Laws would but teach 'em to know Offences, of which now they have no Notion. They once made mourning and faſting for the Death of the *Engliſh* Governor, who had given his Hand to come on ſuch a Day to 'em, and neither came nor ſent; believing, when a Man's Word was paſt, nothing but Death could or ſhould prevent his keeping it: And when they ſaw he was not dead, they aſk'd him what Name they had for a Man who promis'd a Thing he did not do? The Governor told them, ſuch a Man was a Liar, which was a Word of Infamy

ſamy to a Gentleman. Then one of 'em reply'd, 'Governor, you are a Liar, and guilty of that In-'famy.' They have a native Juſtice, which knows no Fraud; and they underſtand no Vice, or Cunning, but when they are taught by the white Men. They have plurality of Wives; which, when they grow old, ſerve thoſe that ſucceed 'em, who are young, but with a Servitude eaſy and reſpected; and unleſs they take Slaves in War, they have no other Attendants.

Thoſe on that Continent where I was, had no King; but the oldeſt War-Captain was obey'd with great Reſignation.

A War-Captain is a Man who has led them on to Battle with Conduct and Succeſs; of whom I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak more hereafter, and of ſome other of their Cuſtoms and Manners, as they fall in my Way.

With theſe People, as I ſaid, we live in perfect Tranquillity, and good Underſtanding, as it behoves us to do; they knowing all the Places where to ſeek the beſt Food of the Country, and the means of getting it; and for very ſmall and unvaluable Trifles, ſupplying us with what 'tis almoſt impoſſible for us to get: For they do not only in the Woods, and over the Sevanas, in hunting, ſupply the parts of Hounds, by ſwiftly ſcouring thro' thoſe almoſt impaſſable Places, and by the mere Activity of their Feet, run down the nimbleſt Deer, and other eatable Beaſts; but in the Water, one would think they were Gods of the Rivers, or Fellow-Citizens of the Deep; ſo rare an Art they have in ſwimming, diving, and almoſt living in Water; by which they command the leſs ſwift Inhabitants of the Floods. And then for ſhooting, what they cannot take, or reach with their Hands, they do with Arrows; and have ſo admirable an Aim, that

they will ſplit almoſt an Hair, and at any diſtance that an Arrow can reach: they will ſhoot down Oranges, and other Fruit, and only touch the Stalk with the Dart's Point, that they may not hurt the Fruit. So that they being on all Occaſions very uſeful to us, we find it abſolutely neceſſary to careſs 'em as Friends, and not to treat 'em as Slaves; nor dare we do otherwiſe, their Numbers ſo far ſurpaſſing ours in that Continent.

Thoſe then whom we make uſe of to work in our Plantations of Sugar, are Negroes, black Slaves altogether, who are tranſported thither in this Manner.

Thoſe who want Slaves, make a Bargain with a Maſter, or a Captain of a Ship, and contract to pay him ſo much apiece, a matter of twenty Pound a Head, for as many as he agrees for, and to pay for 'em when they ſhall be deliver'd on ſuch a Plantation: So that when there arrives a Ship laden with Slaves, they who have ſo contracted, go aboard, and receive their Number by Lot; and perhaps in one Lot that may be for ten, there may happen to be three or four Men, the reſt Women and Children. Or be there more or leſs of either Sex, you are obliged to be contented with your Lot.

Coramantien, a Country of Blacks ſo called, was one of thoſe Places in which they found the moſt advantageous trading for theſe Slaves, and thither moſt of our great Traders in that Merchandize traffick; for that Nation is very warlike and brave: And having a continual Campaign, being always in Hoſtility with one neighbouring Prince or other, they had the Fortune to take a great many Captives: For all they took in Battle were ſold as Slaves; at leaſt thoſe common Men who could not ranſom themſelves. Of theſe Slaves ſo taken, the General only has all the Profit; and of theſe Ge-

nerals

nerals our Captains and Maſters of Ships buy all their Freights.

The King of *Coramantien* was of himſelf a Man of an hundred and odd Years old, and had no Son, tho' he had many beautiful black Wives: For moſt certainly there are Beauties that can charm of that Colour. In his younger Years he had had many gallant Men to his Sons, thirteen of whom died in Battle, conquering when they fell; and he had only left him for his Succeſſor, one Grandchild, Son to one of theſe dead Victors, who, as ſoon as he could bear a Bow in his Hand, and a Quiver at his Back, was ſent into the Field, to be train'd up by one of the oldeſt Generals to War; where, from his natural Inclination to Arms, and the Occaſions given him, with the good Conduct of the old General, he became, at the Age of ſeventeen, one of the moſt expert Captains, and braveſt Soldiers that ever ſaw the Field of *Mars*: So that he was ador'd as the Wonder of all that World, and the Darling of the Soldiers. Beſides, he was adorn'd with a native Beauty, ſo tranſcending all thoſe of his gloomy Race, that he ſtruck an Awe and Reverence, even into thoſe that knew not his Quality; as he did into me, who beheld him with Surprize and Wonder, when afterwards he arriv'd in our World.

He had ſcarce arriv'd at his ſeventeenth Year, when, fighting by his Side, the General was kill'd with an Arrow in his Eye, which the Prince *Oroonoko* (for ſo was this gallant *Moor* call'd) very narrowly avoided; nor had he, if the General who ſaw the Arrow ſhot, and perceiving it aimed at the Prince, had not bow'd his Head between, on purpoſe to receive it in his own Body, rather than it ſhould touch that of the Prince, and ſo ſaved him.

'Twas then, afflicted as *Oroonoko* was, that he was proclaimed General in the old Man's Place:

And then it was, at the finiſhing of that War, which had continu'd for two Years, that the Prince came to Court, where he had hardly been a Month together, from the Time of his fifth Year to that of ſeventeen: And 'twas amazing to imagine where it was he learn'd ſo much Humanity; or to give his Accompliſhments a juſter Name, where 'twas he got that real Greatneſs of Soul, thoſe refined Notions of true Honour, that abſolute Generoſity, and that Softneſs, that was capable of the higheſt Paſſions of Love and Gallantry, whoſe Objects were almoſt continually fighting Men, or thoſe mangled or dead, who heard no Sounds but thoſe of War and Groans. Some part of it we may attribute to the Care of a *Frenchman* of Wit and Learning, who finding it turn to a very good Account to be a ſort of royal Tutor to this young Black, and perceiving him very ready, apt, and quick of Apprehenſion, took a great Pleaſure to teach him Morals, Language and Science; and was for it extremely belov'd and valu'd by him. Another Reaſon was, he lov'd when he came from War, to ſee all the *Engliſh* Gentlemen that traded thither; and did not only learn their Language, but that of the *Spaniard* alſo, with whom he traded afterwards for Slaves.

I have often ſeen and converſed with this great Man, and been a Witneſs to many of his mighty Actions; and do aſſure my Reader, the moſt illuſtrious Courts could not have produced a braver Man, both for Greatneſs of Courage and Mind, a Judgment more ſolid, a Wit more quick, and a Converſation more ſweet and diverting. He knew almoſt as much as if he had read much: He had heard of and admired the *Romans*; he had heard of the late Civil Wars in *England*, and the deplorable Death of our great Monarch; and would diſcourſe

diſcourſe of it with all the Senſe and Abhorrence of the Injuſtice imaginable. He had an extreme good and graceful Mien, and all the Civility of a well-bred great Man. He had nothing of Barbarity in his Nature, but in all Points addreſs'd himſelf as if his Education had been in ſome *European* Court.

This great and juſt Character of *Oroonoko* gave me an extreme Curioſity to ſee him, eſpecially when I knew he ſpoke *French* and *Engliſh*, and that I could talk with him. But tho' I had heard ſo much of him, I was as greatly ſurpriz'd when I ſaw him, as if I had heard nothing of him; ſo beyond all Report I found him. He came into the Room, and addreſs'd himſelf to me, and ſome other Women, with the beſt Grace in the World. He was pretty tall, but of a Shape the moſt exact that can be fancy'd; the moſt famous Statuary could not form the Figure of a Man more admirably turn'd from Head to Foot. His Face was not of that brown ruſty black which moſt of that Nation are, but a perfect Ebony, or poliſh'd Jet. His Eyes were the moſt awful that could be ſeen, and very piercing; the white of 'em being like Snow, as were his Teeth. His Noſe was riſing and *Roman*, inſtead of *African* and flat; his Mouth the fineſt ſhap'd that could be ſeen; far from thoſe great turn'd Lips, which are ſo natural to the reſt of the Negroes. The whole Proportion and Air of his Face was ſo nobly and exactly form'd, that bating his Colour, there could be nothing in Nature more beautiful, agreeable and handſome. There was no one Grace wanting, that bears the Standard of true Beauty. His Hair came down to his Shoulders, by the Aids of Art, which was by pulling it out with a Quill, and keeping it comb'd; of which he took particular care. Nor did the Perfections of

his Mind come ſhort of thoſe of his Perſon; for his Diſcourſe was admirable upon almoſt any Subject; and whoever had heard him ſpeak, would have been convinc'd of their Errors, that all fine Wit is confin'd to the white Men, eſpecially to thoſe of *Chriſtendom*; and would have confeſs'd that *Oroonoko* was as capable even of reigning well, and of governing as wiſely, had as great a Soul, as politick Maxims, and was as ſenſible of Power, as any Prince civiliz'd in the moſt refined Schools of Humanity and Learning, or the moſt illuſtrious Courts.

This Prince, ſuch as I have deſcrib'd him, whoſe Soul and Body were ſo admirably adorn'd, was (while yet he was in the Court of his Grandfather, as I ſaid) as capable of Love, as 'twas poſſible for a brave and gallant Man to be; and in ſaying that, I have nam'd the higheſt Degree of Love; for ſure great Souls are moſt capable of that Paſſion.

I have already ſaid, the old General was kill'd by the Shot of an Arrow, by the Side of this Prince, in Battle; and that *Oroonoko* was made General. This old dead Hero had one only Daughter left of his Race, a Beauty, that to deſcribe her truly, one need ſay only, ſhe was Female to the noble Male; the beautiful black *Venus* to our young *Mars*; as charming in her Perſon as he, and of delicate Virtues. I have ſeen a hundred white Men ſighing after her, and making a thouſand Vows at her Feet, all in vain and unſucceſsful. And ſhe was indeed too great for any but a Prince of her own Nation to adore.

Oroonoko coming from the Wars (which were now ended) after he had made his Court to his Grandfather, he thought in Honour he ought to make a Viſit to *Imoinda*, the Daughter of his Foſter-father, the dead General; to make ſome Excuſes

cuſes to her, becauſe his Preſervation was the Occaſion of her Father's Death; and to preſent her with thoſe Slaves that had been taken in this laſt Battle, as the Trophies of her Father's Victories. When he came, attended by all the young Soldiers of any Merit, he was infinitely ſurpriz'd at the Beauty of this fair Queen of Night, whoſe Face and Perſon were ſo exceeding all he had ever beheld, that lovely Modeſty with which ſhe receiv'd him, that Softneſs in her Look and Sighs, upon the melancholy Occaſion of this Honour that was done by ſo great a Man as *Oroonoko*, and a Prince of whom ſhe had heard ſuch admirable Things; the Awefulneſs wherewith ſhe receiv'd him, and the Sweetneſs of her Words and Behaviour while he ſtay'd, gain'd a perfect Conqueſt over his fierce Heart, and made him feel, the Victor could be ſubdu'd. So that having made his firſt Compliments, and preſented her an hundred and fifty Slaves in Fetters, he told her with his Eyes, that he was not inſenſible of her Charms; while *Imoinda*, who wiſh'd for nothing more than ſo glorious a Conqueſt, was pleas'd to believe, ſhe underſtood that ſilent Language of new-born Love; and, from that Moment, put on all her Additions to Beauty.

The Prince return'd to Court with quite another Humour than before; and tho' he did not ſpeak much of the fair *Imoinda*, he had the Pleaſure to hear all his Followers ſpeak of nothing but the Charms of that Maid; inſomuch, that, even in the Preſence of the old King, they were extolling her, and heightning, if poſſible, the Beauties they had found in her; ſo that nothing elſe was talk'd of, no other Sound was heard in every Corner where there were Whiſperers, but *Imoinda! Imoinda!*

'Twill

'Twill be imagin'd *Oroonoko* ſtay'd not long before he made his ſecond Viſit; nor, conſidering his Quality, not much longer before he told her, he ador'd her. I have often heard him ſay, that he admir'd by what ſtrange Inſpiration he came to talk Things ſo ſoft, and ſo paſſionate, who never knew Love, nor was us'd to the Converſation of Women; but (to uſe his own Words) he ſaid, 'moſt happily, ſome new, and, till then, un-'known Power inſtructed his Heart and Tongue 'in the Language of Love; and at the ſame Time, 'in Favour of him, inſpir'd *Imoinda* with a Senſe 'of his Paſſion.' She was touch'd with what he ſaid, and return'd it all in ſuch Anſwers as went to his very Heart, with a Pleaſure unknown before. Nor did he uſe thoſe Obligations ill, that Love had done him, but turn'd all his happy Moments to the beſt Advantage; and as he knew no Vice, his Flame aim'd at nothing but Honour, if ſuch a Diſtinction may be made in Love; and eſpecially in that Country, where Men take to themſelves as many as they can maintain; and where the only Crime and Sin againſt a Woman, is, to turn her off, to abandon her to Want, Shame and Miſery: Such ill Morals are only practis'd in Chriſtian Countries, where they prefer the bare Name of Religion; and, without Virtue or Morality, think that ſufficient. But *Oroonoko* was none of thoſe Profeſſors; but as he had right Notions of Honour, ſo he made her ſuch Propoſitions as were not only and barely ſuch, but, contrary to the Cuſtom of his Country, he made her Vows, ſhe ſhould be the only Woman he would poſſeſs while he liv'd; that no Age or Wrinkles ſhould incline him to change: For her Soul would be always fine, and always young; and he ſhould have an eternal Idea in his Mind of the Charms ſhe now bore; and ſhould look into his Heart

Heart for that Idea, when he could find it no longer in her Face.

After a thouſand Aſſurances of his laſting Flame, and her eternal Empire over him, ſhe condeſcended to receive him for her Huſband; or rather, receive him, as the greateſt Honour the Gods could do her.

There is a certain Ceremony in theſe Caſes to be obſerv'd, which I forgot to aſk how 'twas perform'd; but 'twas concluded on both Sides, that in Obedience to him, the Grandfather was to be firſt made acquainted with the Deſign: For they pay a moſt abſolute Reſignation to the Monarch, eſpecially when he is a Parent alſo.

On the other Side, the old King, who had many Wives, and many Concubines, wanted not Court-flatterers to inſinuate into his Heart a thouſand tender Thoughts for this young Beauty; and who repreſented her to his Fancy, as the moſt charming he had ever poſſeſs'd in all the long Race of his numerous Years. At this Character, his old Heart, like an extinguiſh'd Brand, moſt apt to take Fire, felt new Sparks of Love, and began to kindle; and now grown to his ſecond Childhood, long'd with Impatience to behold this gay Thing, with whom, alas! he could but innocently play. But how he ſhould be confirm'd ſhe was this Wonder, before he us'd his Power to call her to Court, (where Maidens never came, unleſs for the King's private Uſe) he was next to conſider; and while he was ſo doing, he had Intelligence brought him, that *Imoinda* was moſt certainly Miſtreſs to the Prince *Oroonoko*. This gave him ſome Chagrine: However, it gave him alſo an Opportunity, one Day, when the Prince was a hunting, to wait on a Man of Quality, as his Slave and Attendant, who ſhould go and make a Preſent to *Imoinda*, as from the Prince; he ſhould then, unknown, ſee this fair Maid, and have an

Opportunity

Opportunity to hear what Meſſage ſhe would return the Prince for his Preſent, and from thence gather the State of her Heart, and Degree of her Inclination. This was put in execution, and the old Monarch ſaw, and burn'd: He found her all he had heard, and would not delay his Happineſs, but found he ſhould have ſome ſome Obſtacle to overcome her Heart; for ſhe expreſs'd her Senſe of the Preſent the Prince had ſent her, in Terms ſo ſweet, ſo ſoft and pretty, with an Air of Love and Joy, that could not be diſſembled, inſomuch that 'twas paſt Doubt whether ſhe lov'd *Oroonoko* entirely. This gave the old King ſome Affliction; but he ſalv'd it with this, that the Obedience the People pay their King, was not at all inferior to what they paid their Gods; and what Love would not oblige *Imoinda* to do, Duty would compel her to.

He was therefore no ſooner got into his Apartment, but he ſent the Royal Veil to *Imoinda*; that is the Ceremony of Invitation: He ſends the Lady he has a Mind to honour with his Bed, a Veil, with which ſhe is covered, and ſecured for the King's Uſe; and 'tis Death to diſobey; beſides, held a moſt impious Diſobedience.

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Surprize and Grief that ſeiz'd the lovely Maid at this News and Sight. However, as Delays in theſe Caſes are dangerous, and pleading worſe than Treaſon; trembling, and almoſt fainting, ſhe was oblig'd to ſuffer herſelf to be cover'd, and led away.

They brought her thus to Court; and the King, who had caus'd a very rich Bath to be prepar'd, was led into it, where he ſat under a Canopy, in ſtate, to receive this long'd for Virgin; whom he having commanded to be brought to him, they (after diſrobing her) led her to the Bath, and making faſt the Doors, left her to deſcend. The King without more

more Courtſhip, bad her throw off her Mantle, and come to his Arms. But *Imoinda*, all in Tears, threw herſelf on the Marble, on the Brink of the Bath, and beſought him to hear her. She told him, as ſhe was a Maid, how proud of the divine Glory ſhe ſhould have been, of having it in her Power to oblige the King: But as by the Laws he could not, and from his Royal Goodneſs would not take from any Man his wedded Wife; ſo ſhe believ'd ſhe ſhould be the Occaſion of making him commit a great Sin, if ſhe did not reveal her State and Condition; and tell him ſhe was another's, and could not be ſo happy to be his.

The King, enrag'd at this Delay, haſtily demanded the Name of the bold Man, that had married a Woman of her Degree, without his Conſent. *Imoinda* ſeeing his Eyes fierce, and his Hands tremble, (whether with Age or Anger, I know not, but ſhe fancy'd the laſt) almoſt repented ſhe had ſaid ſo much, for now ſhe fear'd the Storm would fall on the Prince; ſhe therefore ſaid a thouſand Things to appeaſe the Raging of his Flame, and to prepare him to hear who it was with Calmneſs: But before ſhe ſpoke, he imagin'd whom ſhe meant, but would not ſeem to do ſo, but commanded her to lay aſide her Mantle, and ſuffer herſelf to receive his Careſſes, or, by his Gods he ſwore, that happy Man whom ſhe was going to name ſhould die, tho' it were even *Oroonoko* himſelf. Therefore (ſaid he) deny this Marriage, and ſwear thyſelf a Maid. That (reply'd *Imoinda)* by all our Powers I do; for I am not yet known to my Huſband. 'Tis enough (ſaid the King) 'tis enough both to ſatisfy my Conſcience and my Heart. And riſing from his Seat, he went and led her into the Bath; it being in vain for her to reſiſt.

In

In this Time the Prince, who was return'd from Hunting, went to viſit his *Imoinda*, but found her gone; and not only ſo, but heard ſhe had receiv'd the Royal Veil. This rais'd him to a Storm; and in his Madneſs, they had much ado to ſave him from laying violent Hands on himſelf. Force firſt prevail'd, and then Reaſon: They urg'd all to him that might oppoſe his Rage; but nothing weigh'd ſo greatly with him as the King's old Age, uncapable of injuring him with *Imoinda*. He would give way to that Hope, becauſe it pleas'd him moſt, and flatter'd beſt his Heart. Yet this ſerv'd not altogether to make him ceaſe his different Paſſions, which ſometimes rag'd within him, and ſoftned into Showers. 'Twas not enough to appeaſe him, to tell him, his Grandfather was old, and could not that Way injure him, while he retain'd that awful Duty which the young Men are us'd there to pay to their grave Relations. He could not be convinc'd he had no Cauſe to ſigh and mourn for the Loſs of a Miſtreſs, he could not with all his Strength and Courage retrieve; and he would often cry, 'Oh, 'my Friends! were ſhe in wall'd Cities, or confin'd 'from me in Fortifications of the greateſt Strength; 'did Inchantments or Monſters detain her from 'me; I would venture thro' any Hazards to free 'her: But here in the Arms of a feeble old Man, 'my Youth, my violent Love, my Trade in Arms, 'and all my vaſt Deſire of Glory, avail me nothing. '*Imoinda* is as irrecoverably loſt to me, as if ſhe 'were ſnatch'd by the cold Arms of Death: Oh! 'ſhe is never to be retriev'd. If I would wait te'dious Years, till Fate ſhould bow the old King to 'his Grave, even that would not leave me *Imoinda* 'free; but ſtill that Cuſtom that makes it ſo vile a 'Crime for a Son to marry his Father's Wives or 'Miſtreſſes, would hinder my Happineſs; unleſs I

'would

'would either ignobly ſet an ill Precedent to my 'Succeſſors, or abandon my Country, and fly with 'her to ſome unknown World who never heard 'our Story.'

But it was objected to him, that his Caſe was not the ſame: For *Imoinda* being his lawful Wife by ſolemn Contract, 'twas he was the injur'd Man, and might, if he ſo pleas'd, take *Imoinda* back, the Breach of the Law being on his Grandfather's Side; and that if he could circumvent him, and redeem her from the *Otan*, which is the Palace of the King's Women, a ſort of Seraglio, it was both juſt and lawful for him ſo to do.

This Reaſoning had ſome Force upon him, and he ſhould have been entirely comforted, but for the Thought that ſhe was poſſeſs'd by his Grandfather. However, he lov'd her ſo well, that he was reſolv'd to believe what moſt favour'd his Hope, and to endeavour to learn from *Imoinda*'s own Mouth, what only ſhe could ſatisfy him in, whether ſhe was robb'd of that Bleſſing which was only due to his Faith and Love. But as it was very hard to get a Sight of the Women, (for no Men ever enter'd into the *Otan*, but when the King went to entertain himſelf with ſome one of his Wives or Miſtreſſes; and 'twas Death at any other Time, for any other to go in) ſo he knew not how to contrive to get a Sight of her.

While *Oroonoko* felt all the Agonies of Love, and ſuffered under a Torment the moſt painful in the World, the old King was not exempted from his Share of Affliction. He was troubled, for having been forc'd, by an irreſiſtible Paſſion, to rob his Son of a Treaſure, he knew could not but be extremely dear to him; ſince ſhe was the moſt beautiful that ever had been ſeen, and had beſides, all the Sweetneſs and Innocence of Youth and Modeſty, with a Charm

Charm of Wit ſurpaſſing all. He found, that however ſhe was forc'd to expoſe her lovely Perſon to his wither'd Arms, ſhe could only ſigh and weep there, and think of *Oroonoko*; and oftentimes could not forbear ſpeaking of him, tho' her Life were, by Cuſtom, forfeited by owning her Paſſion. But ſhe ſpoke not of her Lover only, but of a Prince dear to him to whom ſhe ſpoke; and of the Praiſes of a Man, who, till now, fill'd the old Man's Soul with Joy at every Recital of his Bravery, or even his Name. And 'twas this Dotage on our young Hero, that gave *Imoinda* a thouſand Privileges to ſpeak of him without offending; and this Condeſcenſion in the old King, that made her take the Satisfaction of ſpeaking of him ſo very often.

Beſides, he many Times enquir'd how the Prince bore himſelf: And thoſe of whom he aſk'd, being entirely Slaves to the Merits and Virtues of the Prince, ſtill anſwer'd what they thought conduc'd beſt to his Service; which was, to make the old King fancy that the Prince had no more Intereſt in *Imoinda*, and had reſign'd her willingly to the Pleaſure of the King: That he diverted himſelf with his Mathematicians, his Fortifications, his Officers, and his Hunting.

This pleas'd the old Lover, who fail'd not to report theſe Things again to *Imoinda*, that ſhe might, by the Example of her young Lover, withdraw her Heart, and reſt better contented in his Arms. But however ſhe was forc'd to receive this unwelcome News, in all Appearance, with Unconcern and Content; her Heart was burſting within, and ſhe was only happy when ſhe could get alone, to vent her Griefs and Moans with Sighs and Tears.

What Reports of the Prince's Conduct were made to the King, he thought good to juſtify, as far as poſſibly he could, by his Actions; and when he appear'd

appear'd in the Preſence of the King, he ſhew'd a Face not at all betraying his Heart: So that in a little Time, the old Man being entirely convinc'd that he was no longer a Lover of *Imoinda*, he carry'd him with him, in his Train, to the *Otan*, often to banquet with his Miſtreſſes. But as ſoon as he enter'd, one Day, into the Apartment of *Imoinda*, with the King, at the firſt Glance from her Eyes, notwithſtanding all his determin'd Reſolution, he was ready to ſink in the Place where he ſtood; and had certainly done ſo, but for the Support of *Aboan*, a young Man who was next to him; which, with his Change of Countenance, had betray'd him, had the King chanc'd to look that Way. And I have obſerv'd, it is a very great Error in thoſe who laugh when one ſays, a Negro can change Colour: For I have ſeen 'em as frequently bluſh, and look pale, and that as viſibly as ever I ſaw in the moſt beautiful white. And 'tis certain, that both theſe Changes were evident, this Day, in both theſe Lovers. And *Imoinda*, who ſaw with ſome Joy the Change in the Prince's Face, and found it in her own, ſtrove to divert the King from beholding either, by a forc'd Careſs, with which ſhe met him; which was a new Wound in the Heart of the poor dying Prince. But as ſoon as the King was buſy'd in looking on ſome fine Thing of *Imoinda*'s making, ſhe had Time to tell the Prince, with her angry but Love darting Eyes, that ſhe reſented his Coldneſs, and bemoan'd her own miſerable Captivity. Nor were his Eyes ſilent, but anſwer'd her's again, as much as Eyes could do, inſtructed by the moſt tender and moſt paſſionate Heart that ever lov'd: And they ſpoke ſo well, and ſo effectually, as *Imoinda* no longer doubted but ſhe was the only Delight and Darling of that Soul ſhe found pleading in 'em its Right of Love, which none was more

willing to reſign than ſhe. And 'twas this powerful Language alone that in an Inſtant convey'd all the Thoughts of their Souls to each other; that they both found there wanted but Opportunity to make them both entirely happy. But when he ſaw another Door open'd by *Onahal* (a former old Wife of the King's, who now had charge of *Imoinda*) and ſaw the Proſpect of a Bed of State made ready, with Sweets and Flowers for the Dalliance of the King, who immediately led the trembling Victim from his Sight, into that prepar'd Repoſe; what Rage! what wild Frenzies ſeiz'd his Heart! which forcing to keep within Bounds, and to ſuffer without Noiſe, it became the more inſupportable, and rent his Soul with ten thouſand Pains. He was forc'd to retire to vent his Groans, where he fell down on a Carpet, and lay ſtruggling a long Time, and only breathing now and then—Oh *Imoinda!* When *Onahal* had finiſhed her neceſſary Affair within, ſhutting the Door, ſhe came forth, to wait till the King called; and hearing ſome one ſighing in the other Room, ſhe paſs'd on, and found the Prince in that deplorable Condition, which ſhe thought needed her Aid. She gave him Cordials, but all in vain; till finding the Nature of his Diſeaſe, by his Sighs, and naming *Imoinda*, ſhe told him he had not ſo much Cauſe as he imagined to afflict himſelf: For if he knew the King ſo well as ſhe did, he would not loſe a Moment in Jealouſy; and that ſhe was confident that *Imoinda* bore, at this Minute, part in his Affliction. *Aboan* was of the ſame Opinion, and both together perſuaded him to re-aſſume his Courage; and all ſitting down on the Carpet, the Prince ſaid ſo many obliging Things to *Onahal*, that he half perſuaded her to be of his Party; and ſhe promiſed him, ſhe would thus far comply with his juſt Deſires, that ſhe would let *Imoinda* know how

how faithful he was, what he ſuffer'd, and what he ſaid.

This Diſcourſe laſted till the King called, which gave *Oroonoko* a certain Satisfaction; and with the Hope *Onahal* had made him conceive, he aſſumed a Look as gay as 'twas poſſible a Man in his Circumſtances could do: And preſently after, he was call'd in with the reſt who waited without. The King commanded Muſick to be brought, and ſeveral of his young Wives and Miſtreſſes came altogether by his Command, to dance before him; where *Imoinda* perform'd her Part with an Air and Grace as much ſurpaſſing all the reſt as her Beauty was above 'em, and received the Preſent ordained as a Prize. The Prince was every Moment more charmed with the new Beauties and Graces he beheld in this fair one; and while he gazed, and ſhe danc'd, *Onahal* was retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This *Onahal*, as I ſaid, was one of the caſt Miſtreſſes of the old King; and 'twas theſe (now paſt their Beauty) that were made Guardians or Governantes to the new and the young ones, and whoſe Buſineſs it was to teach them all thoſe wanton Arts of Love, with which they prevail'd and charm'd heretofore in their Turn; and who now treated the triumphing happy ones with all the Severity, as to Liberty and Freedom, that was poſſible, in Revenge of the Honours they rob them of; envying them thoſe Satisfactions, thoſe Gallantries and Preſents, that were once made to themſelves, while Youth and Beauty laſted, and which they now ſaw paſs, as it were regardleſs by, and paid only to the Bloomings. And certainly, nothing is more afflicting to a decay'd Beauty, than to behold in itſelf declining Charms, that were once ador'd; and to find thoſe Careſſes paid to new Beauties, to which once ſhe laid claim; to hear them whiſper, as ſhe paſſes by,

that once was a delicate Woman. Thoſe abandon'd Ladies therefore endeavour to revenge all the Deſpights and Decays of Time, on theſe flouriſhing happy ones. And 'twas this Severity that gave *Oroonoko* a thouſand Fears he ſhould never prevail with *Onahal* to ſee *Imoinda*. But, as I ſaid, ſhe was now retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This young Man was not only one of the beſt Quality, but a Man extremely well made, and beautiful; and coming often to attend the King to the *Otan*, he had ſubdu'd the Heart of the antiquated *Onahal*, which had not forgot how pleaſant it was to be in Love. And tho' ſhe had ſome Decays in her Face, ſhe had none in her Senſe and Wit; ſhe was there agreeable ſtill, even to *Aboan*'s Youth: So that he took Pleaſure in entertaining her with Diſcourſes of Love. He knew alſo, that to make his Court to theſe She-favourites, was the way to be great; theſe being the Perſons that do all Affairs and Buſineſs at Court. He had alſo obſerved, that ſhe had given him Glances more tender and inviting, than ſhe had done to others of his Quality. And now, when he ſaw that her favour could ſo abſolutely oblige the Prince, he fail'd not to ſigh in her Ear, and look with Eyes all ſoft upon her, and gave her Hope that ſhe had made ſome Impreſſions on his Heart. He found her pleas'd at this, and making a thouſand Advances to him: But the Ceremony ending, and the King departing, broke up the Company for that Day, and his Converſation.

Aboan fail'd not that Night to tell the Prince of his Succeſs, and how advantageous the Service of *Onahal* might be to his Amour with *Imoinda*. The Prince was overjoy'd with this good News, and beſought him, if it were poſſible, to careſs her ſo, as to engage her entirely, which he could not fail to do,

do, if he comply'd with her Deſires: For then (ſaid the Prince) her Life lying at your Mercy, ſhe muſt grant you the Requeſt you make in my Behalf. *Aboan* underſtood him, and aſſur'd him he would make Love ſo effectually, that he would defy the moſt expert Miſtreſs of the Art, to find out whether he diſſembled it, or had it really. And 'twas with Impatience they waited the next Opportunity of going to the *Otan*.

The Wars came on, the Time of taking the Field approached; and 'twas impoſſible for the Prince to delay his going at the Head of his Army to encounter the Enemy; ſo that every Day ſeem'd a tedious Year, till he ſaw his *Imoinda*: For he believed he could not live, if he were forced away without being ſo happy. 'Twas with Impatience therefore that he expected the next Viſit the King would make; and, according to his Wiſh, it was not long.

The Parley of the Eyes of theſe two Lovers had not paſs'd ſo ſecretly, but an old jealous Lover could ſpy it; or rather, he wanted not Flatterers who told him they obſerv'd it: So that the Prince was haſten'd to the Camp, and this was the laſt Viſit he found he ſhould make to the *Otan*; he therefore urged *Aboan* to make the beſt of this laſt Effort, and to explain himſelf ſo to *Onahal*, that ſhe deferring her Enjoyment of her young Lover no longer, might make way for the Prince to ſpeak to *Imoinda*.

The whole Affair being agreed on between the Prince and *Aboan*, they attended the King, as the Cuſtom was, to the *Otan*; where, while the whole Company was taken up in beholding the Dancing, and antick Poſtures the Women Royal made to divert the King, *Onahal* ſingled out *Aboan*, whom ſhe found moſt pliable to her Wiſhes. When ſhe had him where ſhe believed ſhe could not be heard, ſhe ſigh'd to him, and ſoftly cry'd, 'Ah *Aboan!* when

'will

'will you be ſenſible of my Paſſion? I confeſs it 'with my Mouth, becauſe I would not give my 'Eyes the Lye; and you have but too much al-'ready perceived they have confeſs'd my Flame: 'Nor would I have you believe, that becauſe I am 'the abandon'd Miſtreſs of a King, I eſteem my-'ſelf altogether diveſted of Charms: No, *Aboan*; I 'have ſtill a Reſt of Beauty enough engaging, and 'have learn'd to pleaſe too well, not to be deſirable. 'I can have Lovers ſtill, but will have none but '*Aboan*. Madam, (reply'd the half-feigning Youth) 'you have already, by my Eyes, found you can ſtill 'conquer; and I believe 'tis in Pity of me you con-'deſcend to this kind Confeſſion. But, Madam, 'Words are uſed to be ſo ſmall a Part of our Coun-'try Courtſhip, that 'tis rare one can get ſo happy 'an Opportunity as to tell one's Heart; and thoſe 'few Minutes we have, are forced to be ſnatch'd 'for more certain Proofs of Love than ſpeaking 'and ſighing: And ſuch I languiſh for.'

He ſpoke this with ſuch a Tone, that ſhe hoped it true, and could not forbear believing it; and being wholly tranſported with Joy for having ſubdued the fineſt of all the King's Subjects to her Deſires, ſhe took from her Ears two large Pearls, and command-ed him to wear 'em in his. He would have refuſed them, crying, Madam, theſe are not the Proofs of your Love that I expect; 'tis Opportunity, 'tis a lone Hour only, that can make me happy. But forcing the Pearls into his Hand, ſhe whiſper'd ſoft-ly to him; Oh! do not fear a Woman's Invention, when Love ſets her a thinking. And preſſing his Hand, ſhe cry'd, This Night you ſhall be happy. Come to the Gate of the Orange-grove, behind the *Otan*, and I will be ready about Midnight to re-ceive you. 'Twas thus agreed, and ſhe left him, that

that no Notice might be taken of their ſpeaking together.

The Ladies were ſtill dancing, and the King, laid on a Carpet, with a great deal of Pleaſure was beholding them, eſpecially *Imoinda*, who that Day appeared more lovely than ever, being enlivened with the good Tidings *Onahal* had brought her, of the conſtant Paſſion the Prince had for her. The Prince was laid on another Carpet at the other End of the Room, with his Eyes fixed on the Object of his Soul; and as ſhe turned or moved, ſo did they; and ſhe alone gave his Eyes and Soul their Motion. Nor did *Imoinda* employ her Eyes to any other Uſe, than in beholding with infinite Pleaſure the Joy ſhe produced in thoſe of the Prince. But while ſhe was more regarding him than the Steps ſhe took, ſhe chanc'd to fall, and ſo near him, as that leaping with extreme Force from the Carpet, he caught her in his Arms as ſhe fell; and 'twas viſible to the whole Preſence, the Joy wherewith he received her. He claſped her cloſe to his Boſom, and quite forgot that Reverence that was due to the Miſtreſs of a King, and that Puniſhment that is the Reward of a Boldneſs of this Nature. And had not the Preſence of Mind of *Imoinda* (fonder of his Safety than her own) befriended him, in making her ſpring from his Arms, and fall into her Dance again, he had at that Inſtant met his Death: For the old King, jealous to the laſt Degree, roſe up in a Rage, broke all the Diverſion, and led *Imoinda* to her Apartment, and ſent out Word to the Prince, to go immediately to the Camp; and that if he were found another Night in Court, he ſhould ſuffer the Death ordained for diſobedient Offenders.

You may imagine how welcome this News was to *Oroonoko*, whoſe unſeaſonable Tranſport and Careſs of *Imoinda*, was blamed by all Men that loved him:

him: And now he perceived his Fault, yet cry'd, That for ſuch another Moment, he would be content to die.

All the *Otan* was in Diſorder about this Accident; and *Onahal* was particularly concern'd, becauſe on the Prince's Stay depended her Happineſs; for ſhe could no longer expect that of *Aboan*: So that e'er they departed, they contrived it ſo, that the Prince and he ſhould both come that Night to the Grove of the *Otan*, which was all of Oranges and Citrons, and that there they would wait her Orders.

They parted thus with Grief enough till Night, leaving the King in poſſeſſion of the lovely Maid. But nothing could appeaſe the Jealouſy of the old Lover; he would not be impoſed on, but would have it, that *Imoinda* made a falſe Step on purpoſe to fall into *Oroonoko*'s Boſom, and that all Things looked like a Deſign on both Sides; and 'twas in vain ſhe proteſted her Innocence: He was old and obſtinate, and left her more than half aſſur'd that his Fear was true.

The King going to his Appartment, ſent to know where the Prince was, and if he intended to obey his Command. The Meſſenger return'd, and told him, he found the Prince penſive, and altogether unprepar'd for the Campaign; that he lay negligently on the Ground, and anſwer'd very little. This confirmed the Jealouſy of the King, and he commanded that they ſhould very narrowly and privately watch his Motions; and that he ſhould not ſtir from his Appartment, but one Spy or other ſhould be employ'd to watch him: So that the Hour approaching, wherein he was to go to the Citron-grove, and taking only *Aboan* along with him, he leaves his Apartment, and was watched to the very Gate of the *Otan*, where he was ſeen to enter, and where they

they left him, to carry back the Tidings to the King.

Oroonoko and *Aboan* were no ſooner enter'd, but *Onahal* led the Prince to the Apartment of *Imoinda*; who, not knowing any thing of her Happineſs, was laid in Bed. But *Onahal* only left him in her Chamber, to make the beſt of his Opportunity, and took her dear *Aboan* to her own; where he ſhew'd the Height of Complaiſance for his Prince, when, to give him an Opportunity, he ſuffer'd himſelf to be careſs'd in Bed by *Onahal*.

The Prince ſoftly waken'd *Imoinda*, who was not a little ſurpriz'd with Joy to find him there; and yet ſhe trembled with a thouſand Fears. I believe he omitted ſaying nothing to this young Maid, that might perſuade her to ſuffer him to ſeize his own, and take the Rights of Love. And I believe ſhe was not long reſiſting thoſe Arms where ſhe ſo longed to be; and having Opportunity, Night, and Silence, Youth, Love, and Deſire, he ſoon prevail'd, and raviſh'd in a Moment what his old Grandfather had been endeavouring for ſo many Months.

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Satisfaction of theſe two young Lovers; nor the Vows ſhe made him, that ſhe remained a ſpotleſs Maid till that Night, and that what ſhe did with his Grandfather had robb'd him of no Part of her Virgin Honour; the Gods in Mercy and Juſtice, having reſerv'd that for her plighted Lord, to whom of Right it belong'd. And 'tis impoſſible to expreſs the Tranſports he ſuffer'd, while he liſten'd to a Diſcourſe ſo charming from her loved Lips; and claſp'd that Body in his Arms, for whom he had ſo long languiſh'd, and nothing now afflicted him, but his ſudden Departure from her; for he told her the Neceſſity, and his Commands, but ſhould depart ſa-

tisfy'd in this, that ſince the old King had hitherto been able to deprive him of thoſe Enjoyments which only belong'd to him, he believ'd for the future he would be leſs able to injure him; ſo that, abating the Scandal of the Veil, which was no otherwiſe ſo, than that ſhe was Wife to another, he believ'd her ſafe, even in the Arms of the King, and innocent; yet would he have ventur'd at the Conqueſt of the World, and have given it all to have had her avoided that Honour of receiving the royal Veil. 'Twas thus, between a thouſand Careſſes, that both bemoan'd the hard Fate of Youth and Beauty, ſo liable to that cruel Promotion; 'twas a Glory that could well have been ſpar'd here, tho' deſir'd and aim'd at by all the young Females of that Kingdom.

But while they were thus fondly employ'd, forgetting how Time ran on, and that the Dawn muſt conduct him far away from his only Happineſs, they heard a great Noiſe in the *Otan*, and unuſual Voices of Men; at which the Prince, ſtarting from the Arms of the frighted *Imoinda*, ran to a little Battle-ax he uſed to wear by his Side; and having not ſo much Leiſure as to put on his Habit, he oppos'd himſelf againſt ſome who were already opening the Door; which they did with ſo much Violence, that *Oroonoko* was not able to defend it, but was forced to cry out with a commanding Voice, 'Whoever ye are that have the Boldneſs to attempt 'to approach this Apartment thus rudely, know, 'that I, the Prince *Oroonoko*, will revenge it with 'the certain Death of him that firſt enters: Therefore ſtand back, and know, this Place is ſacred to 'Love and me this Night; To-morrow 'tis the 'King's.'

This he ſpoke with a Voice ſo reſolv'd and aſſur'd, that they ſoon retir'd from the Door; but cry'd,

cry'd, 'Tis by the King's Command we are come; 'and being ſatisfy'd by thy Voice, O Prince, as 'much as if we had enter'd, we can report to the 'King the Truth of all his Fears, and leave thee 'to provide for thy own Safety, as thou art advis'd 'by thy Friends.'

At theſe Words they departed, and left the Prince to take a ſhort and ſad Leave of his *Imoinda*; who, truſting in the Strength of her Charms, believ'd ſhe ſhould appeaſe the Fury of a jealous King, by ſaying, ſhe was ſurpriz'd, and that it was by Force of Arms he got into her Apartment. All her Concern now was for his Life, and therefore ſhe haſten'd him to the Camp, and with much adò prevail'd on him to go. Nor was it ſhe alone that prevail'd; *Aboan* and *Onahal* both pleaded, and both aſſur'd him of a Lie that ſhould be well enough contriv'd to ſecure *Imoinda*. So that at laſt, with a Heart ſad as Death, dying Eyes, and ſighing Soul, *Oroonoko* departed, and took his Way to the Camp.

It was not long after, the King in Perſon came to the *Otan*; where beholding *Imoinda*, with Rage in his Eyes, he upbraided her Wickedneſs and Perfidy; and threatning her royal Lover, ſhe fell on her Face at his Feet, bedewing the Floor with her Tears, and imploring his Pardon for a Fault which ſhe had not with her Will committed; as *Onahal*, who was alſo proſtrate with her, could teſtify, that unknown to her, he had broke into her Apartment, and raviſh'd her. She ſpoke this much againſt her Conſcience; but to ſave her own Life, 'twas abſolutely neceſſary ſhe ſhould feign this Falſity. She knew it could not injure the Prince, he being fled to an Army that would ſtand by him, againſt any Injuries that ſhould aſſault him. However, this laſt Thought of *Imoinda*'s being raviſhed, chang'd the Meaſures of his Revenge; and whereas before

he deſign'd to be himſelf her Executioner, he now reſolv'd ſhe ſhould not die But as it is the greateſt Crime in Nature amongſt them to touch a Woman after having been poſſeſs'd by a Son, a Father, or a Brother, ſo now he look'd on *Imoinda* as a polluted Thing wholly unfit for his Embrace; nor would he reſign her to his Grandſon, becauſe ſhe had receiv'd the royal Veil; he therefore removes her from the *Otan*, with *Onahal*, whom he put into ſafe Hands, with order they ſhould be both ſold off as Slaves to another Country, either Chriſtian or Heathen, 'twas no matter where.

This cruel Sentence, worſe than Death, they implor'd might be revers'd; but their Prayers were vain, and it was put in Execution accordingly, and that with ſo much Secrecy, that none, either without or within the *Otan*, knew any thing of their Abſence, or their Deſtiny.

The old King nevertheleſs executed this with a great deal of Reluctancy; but he believ'd he had made a very great Conqueſt over himſelf, when he had once reſolv'd, and had perform'd what he reſolv'd. He believ'd now, that his Love had been unjuſt; and that he could not expect the Gods, or Captain of the Clouds (as they call the unknown Power) would ſuffer a better Conſequence from ſo ill a Cauſe. He now begins to hold *Oroonoko* excus'd; and to ſay he had Reaſon for what he did. And now every Body could aſſure the King how paſſionately *Imoinda* was belov'd by the Prince; even thoſe confeſs'd it now, who ſaid the contrary before his Flame was not abated. So that the King being old, and not able to defend himſelf in War, and having no Sons of all his Race remaining alive, but only this, to maintain him on his Throne; and looking on this as a Man diſoblig'd, firſt by the Rape of his Miſtreſs, or rather Wife, and now by depri-

depriving him wholly of her, he fear'd, might make him deſperate, and do ſome cruel Thing, either to himſelf or his old Grandfather the Offender, he began to repent him extremely of the Contempt he had, in his Rage, put on *Imoinda*. Beſides, he conſider'd he ought in Honour to have kill'd her for this Offence, if it had been one. He ought to have had ſo much Value and Conſideration for a Maid of her Quality, as to have nobly put her to Death, and not to have ſold her like a common Slave; the greateſt Revenge, and the moſt diſgraceful of any, and to which they a thouſand Times prefer Death, and implore it; as *Imoinda* did, but could not obtain that Honour. Seeing therefore it was certain that *Oroonoko* would highly reſent this Affront, he thought good to make ſome Excuſe for his Raſhneſs to him; and to that End, he ſent a Meſſenger to the Camp, with Orders to treat with him about the Matter, to gain his Pardon, and endeavour to mitigate his Grief: But that by no Means he ſhould tell him ſhe was ſold, but ſecretly put to Death; for he knew he ſhould never obtain his Pardon for the other.

When the Meſſenger came, he found the Prince upon the point of engaging with the Enemy; but as ſoon as he heard of the Arrival of the Meſſenger, he commanded him to his Tent, where he embrac'd him, and receiv'd him with Joy; which was ſoon abated by the down-caſt Looks of the Meſſenger, who was inſtantly demanded the Cauſe by *Oroonoko*; who, impatient of Delay, aſk'd a thouſand Queſtions in a Breath, and all concerning *Imoinda*. But there needed little Return; for he could almoſt anſwer himſelf of all he demanded, from his Sight and Eyes. At laſt the Meſſenger caſting himſelf at the Prince's Feet, and kiſſing them with all the Submiſſion of a Man that had ſomething to im-

plore which he dreaded to utter, beſought him to hear with Calmneſs what he had to deliver to him, and to call up his noble and heroick Courage, to encounter with his Words, and defend himſelf againſt the ungrateful Things he had to relate. *Oroonoko* reply'd with a deep Sigh, and a languiſhing Voice,---- I am arm'd againſt their worſt Efforts---- For I know they will tell me, *Imoinda* is no more ---- And after that, you may ſpare the reſt. Then, commanding him to riſe, he laid himſelf on a Carpet, under a rich Pavilion, and remained a good while ſilent, and was hardly heard to ſigh. When he was come a little to himſelf, the Meſſenger aſk'd him leave to deliver that part of his Embaſſy which the Prince had not yet divin'd: And the Prince cry'd, I permit thee---- Then he told him the Affliction the old King was in, for the Raſhneſs he had committed in his Cruelty to *Imoinda*; and how he deign'd to aſk Pardon for his Offence, and to implore the Prince would not ſuffer that Loſs to touch his Heart too ſenſibly, which now all the Gods could not reſtore him, but might recompenſe him in Glory, which he begg'd he would purſue; and that Death, that common Revenger of all Injuries, would ſoon even the Account between him and a feeble old Man.

Oroonoko bad him return his Duty to his Lord and Maſter; and to aſſure him, there was no Account of Revenge to be adjudged between them: If there was, he was the Aggreſſor, and that Death would be juſt, and, maugre his Age, would ſee him righted; and he was contented to leave his Share of Glory to Youths more fortunate and worthy of that Favour from the Gods: That henceforth he would never lift a Weapon, or draw a Bow, but abandon the ſmall remains of his Life to Sighs and Tears, and the continual Thoughts of what his Lord and Grand-

Grandfather had thought good to ſend out of the World, with all that Youth, that Innocence and Beauty.

After having ſpoken this, whatever his greateſt Officers and Men of the beſt Rank could do, they could not raiſe him from the Carpet, or perſuade him to Action, and Reſolutions of Life; but commanding all to retire, he ſhut himſelf into his Pavilion all that Day, while the Enemy was ready to engage: And wondering at the Delay, the whole Body of the chief of the Army then addreſs'd themſelves to him, and to whom they had much ado to get Admittance. They fell on their Faces at the Foot of his Carpet, where they lay, and beſought him with earneſt Prayers and Tears to lead them forth to Battle, and not let the Enemy take Advantages of them; and implor'd him to have Regard to his Glory, and to the World, that depended on his Courage and Conduct. But he made no other Reply to all their Supplications than this, That he had now no more Buſineſs for Glory; and for the World, it was a Trifle not worth his Care: 'Go, (continued he, ſighing) and divide it amongſt you, and reap with Joy what you ſo vainly prize, and leave me to my more welcome Deſtiny.'

They then demanded what they ſhould do, and whom he would conſtitute in his Room, that the Confuſion of ambitious Youth and Power might not ruin their Order, and make them a Prey to the Enemy. He reply'd, he would not give himſelf that Trouble---- but wiſh'd 'em to chuſe the braveſt Man amongſt 'em, let his Quality or Birth be what it would: 'For, Oh my Friends! (ſays he) it is not Titles make Men brave or good; or Birth that beſtows Courage and Generoſity, or makes the Owner happy. Believe this, when you behold *Oroonoko* the moſt wretched, and abandon'd

by Fortune, of all the Creation of the Gods.' So turning himſelf about, he would make no more Reply to all they could urge or implore.

The Army beholding their Officers return unſucceſsful, with ſad Faces and ominous Looks, that preſaged no good Luck, ſuffer'd a thouſand Fears to take poſſeſſion of their Hearts, and the Enemy to come even upon them before they could provide for their Safety by any Defence; and tho' they were aſſur'd by ſome who had a Mind to animate them, that they ſhould be immediately headed by the Prince; and that in the mean Time *Aboan* had Orders to command as General; yet they were ſo diſmay'd for want of that great Example of Bravery, that they could make but a very feeble Reſiſtance; and, at laſt, downright fled before the Enemy, who purſu'd 'em to the very Tents, killing 'em: Nor could all *Aboan*'s Courage, which that Day gain'd him immortal Glory, ſhame 'em into a manly Defence of themſelves. The Guards that were left behind about the Prince's Tent, ſeeing the Soldiers flee before the Enemy, and ſcatter themſelves all over the Plain, in great Diſorder, made ſuch Outcries, as rouz'd the Prince from his amorous Slumber, in which he had remain'd buried for two Days, without permitting any Suſtenance to approach him. But, in ſpite of all his Reſolutions, he had not the Conſtancy of Grief to that Degree, as to make him inſenſible of the Danger of his Army; and in that Inſtant he leaped from his Couch, and cry'd---- 'Come, if we muſt die, 'let us meet Death the nobleſt Way; and 'twill 'be more like *Oroonoko* to encounter him at an 'Army's Head, oppoſing the Torrent of a con-'quering Foe, than lazily on a Couch, to wait 'his lingering Pleaſure, and die every Moment by 'a thouſand racking Thoughts; or be tamely

'taken

'taken by an Enemy, and led a whining, love-'ſick Slave to adorn the Triumphs of *Jamoan*, that 'young Victor, who already is enter'd beyond the 'Limits I have preſcrib'd him.'

While he was ſpeaking, he ſuffer'd his People to dreſs him for the Field; and ſallying out of his Pavilion, with more Life and Vigour in his Countenance than ever he ſhew'd, he appear'd like ſome divine Power deſcended to ſave his Country from Deſtruction: And his People had purpoſely put on him all Things that might make him ſhine with moſt Splendor, to ſtrike a reverend Awe into the Beholders. He flew into the thickeſt of thoſe that were purſuing his Men; and being animated with Deſpair, he fought as if he came on purpoſe to die, and did ſuch Things as will not be believ'd that human Strength could perform; and ſuch as ſoon inſpir'd all the reſt with new Courage, and new Ardor. And now it was that they began to fight indeed; and ſo, as if they would not be out-done even by their ador'd Hero; who turning the Tide of the Victory, changing abſolutely the Fate of the Day, gain'd an entire Conqueſt: And *Oroonoko* having the good Fortune to ſingle out *Jamoan*, he took him Priſoner with his own Hand, having wounded him almoſt to Death.

This *Jamoan* afterwards became very dear to him, being a Man very gallant, and of excellent Graces, and fine Parts; ſo that he never put him amongſt the Rank of Captives as they uſed to do, without Diſtinction, for the common Sale, or Market, but kept him in his own Court, where he retain'd nothing of the Priſoner but the Name, and return'd no more into his own Country; ſo great an Affection he took for *Oroonoko*, and by a thouſand Tales and Adventures of Love and Gallantry, flatter'd his Diſeaſe of Melancholy and Languiſhment;

ment; which I have often heard him ſay, had certainly kill'd him, but for the Converſation of this Prince and *Aboan*, and the *French* Governor he had from his Childhood, of whom I have ſpoken before, and who was a Man of admirable Wit, great Ingenuity and Learning; all which he had infuſed into his young Pupil. This *Frenchman* was baniſh'd out of his own Country for ſome heretical Notions he held; and tho' he was a Man of very little Religion, yet he had admirable Morals and a brave Soul.

After the total Defeat of *Jamoan*'s Army, which all fled, or were left dead upon the Place, they ſpent ſome Time in the Camp; *Oroonoko* chuſing rather to remain a while there in his Tents, than to enter into a Palace, or to live in a Court where he had ſo lately ſuffer'd ſo great a Loſs. The Officers therefore, who ſaw and knew his Cauſe of Diſcontent, invented all ſorts of Diverſions and Sports to entertain their Prince: So that what with thoſe Amuſements abroad, and others at home, that is, within their Tents, with the Perſuaſions, Arguments, and Care of his Friends and Servants that he more peculiarly priz'd, he wore off in Time a great Part of that Chagrin, and Torture of Deſpair, which the firſt Efforts of *Imoinda*'s Death had given him; inſomuch, as having receiv'd a thouſand kind Embaſſies from the King, and Invitation to return to Court, he obey'd, tho' with no little Reluctancy; and when he did ſo, there was a viſible Change in him, and for a long Time he was much more melancholy than before. But Time leſſens all Extremes, and reduces 'em to Mediums, and Unconcern; but no Motives of Beauties, tho' all endeavour'd it, could engage him in any ſort of Amour, tho' he had all the Invitations to it, both from his own Youth, and other Ambitions and Deſigns.

Oroonoko was no ſooner return'd from this laſt Conqueſt, and receiv'd at Court with all the Joy and Magnificence that could be expreſs'd to a young Victor, who was not only return'd triumphant, but belov'd like a Deity, than there arriv'd in port an *Engliſh* Ship.

The Maſter of it had often before been in theſe Countries, and was very well known to *Oroonoko*, with whom he had traffick'd for Slaves, and had us'd to do the ſame with his Predeceſſors.

This Commander was a Man of a finer ſort of Addreſs and Converſation, better bred, and more engaging, than moſt of that ſort of Men are; ſo that he ſeem'd rather never to have been bred out of a Court, than almoſt all his Life at Sea. This Captain therefore was always better receiv'd at Court, than moſt of the Traders to thoſe Countries were; and eſpecially by *Oroonoko*, who was more civiliz'd, according to the *European* Mode, than any other had been, and took more Delight in the white Nations; and, above all, Men of Parts and Wit. To this Captain he ſold abundance of his Slaves; and for the Favour and Eſteem he had for him, made him many Preſents, and oblig'd him to ſtay at Court as long as poſſibly he could. Which the Captain ſeem'd to take as a very great Honour done him, entertaining the Prince every Day with Globes and Maps, and mathematical Diſcourſes and Inſtruments; eating, drinking, hunting, and living with him with ſo much Familiarity, that it was not to be doubted but he had gain'd very greatly upon the Heart of this gallant young Man. And the Captain, in return of all theſe mighty Favours, beſought the Prince to honour his Veſſel with his Preſence ſome Day or other at Dinner, before he ſhould ſet ſail; which he condeſcended to accept, and appointed his Day. The Captain, on his Part,

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fail'd not to have all Things in a Readineſs, in the moſt magnificent Order he could poſſibly; and the Day being come, the Captain, in his Boat, richly adorn'd with Carpets and velvet Cuſhions, row'd to the Shore, to receive the Prince; with another long Boat, where was plac'd all his Muſick and Trumpets, with which *Oroonoko* was extremely delighted; who met him on the Shore, attended by his *French* Governor, *Jamoan*, *Aboan*, and about an hundred of the nobleſt of the Youths of the Court: And after they had firſt carry'd the Prince on board, the Boats fetch'd the reſt off; where they found a very ſplendid Treat, with all ſorts of fine Wines; and were as well entertain'd, as 'twas poſſible in ſuch a Place to be.

The Prince having drank hard of Punch, and ſeveral ſorts of Wine, as did all the reſt, (for great Care was taken they ſhould want nothing of that Part of the Entertainment) was very merry, and in great Admiration of the Ship, for he had never been in one before; ſo that he was curious of beholding every Place where he decently might deſcend. The reſt, no leſs curious, who were not quite overcome with drinking, rambled at their Pleaſure fore and aft, as their Fancies guided 'em: So that the Captain, who had well laid his Deſign before, gave the Word, and ſeiz'd on all his Gueſts; they clapping great Irons ſuddenly on the Prince, when he was leap'd down into the Hold, to view that Part of the Veſſel; and locking him faſt down, ſecur'd him. The ſame Treachery was us'd to all the reſt; and all in one Inſtant, in ſeveral Places of the Ship, were laſh'd faſt in Irons, and betray'd to Slavery. That great Deſign over, they ſet all Hands at work to hoiſt Sail; and with as treacherous as fair a Wind they made from the Shore with this innocent

innocent and glorious Prize, who thought of nothing leſs than ſuch an Entertainment.

Some have commended this Act, as brave in the Captain; but I will ſpare my Senſe of it, and leave it to my Reader to judge as he pleaſes. It may be eaſily gueſs'd, in what Manner the Prince reſented this Indignity, who may be beſt reſembled to a Lion taken in a Toil; ſo he rag'd, ſo he ſtruggled for Liberty, but all in Vain: And they had ſo wiſely manag'd his Fetters, that he could not uſe a Hand in his Defence, to quit himſelf of a Life that would by no means endure Slavery; nor could he move from the Place where he was ty'd, to any ſolid Part of the Ship, againſt which he might have beat his Head, and have finiſh'd his Diſgrace that Way. So that being depriv'd of all other Means, he reſolv'd to periſh for want of Food; and pleas'd at laſt with that Thought, and toil'd and tir'd by Rage and Indignation, he laid himſelf down, and ſullenly reſolv'd upon dying, and refus'd all Things that were brought him.

This did not a little vex the Captain, and the more ſo, becauſe he found almoſt all of 'em of the ſame Humour; ſo that the Loſs of ſo many brave Slaves, ſo tall and goodly to behold, would have been very conſiderable: He therefore order'd one to go from him (for he would not be ſeen himſelf) to *Oroonoko*, and to aſſure him, he was afflicted for having raſhly done ſo unhoſpitable a Deed, and which could not be now remedy'd, ſince they were far from Shore; but ſince he reſented it in ſo high a Nature, he aſſur'd him he would revoke his Reſolution, and ſet both him and his Friends aſhore on the next Land they ſhould touch at; and of this the Meſſenger gave him his Oath, provided he would reſolve to live. And *Oroonoko*, whoſe Honour was ſuch, as he never had violated a Word in his Life himſelf,

himſelf, much leſs a ſolemn Aſſeveration, believ'd in an Inſtant what this Man ſaid; but reply'd, he expected, for a Confirmation of this, to have his ſhameful Fetters diſmiſs'd. This Demand was carry'd to the Captain; who return'd him Anſwer, that the Offence had been ſo great which he had put upon the Prince, that he durſt not truſt him with Liberty while he remain'd in the Ship, for fear, leſt by a Valour natural to him, and a Revenge that would animate that Valour, he might commit ſome Outrage fatal to himſelf, and the King his Maſter, to whom the Veſſel did belong. To this *Oroonoko* reply'd, he would engage his Honour to behave himſelf in all friendly Order and Manner, and obey the Command of the Captain, as he was Lord of the King's Veſſel, and General of thoſe Men under his Command.

This was deliver'd to the ſtill doubting Captain, who could not reſolve to truſt a Heathen, he ſaid, upon his Parole, a Man that had no Senſe or Notion of the God that he worſhipp'd. *Oroonoko* then reply'd, he was very ſorry to hear that the Captain pretended to the Knowledge and Worſhip of any Gods, who had taught him no better Principles, than not to credit as he would be credited. But they told him the Difference of their Faith occaſion'd that Diſtruſt; for the Captain had proteſted to him upon the Word of a Chriſtian, and ſworn in the Name of a great God; which if he ſhould violate, he muſt expect eternal Torments in the World to come. 'Is that all the Obligations he has to be 'juſt to his Oath? (reply'd *Oroonoko*) let him know, 'I ſwear by my Honour; which to violate, would 'not only render me contemptible and deſpis'd by 'all brave and honeſt Men, and ſo give myſelf per-'petual Pain, but it would be eternally offending 'and diſpleaſing all Mankind; harming, betraying,

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'circumventing, and outraging all Men. But Pu-
'niſhments hereafter are ſuffer'd by one's ſelf; and
'the World takes no Cognizance whether this God
'has reveng'd 'em or not, 'tis done ſo ſecretly, and
'deferr'd ſo long; while the Man of no Honour
'ſuffers every Moment the Scorn and Contempt of
'the honeſter World, and dies every Day ignomi-
'niouſly in his Fame, which is more valuable than
'Life. I ſpeak not this to move Belief, but to ſhew
'you how you miſtake, when you imagine, that he
'who will violate his Honour, will keep his Word
'with his Gods.' So, turning from him with a diſdainful Smile, he refus'd to anſwer him, when he urg'd him to know what Anſwer he ſhould carry back to his Captain; ſo that he departed without ſaying any more.

The Captain pondering and conſulting what to do, it was concluded, that nothing but *Oroonoko*'s Liberty would encourage any of the reſt to eat, except the *Frenchman*, whom the Captain could not pretend to keep Priſoner, but only told him, he was ſecur'd, becauſe he might act ſomething in favour of the Prince; but that he ſhould be freed as ſoon as they came to Land. So that they concluded it wholly neceſſary to free the Prince from his Irons, that he might ſhew himſelf to the reſt; that they might have an Eye upon him, and that they could not fear a ſingle Man.

This being reſolv'd, to make the Obligation the greater, the Captain himſelf went to *Oroonoko*; where, after many Compliments, and Aſſurances of what he had already promis'd, he receiving from the Prince his Parole, and his Hand, for his good Behaviour, diſmiſs'd his Irons, and brought him to his own Cabin; where, after having treated and re-poſ'd him a while, (for he had neither eat nor ſlept in four Days before) he beſought him to viſit thoſe obſtinate

obſtinate People in Chains, who refus'd all manner of Suſtenance; and intreated him to oblige 'em to eat, and aſſure 'em of their Liberty the firſt Opportunity.

Oroonoko, who was too generous not to give Credit to his Words, ſhew'd himſelf to his People, who were tranſported with Exceſs of Joy at the Sight of their darling Prince; falling at his Feet, and kiſſing and embracing 'em; believing, as ſome divine Oracle, all he aſſur'd 'em. But he beſought 'em to bear their Chains with that Bravery that became thoſe whom he had ſeen act ſo nobly in Arms; and that they could not give him greater Proofs of their Love and Friendſhip, ſince 'twas all the Security the Captain (his Friend) could have againſt the Revenge, he ſaid, they might poſſibly juſtly take for the Injuries ſuſtain'd by him. And they all, with one accord, aſſur'd him, that they could not ſuffer enough, when it was for his Repoſe and Safety.

After this, they no longer refus'd to eat, but took what was brought 'em, and were pleas'd with their Captivity, ſince by it they hop'd to redeem the Prince, who, all the reſt of the Voyage, was treated with all the Reſpect due to his Birth, tho' nothing could divert his Melancholy; and he would often ſigh for *Imoinda*, and think this a Puniſhment due to his Misfortune, in having left that noble Maid behind him, that fatal Night, in the *Otan*, when he fled to the Camp.

Poſſeſs'd with a thouſand Thoughts of paſt Joys with this fair young Perſon, and a thouſand Griefs for her eternal Loſs, he endur'd a tedious Voyage, and at laſt arriv'd at the Mouth of the River of *Surinam*, a Colony belonging to the King of *England*, and where they were to deliver ſome Part of their Slaves. There the Merchants and Gentlemen of the Country going on board, to demand thoſe Lots of

of Slaves they had already agreed on; and amongſt thoſe, the Overſeers of thoſe Plantations where I then chanc'd to be: The Captain, who had given the Word, order'd his Men to bring up thoſe noble Slaves in Fetters, whom I have ſpoken of; and having put 'em, ſome in one, and ſome in other Lots, with Women and Children, (which they call *Pickaninies*) they ſold 'em off, as Slaves to ſeveral Merchants and Gentlemen; not putting any two in one Lot, becauſe they would ſeparate 'em far from each other; nor daring to truſt 'em together, leſt Rage and Courage ſhould put 'em upon contriving ſome great Action, to the Ruin of the Colony.

Oroonoko was firſt ſeiz'd on, and ſold to our Overſeer, who had the firſt Lot, with ſeventeen more of all Sorts and Sizes, but not one of Quality with him. When he ſaw this, he found what they meant; for, as I ſaid, he underſtood *Engliſh* pretty well; and being wholly unarm'd and defenceleſs, ſo as it was in vain to make any Reſiſtance, he only beheld the Captain with a Look all fierce and diſdainful, upbraiding him with Eyes that forc'd Bluſhes on his guilty Cheeks, and cry'd in paſſing over the Side of the Ship, 'Farewel, Sir, 'tis worth my Sufferings to gain ſo true a Knowledge, both of you, and of your Gods, by whom you ſwear.' And deſiring thoſe that held him to forbear their Pains, and telling 'em he would make no Reſiſtance, he cry'd, 'Come, my Fellow-ſlaves, let us deſcend, and ſee if we can meet with more Honour and Honeſty in the next World we ſhall touch upon.' So he nimbly leapt into the Boat, and ſhewing no more Concern, ſuffer'd himſelf to be row'd up the River, with his ſeventeen Companions.

The Gentleman that bought him, was a young *Corniſh* Gentleman, whoſe Name was *Trefry*; a Man of great Wit, and fine Learning, and was

carry'd into thoſe Parts by the Lord, —— Governor, to manage all his Affairs. He reflecting on the laſt Words of *Oroonoko* to the Captain, and beholding the Richneſs of his Veſt, no ſooner came into the Boat, but he fix'd his Eyes on him; and finding ſomething ſo extraordinary in his Face, his Shape and Mien, a Greatneſs of Look, and Haughtineſs in his Air, and finding he ſpoke *Engliſh*, had a great Mind to be enquiring into his Quality and Fortune; which, tho' *Oroonoko* endeavour'd to hide, by only confeſſing he was above the Rank of common Slaves, *Trefry* ſoon found he was yet ſomething greater than he confeſs'd; and from that Moment began to conceive ſo vaſt an Eſteem for him, that he ever after lov'd him as his deareſt Brother, and ſhew'd him all the Civilities due to ſo great a Man.

Trefry was a very good Mathematician, and a Linguiſt; could ſpeak *French* and *Spaniſh*; and in the three Days they remain'd in the Boat, (for ſo long were they going from the Ship to the Plantation) he entertain'd *Oroonoko* ſo agreeably with his Art and Diſcourſe, that he was no leſs pleas'd with *Trefry*, than he was with the Prince; and he thought himſelf, at leaſt, fortunate in this, that ſince he was a Slave, as long as he would ſuffer himſelf to remain ſo, he had a Man of ſo excellent Wit and Parts for a Maſter. So that before they had finiſh'd their Voyage up the River, he made no Scruple of declaring to *Trefry* all his Fortunes, and moſt part of what I have here related, and put himſelf wholly into the Hands of his new Friend, who he found reſented all the Injuries were done him, and was charm'd with all the Greatneſſes of his Actions; which were recited with that Modeſty, and delicate Senſe, as wholly vanquiſh'd him, and ſubdu'd him to his Intereſt. And he promis'd him,

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on his Word and Honour, he would find the Means to re-conduct him to his own Country again; aſſuring him, he had a perfect Abhorrence of ſo diſhonourable an Action; and that he would ſooner have dy'd, than have been the Author of ſuch a Perfidy. He found the Prince was very much concerned to know what became of his Friends, and how they took their Slavery; and *Trefry* promiſed to take care about the enquiring after their Condition, and that he ſhould have an Account of 'em.

Tho', as *Oroonoko* afterwards ſaid, he had little Reaſon to credit the Words of a *Backearary*, yet he knew not why, but he ſaw a Kind of Sincerity and awful Truth in the Face of *Trefry*; he ſaw Honeſty in his Eyes, and he found him wiſe and witty enough to underſtand Honour: For it was one of his Maxims, a Man of Wit could not be a Knave or Villain.

In their Paſſage up the River, they put in at ſeveral Houſes for Refreſhment; and ever when they landed, Numbers of People would flock to behold this Man: Not but their Eyes were daily entertain'd with the Sight of Slaves; but the Fame of *Oroonoko* was gone before him, and all People were in Admiration of his Beauty. Beſides, he had a rich Habit on, in which he was taken, ſo different from the reſt, and which the Captain could not ſtrip him of, becauſe he was forc'd to ſurprize his Perſon in the Minute he ſold him. When he found his Habit made him liable, as he thought, to be gazed at the more, he begged *Trefry* to give him ſomething more befitting a Slave, which he did, and took off his Robes: Nevertheleſs, he ſhone thro' all, and his Oſenbrigs (a ſort of brown Holland Suit he had on) could not conceal the Graces of his Looks and Mein; and he had no leſs Admirers, than when he had his dazling Habit on: The royal Youth ap-

pear'd in ſpite of the Slave, and People could not help treating him after a different Manner, without deſigning it. As ſoon as they approach'd him, they venerated and eſteem'd him; his Eyes inſenſibly commanded Reſpect, and his Behaviour inſinuated it into every Soul: So that there was nothing talk'd of but this young and gallant Slave, even by thoſe who yet knew not that he was a Prince.

I ought to tell you, that the Chriſtians never buy any Slaves but they give 'em ſome Name of their own, their native ones being likely very barbarous, and hard to pronounce; ſo that Mr. *Trefry* gave *Oroonoko* that of *Cæſar*; which Name will live in that Country as long as that (ſcarce more) glorious one of the great *Roman*: For 'tis moſt evident, he wanted no Part of the perſonal Courage of that *Cæſar*, and acted Things as memorable, had they been done in ſome Part of the World, repleniſh'd with People and Hiſtorians, that might have given him his due. But his Misfortune was, to fall in an obſcure World, that afforded only a Female Pen to celebrate his Fame; tho' I doubt not but it had lived from others Endeavours, if the *Dutch*, who immediately after his Time took that Country, had not killed, baniſhed, and diſperſed all thoſe that were capable of giving the World this great Man's Life much better than I have done. And Mr. *Trefry*, who deſign'd it, died before he began it, and bemoan'd himſelf for not having undertook it in time.

For the future, therefore, I muſt call *Oroonoko Cæſar*, ſince by that Name only he was known in our weſtern World, and by that Name he was receiv'd on ſhore at *Parham-Houſe*, where he was deſtin'd a Slave. But if the King himſelf (God bleſs him) had come aſhore, there could not have been greater Expectation by all the whole Plantation, and thoſe neighbouring ones, than was on ours at that

that Time; and he was received more like a Governor than a Slave: Notwithſtanding, as the Cuſtom was, they aſſign'd him his Portion of Land, his Houſe and his Buſineſs up in the Plantation. But as it was more for Form, than any Deſign to put him to his Taſk, he endured no more of the Slave but the Name, and remain'd ſome Days in the Houſe, receiving all Viſits that were made him, without ſtirring towards that Part of the Plantation where the Negroes were.

At laſt, he would needs go view his Land, his Houſe, and the Buſineſs aſſign'd him. But he no ſooner came to the Houſes of the Slaves, which are like a little Town by itſelf, the Negroes all having left work, but they all came forth to behold him, and found he was that Prince who had, at ſeveral Times, ſold moſt of 'em to theſe Parts; and from a Veneration they pay to great Men, eſpecially if they know them, and from the Surprize and Awe they had at the Sight of him, they all caſt themſelves at his Feet, crying out, in their Language, *Live, O King! long live, O King!* and kiſſing his Feet, paid him even divine Homage.

Several *Engliſh* Gentlemen were with him, and what Mr. *Trefry* had told 'em was here confirm'd; of which he himſelf before had no other Witneſs than *Cæſar* himſelf: But he was infinitely glad to find his Grandeur confirmed by the Adoration of all the Slaves.

Cæſar, troubled with their over Joy, and over Ceremony, beſought 'em to riſe, and to receive him as their Fellow-Slave; aſſuring them he was no better. At which they ſet up with one accord a moſt terrible and hideous mourning and condoling, which he and the *Engliſh* had much ado to appeaſe: But at laſt they prevail'd with them, and they prepar'd all their barbarous Muſick, and every one kill'd

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and dreſs'd ſomething of his one Stock (for every Family has their Land apart, on which, at their leiſure Times, they bred all eatable Things) and clubbing it together, made a moſt magnificent Supper, inviting their Grandee Captain, their Prince, to honour it with his Preſence; which he did, and ſeveral *Engliſh* with him, where they all waited on him, ſome playing, others dancing before him all the Time, according to the Manners of their ſeveral Nations, and with unwearied Induſtry endeavouring to pleaſe and delight him.

While they ſat at Meat, Mr. *Trefry* told *Cæſar*, that moſt of theſe young Slaves were undone in Love with a fine ſhe Slave, whom they had about ſix Months on their Land. The Prince, who never heard the Name of Love without a Sigh, nor any Mention of it without the Curioſity of examining further into that Tale, which of all Diſcourſes was moſt agreeable to him, aſked how they came to be ſo unhappy, as to be all undone for one fair Slave? *Trefry*, who was naturally amorous, and delighted to talk of Love as well as any body, proceeded to tell him, they had the moſt charming Black that ever was beheld on their Plantation, about fifteen or ſixteen years old, as he gueſs'd; That for his Part, he had done nothing but ſigh for her ever ſince ſhe came; and that all the white Beauties he had ſeen, never charm'd him ſo abſolutely as this fine Creature had done; and that no Man, of any Nation, ever beheld her, that did not fall in Love with her; and that ſhe had all the Slaves perpetually at her Feet; and the whole Country reſounded with the Fame of *Clemene*, for ſo (ſaid he) we have chriſten'd her: But ſhe denies us all with ſuch a noble Diſdain, that 'tis a Miracle to ſee, that ſhe who can give ſuch eternal Deſires, ſhould herſelf be all Ice and all Unconcern. She is adorn'd with the moſt graceful Modeſty that

that ever beautify'd Youth; the ſofteſt Sigher—— that, if ſhe were capable of Love, one would ſwear ſhe languiſh'd for ſome abſent happy Man; and ſo retired, as if ſhe fear'd a Rape even from the God of Day, or that the Breezes would ſteal Kiſſes from her delicate Mouth. Her Taſk of Work, ſome ſighing Lover every Day makes it his Petition to perform for her; which ſhe accepts bluſhing, and with Reluctancy, for fear he will aſk her a Look for a Recompence, which he dares not preſume to hope; ſo great an Awe ſhe ſtrikes into the Hearts of her Admirers. 'I do not wonder (reply'd the Prince) 'that *Clemene* ſhould refuſe Slaves, being, as you 'ſay, ſo beautiful; but wonder how ſhe eſcapes 'thoſe that can entertain her as you can do: Or why, 'being your Slave, you do not oblige her to yield? 'I confeſs (ſaid *Trefry*) when I have, againſt her 'Will, entertained her with Love ſo long, as to be 'tranſported with my Paſſion even above Decency, 'I have been ready to make uſe of thoſe Advanta-'ges of Strength and Force Nature has given me: 'But, Oh! ſhe diſarms me with that Modeſty and 'Weeping, ſo tender and ſo moving, that I retire, 'and thank my Stars ſhe overcame me.' The Company laugh'd at his Civility to a Slave, and *Cæſar* only applauded the Nobleneſs of his Paſſion and Nature, ſince that Slave might be noble, or what was better, have true Notions of Honour and Virtue in her. Thus paſſed they this Night, after having received from the Slaves all imaginable Reſpect and Obedience.

The next Day, *Trefry* aſk'd *Cæſar* to walk when the Heat was allay'd, and deſignedly carried him by the Cottage of the fair Slave; and told him, ſhe whom he ſpoke of laſt Night, lived there retired: But (ſays he) I would not wiſh you to approach; for I am ſure you will be in Love as ſoon as you be-

hold

hold her. *Cæſar* aſſured him, he was Proof againſt all the Charms of that Sex; and that if he imagined his Heart could be ſo perfidious to love again after *Imoinda*, he believed he ſhould tear it from his Boſom. They had no ſooner ſpoke, but a little ſhock Dog, that *Clemene* had preſented her, which ſhe took great Delight in, ran out; and ſhe, not knowing any body was there, ran to get it in again, and bolted out on thoſe who were juſt ſpeaking of her: When ſeeing them, ſhe would have run in again, but *Trefry* caught her by the Hand, and cry'd, *Clemene*, however you fly a Lover, you ought to pay ſome Reſpect to this Stranger (pointing to *Cæſar.*) But ſhe, as if ſhe had reſolved never to raiſe her Eyes to the Face of a Man again, bent them the more to the Earth when he ſpoke, and gave the Prince the Leiſure to look the more at her. There needed no long gazing or Conſideration, to examine who this fair Creature was; he ſoon ſaw *Imoinda* all over her; in a Minute he ſaw her Face, her Shape, her Air, her Modeſty, and all that call'd forth his Soul with Joy at his Eyes, and left his Body deſtitute almoſt of Life: It ſtood without Motion, and for a Minute knew not that it had a Being; and, I believe, he had never come to himſelf, ſo oppreſs'd he was with over Joy, if he had not met with this Allay, that he perceived *Imoinda* fall dead in the Hands of *Trefry*. This awaken'd him, and he ran to her Aid, and caught her in his Arms, where by Degrees ſhe came to herſelf; and 'tis needleſs to tell with what Tranſports, what Extaſies of Joy, they both a while beheld each other, without ſpeaking; then ſnatched each other to their Arms; then gazed again, as if they ſtill doubted whether they poſſeſs'd the Bleſſing they graſped: But when they recover'd their Speech, 'tis not to be imagined what tender Things they expreſs'd to each other;

other; wondering what ſtrange Fate had brought them again together. They ſoon inform'd each other of their Fortunes, and equally bewail'd their Fate; but at the ſame Time they mutually proteſted, that even Fetters and Slavery were ſoft and eaſy, and would be ſupported with Joy and Pleaſure, while they could be ſo happy to poſſeſs each other, and to be able to make good their Vows. *Cæſar* ſwore he diſdained the Empire of the World, while he could behold his *Imoinda*; and ſhe deſpiſed Grandeur and Pomp, thoſe Vanities of her Sex, when ſhe could gaze on *Oroonoko*. He ador'd the very Cottage where ſhe reſided, and ſaid, that little Inch of the World would give him more Happineſs than all the Univerſe could do; and ſhe vow'd it was a Palace, while adorned with the Preſence of *Oroonoko*.

Trefry was infinitely pleaſed with this Novel, and found this *Clemene* was the fair Miſtreſs of whom *Cæſar* had before ſpoke; and was not a little ſatisfy'd, that Heaven was ſo kind to the Prince, as to ſweeten his Misfortunes by ſo lucky an Accident; and leaving the Lovers to themſelves, was impatient to come down to *Parham-Houſe* (which was on the ſame Plantation) to give me an Account of what had happened. I was as impatient to make theſe Lovers a Viſit, having already made a Friendſhip with *Cæſar*, and from his own Mouth learned what I have related; which was confirmed by his *Frenchman*, who was ſet on ſhore to ſeek his Fortune, and of whom they could not make a Slave, becauſe a Chriſtian: And he came daily to *Parham-hill*, to ſee and pay his Reſpects to his Pupil Prince. So that concerning and intereſting myſelf in all that related to *Cæſar*, whom I had aſſured of Liberty as ſoon as the Governor arrived, I haſtened preſently to the Place where theſe Lovers were, and was infinitely

glad to find this beautiful young Slave (who had already gain'd all our Eſteems, for her Modeſty and extraordinary Prettineſs) to be the ſame I had heard *Cæſar* ſpeak ſo much of. One may imagine then we paid her a treble Reſpect; and tho' from her being carved in fine Flowers and Birds over her Body, we took her to be of Quality before, yet when we knew *Clemene* was *Imoinda*, we could not enough admire her.

I had forgot to tell you, that thoſe who are nobly born of that Country, are ſo delicately cut and rais'd all over the Fore-part of the Trunk of their Bodies, that it looks as if it were japan'd, the Works being raiſed like high Point round the Edges of the Flowers. Some are only carved with a little Flower, or Bird, at the Sides of the Temples, as was *Cæſar*; and thoſe who are ſo carved over the Body, reſemble our ancient *Picts* that are figur'd in the Chronicles; but theſe Carvings are more delicate.

From that happy Day *Cæſar* took *Clemene* for his Wife, to the general Joy of all People; and there was as much Magnificence as the Country could afford at the Celebration of this Wedding: And in a very ſhort Time after ſhe conceived with Child, which made *Cæſar* even adore her, knowing he was the laſt of his great Race. This new Accident made him more impatient of Liberty, and he was every Day treating with *Trefry* for his and *Clemene's* Liberty, and offer'd either Gold, or a vaſt Quantity of Slaves, which ſhould be paid before they let him go, provided he could have any Security that he ſhould go when his Ranſom was paid. They fed him from Day to Day with Promiſes, and delay'd him till the Lord-Governor ſhould come; ſo that he began to ſuſpect them of Falſhood, and that they would delay him till the Time of his Wife's Delivery, and make a Slave of the Child too; for all the

the Breed is theirs to whom the Parents belong. This Thought made him very uneaſy, and his Sullenneſs gave them ſome Jealouſies of him; ſo that I was oblig'd, by ſome Perſons who feared a Mutiny (which is very fatal ſometimes in thoſe Colonies that abound ſo with Slaves, that they exceed the Whites in vaſt Numbers) to diſcourſe with *Cæſar*, and to give him all the Satisfaction I poſſibly could: They knew he and *Clemene* were ſcarce an Hour in a Day from my Lodgings; that they eat with me, and that I oblig'd them in all Things I was capable. I entertained them with the Lives of the *Romans*, and great Men, which charmed him to my Company; and her, with teaching her all the pretty Works that I was Miſtreſs of, and telling her Stories of Nuns, and endeavouring to bring her to the Knowledge of the true God: But of all Diſcourſes, *Cæſar* liked that the worſt, and would never be reconciled to our Notions of the Trinity, of which he ever made a Jeſt; it was a Riddle, he ſaid, would turn his Brain to conceive, and one could not make him underſtand what Faith was. However, theſe Converſations fail'd not altogether ſo well to divert him, that he liked the Company of us Women, much above the Men; for he could not drink, and he is but an ill Companion in that Country that cannot. So that obliging him to love us very well, we had all the Liberty of Speech with him, eſpecially myſelf, whom he called his great Miſtreſs; and indeed my Word would go a great Way with him. For theſe Reaſons, I had Opportunity to take Notice to him, that he was not ſo well pleaſed of late as he uſed to be; was more retired and thoughtful; and told him, I took it ill he ſhould ſuſpect we would break our Words with him, and not permit both him and *Clemene* to return to his own Kingdom, which was not ſo long a Way, but when he was

once on his Voyage, he would quickly arrive there. He made me ſome Anſwers that ſhew'd a Doubt in him, which made me aſk, what Advantage it would be to doubt? It would but give us a Fear of him, and poſſibly compel us to treat him ſo as I ſhould be very loath to behold; that is, it might occaſion his Confinement. Perhaps this was not ſo luckily ſpoke of me, for I perceiv'd he reſented that Word, which I ſtrove to ſoften again in vain: However, he aſſur'd me, that whatſoever Reſolutions he ſhould take, he would act nothing upon the white People; and as for myſelf, and thoſe upon that Plantation where he was, he would ſooner forfeit his eternal Liberty, and Life itſelf, than lift his Hand againſt his greateſt Enemy on that Place. He beſought me to ſuffer no Fears upon his Account, for he could do nothing that Honour ſhould not dictate; but he accuſed himſelf for having ſuffer'd Slavery ſo long; yet he charg'd that Weakneſs on Love alone, which was capable of making him neglect even Glory itſelf; and, for which, now he reproaches himſelf every Moment of the Day. Much more to this Effect he ſpoke, with an Air impatient enough to make me know he would not be long in Bondage: And tho' he ſuffer'd only the Name of a Slave, and had nothing of the Toil and Labour of one, yet that was ſufficient to render him uneaſy; and he had been too long idle, who us'd to be always in Action and in Arms. He had a Spirit all rough and fierce, and that could not be tam'd to lazy Reſt: And tho' all Endeavours were us'd to exerciſe himſelf in ſuch Actions and Sports as this World afforded, as running, wreſtling, pitching the Bar, hunting and fiſhing, chaſing and killing Tygers of a monſtrous Size, which this Continent affords in abundance; and wonderful Snakes, ſuch as *Alexander* is reported to have encounter'd at the

the River of *Amazons*, which *Cæſar* took great Delight to overcome; yet theſe were not Actions great enough for his large Soul, which was ſtill panting after more renown'd Actions.

Before I parted that Day with him, I got, with much ado, a Promiſe from him to reſt yet a little longer with Patience, and wait the coming of the Lord-Governor, who was every Day expected on our Shore. He aſſur'd me he would, and this Promiſe he deſir'd me to know was given perfectly in Complaiſance to me, in whom he had an entire Confidence.

After this, I neither thought it convenient to truſt him much out of our View, nor did the Country, who fear'd him; but with one Accord it was adviſ'd to treat him fairly, and oblige him to remain within ſuch a Compaſs, and that he ſhould be permitted, as ſeldom as could be, to go up to the Plantations of the Negroes; or, if he did, to be accompany'd by ſome that ſhould be rather, in Appearance, Attendants than Spies. This Care was for ſome Time taken, and *Cæſar* look'd upon it as a Mark of extraordinary Reſpect, and was glad his Diſcontent had oblig'd 'em to be more obſervant to him. He receiv'd new Aſſurances from the Overſeer, which was confirmed to him by the Opinion of all the Gentlemen of the Country, who made their Court to him. During this Time that we had his Company more frequently than hitherto we had, it may not be unpleaſant to relate to you the Diverſions we entertain'd him with, or rather he us.

My Stay was to be ſhort in that Country; becauſe my Father dy'd at Sea, and never arriv'd to poſſeſs the Honour deſign'd him, (which was Lieutenant-general of ſix and thirty Iſland, beſides the Continent of *Surinam)* nor the Advantages he hop'd to reap by them: So that though we were oblig'd

to continue on our Voyage, we did not intend to ſtay upon the Place: Though, in a Word, I muſt ſay thus much of it, that certainly had his late Majeſty, of ſacred Memory, but ſeen and known what a vaſt and charming World he had been Maſter of in that Continent, he would never have parted ſo eaſily with it to the *Dutch*. 'Tis a Continent, whoſe vaſt Extent was never yet known, and may contain more noble Earth than all the Univerſe beſides; for, they ſay, it reaches from Eaſt to Weſt, one way as far as *China*, and another to *Peru*: It affords all Things, both for Beauty and Uſe; 'tis there eternal Spring, always the very Months of *April*, *May* and *June*; the Shades are perpetual, the Trees bearing at once all Degrees of Leaves and Fruit, from blooming Buds to ripe Autumn: Groves of Oranges, Lemons, Citrons, Figs, Nutmegs, and noble Aromaticks, continually bearing their Fragancies: The Trees appearing all like Noſegays, adorn'd with Flowers of different Kinds; ſome are all white, ſome purple, ſome ſcarlet, ſome blue, ſome yellow; bearing at the ſame Time ripe Fruit, and blooming young, or producing every Day new. The very Wood of all theſe Trees has an intrinſic Value above common Timber; for they are, when cut, of different Colours, glorious to behold, and bear a Price conſiderable, to inlay withal. Beſides this, they yield rich Balm and Gums; ſo that we make our Candles of ſuch an aromatic Subſtance, as does not only give a ſufficient Light, but as they burn, they caſt their Perfumes all about. Cedar is the common firing, and all the Houſes are built with it. The very Meat we eat, when ſet on the Table, if it be native, I mean of the Country, perfumes the whole Room; eſpecially a little Beaſt call'd an *Armadillo*, a Thing which I can liken to nothing ſo well as a *Rhinoceros*; 'tis all in white Ar-

mour,

mour, ſo jointed, that it moves as well in it, as if it had nothing on: This Beaſt is about the Bigneſs of a Pig of ſix Weeks old. But it were endleſs to give an Account of all the divers wonderful and ſtrange Things that Country affords, and which he took a great Delight to go in ſearch of; tho' thoſe Adventures are oftentimes fatal, and at leaſt dangerous. But while we had *Cæſar* in our Company on theſe Deſigns, we fear'd no Harm, nor ſuffer'd any.

As ſoon as I came into the Country, the beſt Houſe in it was preſented to me, call'd St. *John*'s *Hill*: It ſtood on a vaſt Rock of white Marble, at the Foot of which, the River ran a vaſt Depth down, and not to be deſcended on that Side; the little Waves ſtill daſhing and waſhing the Foot of this Rock, made the ſofteſt Murmurs and Purlings in the World; and the oppoſite Bank was adorn'd with ſuch vaſt Quantities of different Flowers eternally blowing, and every Day and Hour new, fenc'd behind 'em with lofty Trees of a thouſand rare Forms and Colours, that the Proſpect was the moſt raviſhing that Sands can create. On the Edge of this white Rock, towards the River, was a Walk or Grove of Orange and Lemon-trees, about half the Length of the Mall here, whoſe Flowery and Fruit-bearing Branches met at the Top, and hinder'd the Sun, whoſe Rays are very fierce there, from entring a Beam into the Grove; and the cool Air that came from the River, made it not only fit to entertain People in, at all the hotteſt Hours of the Day, but refreſh the ſweet Bloſſoms, and made it always ſweet and charming; and ſure the whole Globe of the World cannot ſhew ſo delightful a Place as this Grove was: Not all the Gardens of boaſted *Italy* can produce a Shade to outvie this, which Nature had join'd with Art to render ſo ex-

ceeding fine; and 'tis a Marvel to ſee how ſuch vaſt Trees, as big as *Engliſh* Oaks, could take footing on ſo ſolid a Rock, and in ſo little Earth as cover'd that Rock: But all Things by Nature there are rare, delightful, and wonderful. But to our Sports.

Sometimes we would go ſurpriſing, and in ſearch of young Tygers in their Dens, watching when the old ones went forth to forage for Prey; oftentimes we have been in great Danger, and have fled apace for our Lives, when ſurpriz'd by the Dams. But once, above all other Times, we went on this Deſign, and *Cæſar* was with us; who had no ſooner ſtolen a young Tyger from her Neſt, but going off, we encounter'd the Dam, bearing a Buttock of a Cow, which ſhe had torn off with her mighty Paw, and going with it towards her Den: We had only four Women, *Cæſar*, and an *Engliſh* Gentleman, Brother to *Harry Martin*, the great Oliverian; we found there was no eſcaping this enraged and ravenous Beaſt. However, we Women fled as faſt as we could from it; but our Heels had not ſaved our Lives, if *Cæſar* had not laid down her Cub, when he found the Tyger quit her Prey, to make the more Speed towards him; and taking Mr. *Martin*'s Sword, deſired him to ſtand aſide, or follow the Ladies. He obey'd him; and *Cæſar* met this monſtrous Beaſt of mighty Size, and vaſt Limbs, who came with open Jaws upon him; and fixing his awful ſtern Eyes full upon thoſe of the Beaſt, and putting himſelf into a very ſteady and good aiming Poſture of Defence, ran his Sword quite through her Breaſt, down to her very Heart, home to the Hilt of the Sword. The dying Beaſt ſtretch'd out her Paw, and going to graſp his Thigh, ſurpriz'd with Death in that very Moment, did him no other Harm than fixing her long Nails in his Fleſh very deep, feebly wounding him, but could

not

not graſp the Fleſh to tear off any. When he had done this, he hollow'd to us to return; which, after ſome Aſſurance of his Victory, we did, and found him lugging out the Sword from the Boſom of the Tyger, who was laid in her Blood on the Ground. He took up the Cub, and with an Unconcern that had nothing of the Joy or Gladneſs of Victory, he came and laid the Whelp at my Feet. We all extremely wonder'd at his Daring, and at the Bigneſs of the Beaſt, which was about the Height of an Heifer, but of mighty great and ſtrong Limbs.

Another Time, being in the Woods, he kill'd a Tyger, that had long infeſted that Part, and born away abundance of Sheep and Oxen, and other Things that were for the Support of thoſe to whom they belong'd. Abundance of People aſſail'd this Beaſt, ſome affirming they had ſhot her with ſeveral Bullets quite through the Body at ſeveral Times; and ſome ſwearing they had ſhot her through the very Heart; and they believed ſhe was a Devil, rather than a mortal Thing. *Cæſar* had often ſaid, he had a Mind to encounter this Monſter, and ſpoke with ſeveral Gentlemen who had attempted her; one crying, I ſhot her with ſo many poiſon'd Arrows, another with his Gun in this Part of her, and another in that; ſo that he remarking all the Places where ſhe was ſhot, fancy'd ſtill he ſhould overcome her, by giving her another Sort of a Wound than any had yet done; and one Day ſaid (at the Table) 'What Trophies and Garlands, 'Ladies, will you make me, if I bring you home 'the Heart of this ravenous Beaſt, that eats up all 'your Lambs and Pigs?' We all promis'd he ſhould be rewarded at our Hands. So taking a Bow, which he choſe out of a great many, he went up into the Wood, with two Gentlemen, where he imagin'd this Devourer to be. They had not paſs'd very

very far into it, but they heard her Voice, growling and grumbling, as if ſhe were pleas'd with ſomething ſhe was doing. When they came in View, they found her muzzling in the Belly of a new raviſh'd Sheep, which ſhe had tore open; and ſeeing herſelf approach'd, ſhe took faſt hold of her Prey with her fore Paws, and ſet a very fierce raging Look on *Cæſar*, without offering to approach him, for fear at the ſame Time of loſing what ſhe had in poſſeſſion: So that *Cæſar* remained a good while, only taking Aim, and getting an Opportunity to ſhoot her where he deſign'd. 'Twas ſome Time before he could accompliſh it; and to wound her, and not kill her, would but have enrag'd her the more, and endanger'd him. He had a Quiver of Arrows at his Side, ſo that if one fail'd, he could be ſupply'd: At laſt, retiring a little, he gave her an Opportunity to eat, for he found ſhe was ravenous, and fell too as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him retire, being more eager of her Prey, than doing new Miſchiefs; when he going ſoftly to one Side of her, and hiding his Perſon behind a certain Herbage, that grew high and thick, he took ſo good Aim, that, as he intended, he ſhot her juſt into the Eye, and the Arrow was ſent with ſo good a Will, and ſo ſure a Hand, that it ſtuck in her Brain, and made her caper, and become mad for a Moment or two; but being ſeconded by another Arrow, ſhe fell dead upon the Prey. *Cæſar* cut her open with a Knife, to ſee where thoſe Wounds were that had been reported to him, and why ſhe did not die of them. But I ſhall now relate a Thing that, poſſibly, will find no Credit among Men; becauſe 'tis a Notion commonly received with us, that nothing can receive a Wound in the Heart and live: But when the Heart of this courageous Animal was taken out, there were ſeven Bullets of Lead in it, the Wound

ſeam'd

ſeam'd up with great Scars, and ſhe liv'd with the Bullets a great while, for it was long ſince they were ſhot: This Heart the Conqueror brought up to us, and 'twas a very great Curioſity, which all the Country came to ſee; and which gave *Cæſar* occaſion of many fine Diſcourſes of Accidents in War, and ſtrange Eſcapes.

At other Times he would go a fiſhing; and diſcourſing on that Diverſion, he found we had in that Country a very ſtrange Fiſh called a Numb-Eel, (an Eel of which I have eaten) that while it is alive, it has a Quality ſo cold, that thoſe who are angling, though with a Line of ever ſo great a Length, with a Rod at the End of it, it ſhall in the ſame Minute the Bait is touch'd by this Eel, ſeize him or her that holds the Rod with a Numbneſs, that ſhall deprive him of Senſe for a while; and ſome have fallen into the Water, and others dropp'd as dead, on the Banks of the Rivers where they ſtood, as ſoon as this Fiſh touches the Bait. *Cæſar* uſed to laugh at this, and believed it impoſſible a Man could loſe his Force at the Touch of a Fiſh; and could not underſtand that Philoſophy, that a cold Quality ſhould be of that Nature: However, he had a great Curioſity to try whether it would have the ſame Effect on him it had on others, and often try'd, but in vain. At laſt, the ſought-for Fiſh came to the Bait, as he ſtood angling on the Bank; and inſtead of throwing away the Rod, or giving it a ſudden Twitch out of the Water, whereby he might have caught both the Eel, and have diſmiſſed the Rod, before it could have too much Power over him: For Experiment's-ſake he graſp'd it but the harder, and fainting, fell into the River; and being ſtill poſſeſſed of the Rod, the Tide carry'd him, ſenſeleſs as he was, a great way, till an *Indian* Boat took him up; and perceiv'd, when they touch'd him, a Numb-

neſs

neſs ſeize them, and by that knew the Rod was in his Hand; which, with a Paddle, (that is a ſhort Oar) they ſtruck away, and ſnatch'd it into the Boat, Eel and all. If *Cæſar* was almoſt dead with the Effect of this Fiſh, he was more ſo with that of the Water, where he had remain'd the Space of going a League, and they found they had much ado to bring him back to Life; but at laſt they did, and brought him home, where he was in a few Hours well recover'd and refreſh'd, and not a little aſham'd to find he ſhould be overcome by an Eel, and that all the People who heard his Defiance, would laugh at him. But we chear'd him up, and he being convinc'd, we had the Eel at Supper, which was a Quarter of an Ell about, and moſt delicate Meat; and was of the more Value, ſince it coſt ſo dear as almoſt the Life of ſo gallant a Man.

About this Time we were in many mortal Fears, about ſome Diſputes the *Engliſh* had with the *Indians*; ſo that we could ſcarce truſt ourſelves, without great Numbers, to go to any *Indian* Towns, or Place where they abode, for fear they ſhould fall upon us, as they did immediately after my coming away; and the Place being in the Poſſeſſion of the *Dutch*, they uſed them not ſo civilly as the *Engliſh*; ſo that they cut in Pieces all they could take, getting into Houſes, and hanging up the Mother and all her Children about her; and cut a Footman I left behind me all in Joints, and nail'd him to Trees.

This Feud began while I was there; ſo that I loſt half the Satisfaction I propoſed, in not ſeeing and viſiting the *Indian* Towns. But one Day, bemoaning of our Misfortunes upon this Account, *Cæſar* told us, we need not fear, for if we had a Mind to go, he would undertake to be our Guard. Some would, but moſt would not venture: About eighteen of us reſolv'd, and took Barge; and after

eight

eight Days, arriv'd near an *Indian* Town: But approaching it, the Hearts of ſome of our Company fail'd, and they would not venture on ſhore; ſo we poll'd, who would, and who would not. For my Part, I ſaid, if *Cæſar* would, I would go. He reſolv'd; ſo did my Brother, and my Woman, a Maid of good Courage. Now none of us ſpeaking the Language of the People, and imagining we ſhould have a half Diverſion in gazing only, and not knowing what they ſaid, we took a Fiſherman that liv'd at the Mouth of the River, who had been a long Inhabitant there, and obliged him to go with us: But becauſe he was known to the *Indians*, as trading among 'em, and being, by long living there, become a perfect *Indian* in Colour, we, who had a Mind to ſurprize them, by making them ſee ſomething they never had ſeen, (that is, white People) reſolv'd only myſelf, my Brother and Woman ſhould go: So *Cæſar*, the Fiſherman, and the reſt, hiding behind ſome thick Reeds and Flowers that grew on the Banks, let us paſs on towards the Town, which was on the Bank of the River all along. A little diſtant from the Houſes or Huts, we ſaw ſome dancing, others buſied in fetching and carrying of Water from the River. They had no ſooner ſpy'd us, but they ſet up a loud Cry, that freighted us at firſt; we thought it had been for thoſe that ſhould kill us, but it ſeems it was of Wonder and Amazement. They were all naked; and we were dreſſed, ſo as is moſt commode for the hot Countries, very glittering and rich; ſo that we appear'd extremely fine; my own Hair was cut ſhort, and I had a Taffety Cap, with black Feathers on my Head; my Brother was in a Stuff Suit, with ſilver Loops and Buttons, and abundance of green Ribbon. This was all infinitely ſurpriſing to them; and becauſe we ſaw them ſtand ſtill till we approached them, we

took Heart and advanced, came up to them, and offered them our Hands; which they took, and look'd on us round about, calling ſtill for more Company; who came ſwarming out, all wondering, and crying out *Tepeeme*; taking their Hair up in their Hands, and ſpreading it wide to thoſe they called out to; as if they would ſay (as indeed it ſignify'd) numberleſs Wonders, or not to be recounted, no more than to number the Hair of their Heads. By degrees they grew more bold, and from gazing upon us round, they touch'd us, laying their Hands upon all the Features of our Faces, feeling our Breaſts and Arms, taking up one Petticoat, then wondering to ſee another; admiring our Shoes and Stockings, but more our Garters, which we gave them, and they ty'd about their Legs, being lac'd with Silver-lace at the Ends; for they much eſteem any ſhining Things. In fine, we ſuffered them to ſurvey us as they pleaſed, and we thought they would never have done admiring us. When *Cæſar* and the reſt ſaw we were received with ſuch Wonder, they came up to us; and finding the *Indian* Trader whom they knew, (for 'tis by theſe Fiſhermen, call'd *Indian* Traders, we hold a Commerce with them; for they love not to go far from home, and we never go to them) when they ſaw him therefore, they ſet up a new Joy, and cry'd in their Language, Oh, here's our *Tiguamy*, and we ſhall know whether thoſe Things can ſpeak. So advancing to him, ſome of them gave him their Hands, and cry'd, *Amora Tiguamy*; which is as much as, How do you do? Or, welcome, Friend; and all, with one Din, began to gabble to him, and aſk'd, if we had Senſe and Wit? If we could talk of Affairs of Life and War as they could? If we could hunt, ſwim, and do a thouſand Things they uſe? He anſwer'd them we could. Then they invited us into their Houſes, and dreſs'd

Veniſon

Veniſon and Buffalo for us; and going out, gather'd a Leaf of a Tree, called a Sarumbo-leaf, of ſix Yards long, and ſpread it on the Ground for a Table-cloth: And cutting another in Pieces, inſtead of Plates, ſet us on little low *Indian* Stools, which they cut of one entire Piece of Wood, and paint in a ſort of japan'd Work. They ſerve every one their Meſs on theſe Pieces of Leaves; and it was very good, but too high-ſeaſon'd with Pepper. When we had eat, my Brother and I took out our Flutes, and play'd to 'em, which gave 'em new Wonder; and I ſoon perceived, by an Admiration that is natural to theſe People, and by the extreme Ignorance and Simplicity of 'em, it were not difficult to eſtabliſh any unknown or extravagant Religion among them, and to impoſe any Notions or Fictions upon 'em. For ſeeing a Kinſman of mine ſet ſome Paper on fire with a Burning-glaſs, a Trick they had never before ſeen, they were like to have adored him for a God, and begg'd he would give 'em the Characters or Figures of his Name, that they might oppoſe it againſt Winds and Storms: Which he did, and they held it up in thoſe Seaſons, and fancy'd it had a Charm to conquer them, and kept it like a holy Relique. They are very ſuperſtitious, and call'd him the great *Peeie*, that is, Prophet. They ſhewed us their *Indian Peeie*, a Youth of about ſixteen Years old, as handſome as Nature could make a Man. They conſecrate a beautiful Youth from his Infancy, and all Arts are uſed to compleat him in the fineſt Manner, both in Beauty and Shape: He is bred to all the little Arts and Cunning they are capable of; to all the legerdemain Tricks and Slight of Hand, whereby he impoſes on the Rabble; and is both a Doctor in Phyſic and Divinity. And by theſe Tricks, make the Sick believe he ſometimes eaſes their Pains, by drawing from the afflicted Part

little

little Serpents, or odd Flies, or Worms, or any ſtrange Thing: And tho' they have beſides undoubted good Remedies for almoſt all their Diſeaſes, they cure the Patient more by Fancy than by Medicines, and make themſelves feared, loved, and reverenced. This young *Peeie* had a very young Wife, who ſeeing my Brother kiſs her, came running and kiſs'd me. After this they kiſs'd one another, and made it a very great Jeſt, it being ſo novel; and new Admiration and Laughing went round the Multitude, that they never will forget that Ceremony, never before us'd or known. *Cæſar* had a Mind to ſee and talk with their War-captains, and we were conducted to one of their Houſes, where we beheld ſeveral of the great Captains, who had been at Council: But ſo frightful a Viſion it was to ſee 'em, no Fancy can create; no ſad Dreams can repreſent ſo dreadful a Spectacle. For my Part, I took 'em for Hobgoblins, or Fiends, rather than Men. But however their Shapes appear'd, their Souls were very humane and noble; but ſome wanted their Noſes, ſome their Lips, ſome both Noſes and Lips, ſome their Ears, and others cut through each Cheek, with long Slaſhes, through which their Teeth appear'd: They had ſeveral other formidable Wounds and Scars, or rather Diſmembrings. They had Comitia's or little Aprons before them; and Girdles of Cotton, with their Knives naked ſtuck in it; a Bow at their Back, and a Quiver of Arrows on their Thighs; and moſt had Feathers on their Heads of divers Colours. They cry'd *Amora Tiguamy* to us, at our Entrance, and were pleas'd we ſaid as much to them: They ſeated us, and gave us Drink of the beſt Sort, and wonder'd as much as the others had done before, to ſee us. *Cæſar* was marvelling as much at their Faces, wondering how they ſhould be all ſo wounded in War: He

was

was impatient to know how they all came by thoſe frightful Marks of Rage or Malice, rather than Wounds got in noble Battle: They told by our Interpreter, that when any War was waging, two Men choſen out by ſome old Captain whoſe fighting was paſt, and who could only teach the Theory of War, were to ſtand in Competition for the Generalſhip, or great War-Captain; and being brought before the old Judges, now paſt Labour, they are aſk'd, what they dare do, to ſhew they are worthy to lead an Army? When he who is firſt aſk'd, making no Reply, cuts off his Noſe, and throws it contemptibly on the Ground; and the other does ſomething to himſelf that he thinks ſurpaſſes him, and perhaps deprives himſelf of Lips and an Eye: So they ſlaſh on till one gives out, and many have dy'd in this Debate. And 'tis by a paſſive Valour they ſhew and prove their Activity, a ſort of Courage too brutal to be applauded by our black Hero; nevertheleſs, he expreſs'd his Eſteem of 'em.

In this Voyage *Cæſar* begat ſo good an Underſtanding between the *Indians* and the *Engliſh*, that there were no more Fears or Heart-burnings during our Stay, but we had a perfect, open, and free Trade with 'em. Many Things remarkable, and worthy reciting, we met with in this ſhort Voyage; becauſe *Cæſar* made it his Buſineſs to ſearch out and provide for our Entertainment, eſpecially to pleaſe his dearly ador'd *Imoinda*, who was a Sharer in all our Adventures; we being reſolv'd to make her Chains as eaſy as we could, and to compliment the Prince in that Manner that moſt oblig'd him.

As we were coming up again, we met with ſome *Indians* of ſtrange Aſpects; that is, of a larger Size, and other Sort of Features, than thoſe of our Country. Our *Indian* Slaves, that row'd us, aſk'd 'em ſome Queſtions; but they could not underſtand

us, but ſhew'd us a long Cotton String, with ſeveral Knots on it, and told us, they had been coming from the Mountains ſo many Moons as there were Knots: They were habited in Skins of a ſtrange Beaſt, and brought along with 'em Bags of gold Duſt; which, as well as they could give us to underſtand, came ſtreaming in little ſmall Channels down the high Mountains, when the Rains fell; and offer'd to be the Convoy to any Body, or Perſons, that would go to the Mountains. We carry'd theſe Men up to *Parham*, where they were kept till the Lord-Governor came: And becauſe all the Country was mad to be going on this golden Adventure, the Governor, by his Letters, commanded (for they ſent ſome of the Gold to him) that a Guard ſhould be ſet at the Mouth of the River of *Amazons* (a River ſo call'd, almoſt as broad as the River of *Thames*) and prohibited all People from going up that River, it conducting to thoſe Mountains of Gold. But we going off for *England* before the Project was further proſecuted, and the Governor being drown'd in a Hurricane, either the Deſign died, or the *Dutch* have the Advantage of it: And 'tis to be bemoan'd what his Majeſty loſt, by loſing that Part of *America*.

Tho' this Digreſſion is a little from my Story, however, ſince it contains ſome Proofs of the Curioſity and Daring of this great Man, I was content to omit nothing of his Character.

It was thus for ſome Time we diverted him; but now *Imoinda* began to ſhew ſhe was with Child, and did nothing but ſigh and weep for the Captivity of her Lord, herſelf, and the Infant yet unborn; and believ'd, if it were ſo hard to gain the Liberty of two, 'twould be more difficult to get that for three. Her Griefs were ſo many Darts in the great Heart of *Cæſar*, and taking his Opportunity, one

Sunday,

Sunday, when all the Whites were overtaken in Drink, as there were abundance of ſeveral Trades, and Slaves for four Years, that inhabited among the Negro Houſes; and *Sunday* being their Day of Debauch, (otherwiſe there were a Sort of Spies upon *Cæſar*) he went, pretending out of Goodneſs to 'em, to feaſt among 'em, and ſent all his Muſick, and order'd a great Treat for the whole Gang, about three hundred Negroes, and about an hundred and fifty were able to bear Arms, ſuch as they had, which were ſufficient to do in Execution, with Spirits accordingly: For the *Engliſh* had none but ruſty Swords, that no Strength could draw from a Scabbard; except the People of particular Quality, who took care to oil 'em, and keep 'em in good Order. The Guns alſo, unleſs here and there one, or thoſe newly carry'd from *England*, would do no Good or Harm; for 'tis the Nature of that Country to ruſt and eat up Iron, or any Metals but Gold and Silver. And they are very expert at the Bow, which the *Negroes* and *Indians* are perfect Maſters of.

Cæſar, having ſingled out theſe Men from the Women and Children, made an Harangue to 'em, of the Miſeries and Ignominies of Slavery; counting up all their Toils and Sufferings, under ſuch Loads, Burdens and Drudgeries, as were fitter for Beaſts than Men; ſenſeleſs Brutes, than human Souls. He told 'em, it was not for Days, Months, or Years, but for Eternity; there was no End to be of their Misfortunes: They ſuffer'd not like Men, who might find a Glory and Fortitude in Oppreſſion; but like Dogs, that lov'd the Whip and Bell, and fawn'd the more they were beaten: That they had loſt the divine Quality of Men, and were become inſenſible Aſſes, fit only to bear; Nay, worſe; an Aſs, or Dog, or Horſe, having done his Duty, could lie down in Retreat, and riſe to work

again, and while he did his Duty, endur'd no Stripes; but Men, villainous, ſenſeleſs Men, ſuch as they, toil'd on all the tedious Week, 'till black *Friday*; and then, whether they work'd or not, whether they were faulty or meriting, they promiſcuouſly, the innocent with the guilty, ſuffer'd the infamous Whip, the ſordid Stripes, from their Fellow-ſlaves, 'till their Blood trickled from all Parts of their Body; Blood, whoſe every Drop ought to be reveng'd with a Life of ſome of thoſe Tyrants that impoſe it. 'And why (ſaid he) my dear 'Friends and Fellow-ſufferers, ſhould we be Slaves 'to an unknown People? Have they vanquiſh'd 'us nobly in Fight? Have they won us in ho-'nourable Battle? And are we by the Chance of 'War become their Slaves? This would not anger 'a noble Heart; this would not animate a Soldier's 'Soul: No, but we are bought and ſold like Apes 'or Monkeys, to be the Sport of Women, Fools 'and Cowards; and the Support of Rogues and 'Runagades, that have abandon'd their own Coun-'tries for Rapine, Murders, Theft and Villainies. 'Do you not hear every Day how they upbraid 'each other with Infamy of Life, below the wild-'eſt Savages? And ſhall we render Obedience to 'ſuch a degenerate Race, who have no one hu-'man Virtue left, to diſtinguiſh them from the 'vileſt Creatures? Will you, I ſay, ſuffer the Laſh 'from ſuch Hands?' They all reply'd with one Accord, 'No, no, no; *Cæſar* has ſpoke like a 'great Captain, like a great King.'

After this he would have proceeded, but was interrupted by a tall Negro, of ſome more Quality than the reſt, his Name was *Tuſcan*; who bowing at the Feet of *Cæſar*, cry'd, 'My Lord, we have 'liſten'd with Joy and Attention to what you have 'ſaid; and, were we only Men, would follow ſo

'great

'great a Leader through the World: But O! 'conſider we are Huſbands and Parents too, and 'have Things more dear to us than Life; our 'Wives and Children, unfit for Travel in thoſe un-'paſſable Woods, Mountains and Bogs. We have 'not only difficult Lands to overcome, but Rivers 'to wade, and Mountains to encounter; ravenous 'Beaſts of Prey.' ----- To this *Cæſar* reply'd, 'That Honour was the firſt Principle in Nature, 'that was to be obey'd; but as no Man would 'pretend to that, without all the Acts of Virtue, 'Compaſſion, Charity, Love, Juſtice and Reaſon, 'he found it not inconſiſtent with that, to take 'equal Care of their Wives and Children as they 'would of themſelves; and that he did not deſign, 'when he led them to Freedom, and glorious Li-'berty, that they ſhould leave that better Part of 'themſelves to periſh by the Hand of the Tyrant's 'Whip: But if there were a Woman among them 'ſo degenerate from Love and Virtue, to chuſe Sla-'very before the Purſuit of her Huſband, and with 'the Hazard of her Life, to ſhare with him in his 'Fortunes; that ſuch a one ought to be aban-'don'd, and left as a Prey to the common Enemy.'

To which they all agreed—— and bowed. After this, he ſpoke of the impaſſable Woods and Rivers; and convinced them, the more Danger the more Glory. He told them, that he had heard of one *Hannibal*, a great Captain, had cut his Way through Mountains of ſolid Rocks; and ſhould a few Shrubs oppoſe them, which they could fire before 'em? No, 'twas a trifling Excuſe to Men reſolv'd to die, or overcome. As for Bogs, they are with a little Labour fill'd and harden'd; and the Rivers could be no Obſtacle, ſince they ſwam by Nature, at leaſt by Cuſtom, from the firſt Hour of their Birth; That when the Children were weary, they

they muſt carry them by Turns, and the Woods and their own Induſtry would afford them Food. To this they all aſſented with Joy.

Tuſcan then demanded, what he would do? He ſaid, he would travel towards the Sea, plant a new Colony, and defend it by their Valour; and when they could find a Ship, either driven by ſtreſs of Weather, or guided by Providence that Way, they would ſeize it, and make it a Prize, till it had tranſported them to their own Countries: At leaſt, they ſhould be made free in his Kingdom, and be eſteem'd as his Fellow-ſufferers, and Men that had the Courage and Bravery to attempt, at leaſt, for Liberty; and if they died in the Attempt, it would be more brave, than to live in perpetual Slavery.

They bow'd and kiſs'd his Feet at this Reſolution, and with one Accord vow'd to follow him to Death; and that Night was appointed to begin their March. They made it known to their Wives, and directed them to tie their Hamocks about their Shoulders, and under their Arms, like a Scarf, and to lead their Children that could go, and carry thoſe that could not. The Wives, who pay an entire Obedience to their Huſbands, obey'd, and ſtay'd for 'em where they were appointed: The Men ſtay'd but to furniſh themſelves with what defenſive Arms they could get; and all met at the Rendezvous, where *Cæſar* made a new encouraging Speech to 'em, and led 'em out.

But as they could not march far that Night, on *Monday* early, when the Overſeers went to call 'em all together, to go to work, they were extremely ſurpriz'd, to find not one upon the Place, but all fled with what Baggage they had. You may imagine this News was not only ſuddenly ſpread all over the Plantation, but ſoon reached the neighbouring ones; and we had by Noon about 600 Men,

Men, they call the Militia of the Country, that came to aſſiſt us in the Purſuit of the Fugitives: But never did one ſee ſo comical an Army march forth to War. The Men of any Faſhion would not concern themſelves, tho' it were almoſt the common Cauſe; for ſuch Revoltings are very ill Examples, and have very fatal Conſequences oftentimes, in many Colonies: But they had a Reſpect for *Cæſar*, and all Hands were againſt the *Parhamites* (as they called thoſe of *Parham* Plantation) becauſe they did not in the firſt Place love the Lord-Governor: And, ſecondly, they would have it, that *Cæſar* was ill uſed, and baffled with; and 'tis not impoſſible but ſome of the beſt in the Country was of his Council in this Flight, and depriving us of all the Slaves, ſo that they of the better Sort would not meddle in the Matter. The Deputy-governor, of whom I have had no great Occaſion to ſpeak, and who was the moſt fawning fair-tongu'd Fellow in the World, and one that pretended the moſt Friendſhip to *Cæſar*, was now the only violent Man againſt him; and tho' he had nothing, and ſo need fear nothing, yet talked and looked bigger than any Man. He was a Fellow, whoſe Character is fit to be mention'd with the worſt of the Slaves; this Fellow would lead his Army forth to meet *Cæſar*, or rather to purſue him. Moſt of their Arms were of thoſe ſort of cruel Whips they call Cat with nine Tails; ſome had ruſty uſeleſs Guns for ſhew; others old Baſket Hilts, whoſe Blades had never ſeen the Light in this Age; and others had long Staves and Clubs. Mr. *Trefry* went along, rather to be a Mediator than a Conqueror in ſuch a Battle; for he foreſaw and knew, if by fighting they put the Negroes into Deſpair, they were a ſort of ſullen Fellows, that would drown or kill themſelves before they would yield; and he adviſ'd

vis'd that fair means was beſt: But *Byam* was one that abounded in his own Wit, and would take his own Meaſures.

It was not hard to find theſe Fugitives; for as they fled, they were forced to fire and cut the Woods before 'em: So that Night or Day they purſu'd 'em by the Light they made, and by the Path they had cleared. But as ſoon as *Cæſar* found he was purſu'd, he put himſelf in a Poſture of Defence, placing all the Women and Children in the Rear; and himſelf, with *Tuſcan* by his Side, or next to him, all promiſing to die or conquer. Encouraged thus, they never ſtood to parley, but fell on pell-mell upon the *Engliſh*, and killed ſome, and wounded a great many; they having Recourſe to their Whips, as the beſt of their Weapons. And as they obſerved no Order, they perplexed the Enemy ſo ſorely, with laſhing 'em in the Eyes; and the Women and Children ſeeing their Huſbands ſo treated, being of fearful and cowardly Diſpoſitions, and hearing the *Engliſh* cry out, Yield, and live! yield, and be pardon'd! they all ran in amongſt their Huſbands and Fathers, and hung about them, crying out, Yield! yield! and leave *Cæſar* to their Revenge; that by Degrees the Slaves abandon'd *Cæſar*, and left him only *Tuſcan* and his heroic *Imoinda*, who grown as big as ſhe was, did nevertheleſs preſs near her Lord, having a Bow and Quiver full of poiſon'd Arrows, which ſhe manag'd with ſuch Dexterity, that ſhe wounded ſeveral, and ſhot the Governor into the Shoulder; of which Wound he had like to have died, but that an *Indian* Woman, his Miſtreſs, ſuck'd the Wound, and cleans'd it from the Venom: But however, he ſtirr'd not from the Place till he had parly'd with *Cæſar*, who he found was reſolved to die fighting, and would not be taken; no more would *Tuſcan* or *Imoinda*. But he,

more

more thirſting after Revenge of another Sort, than that of depriving him of Life, now made uſe of all his Art of talking and diſſembling, and beſought *Cæſar* to yield himſelf upon Terms which he himſelf ſhould propoſe, and ſhould be ſacredly aſſented to, and kept by him. He told him, it was not that he any longer fear'd him, or could believe the Force of two Men, and a young Heroine, could overthrow all them, and with all the Slaves now on their Side alſo; but it was the vaſt Eſteem he had for his Perſon, the Deſire he had to ſerve ſo gallant a Man, and to hinder himſelf from the Reproach hereafter, of having been the Occaſion of the Death of a Prince, whoſe Valour and Magnanimity deſerv'd the Empire of the World. He proteſted to him, he looked upon his Action as gallant and brave, however tending to the Prejudice of his Lord and Maſter, who would by it have loſt ſo conſiderable a Number of Slaves; that this Flight of his ſhould be look'd on as a Heat of Youth, and a Raſhneſs of a too forward Courage, and an unconſider'd Impatience of Liberty, and no more; and that he labour'd in vain to accompliſh that which they would effectually perform as ſoon as any Ship arrived that would touch on his Coaſt: 'So that if 'you will be pleaſed (continued he) to ſurrender 'yourſelf, all imaginable Reſpect ſhall be paid you; 'and yourſelf, your Wife and Child, if it be born 'here, ſhall depart free out of our Land.' But *Cæſar* would hear of no Compoſition; tho' *Byam* urged, if he purſued and went on in his Deſign, he would inevitably periſh, either by great Snakes, wild Beaſts, or Hunger; and he ought to have regard to his Wife, whoſe Condition requir'd Eaſe, and not the Fatigues of tedious Travel, where ſhe could not be ſecured from being devoured. But *Cæſar* told him, there was no Faith in the white Men,

or the Gods they ador'd, who inſtructed them in Principles ſo falſe, that honeſt Men could not live amongſt them; tho' no People profeſs'd ſo much, none perform'd ſo little: That he knew what he had to do when he dealt with Men of Honour; but with them a Man ought to be eternally on his Guard, and never to eat and drink with Chriſtians, without his Weapon of Defence in his Hand; and, for his own Security, never to credit one Word they ſpoke. As for the Raſhneſs and Inconſiderateneſs of his Action, he would confeſs the Governor is in the right; and that he was aſhamed of what he had done, in endeavouring to make thoſe free, who were by Nature Slaves, poor wretched Rogues, fit to be uſed as Chriſtian Tools; Dogs, treacherous and cowardly, fit for ſuch Maſters; and they wanted only but to be whipped into the Knowledge of the Chriſtian Gods, to be the vileſt of all creeping Things; to learn to worſhip ſuch Deities as had not Power to make them juſt, brave, or honeſt: In fine, after a thouſand Things of this Nature, not fit here to be recited, he told *Byam*, he had rather die, than live upon the ſame Earth with ſuch Dogs. But *Trefry* and *Byam* pleaded and proteſted together ſo much, that *Trefry* believing the Governor to mean what he ſaid, and ſpeaking very cordially himſelf, generouſly put himſelf into *Cæſar*'s Hands, and took him aſide, and perſuaded him, even with Tears, to live, by ſurrendering himſelf, and to name his Conditions. *Cæſar* was overcome by his Wit and Reaſons, in conſideration of *Imoinda*; and demanding what he deſired, and that it ſhould be ratify'd by their Hands in writing, becauſe he had perceiv'd that was the common way of Contract between Man and Man amongſt the Whites; all this was performed, and *Tuſcan*'s Pardon was put in, and they ſurrender'd to the Governor, who walked peaceably

peaceably down into the Plantation with them, after giving order to bury their dead. *Cæſar* was very much toil'd with the buſtle of the Day, for he had fought like a Fury; and what Miſchief was done he and *Tuſcan* perform'd alone; and gave their Enemies a fatal Proof, that they durſt do any thing, and fear'd no mortal Force.

But they were no ſooner arrived at the Place where all the Slaves receive their Puniſhments of whipping, but they laid Hands on *Cæſar* and *Tuſcan*, faint with Heat and Toil, and ſurprizing them, bound them to two ſeveral Stakes, and whipped them in a moſt deplorable and inhuman Manner, rending the very Fleſh from their Bones, eſpecially *Cæſar*, who was not perceived to make any Moan, or to alter his Face, only to roll his Eyes on the faithleſs Governor, and thoſe he believed guilty, with Fierceneſs and Indignation; and to complete his Rage, he ſaw every one of thoſe Slaves who but a few Days before ador'd him as ſomething more than mortal, now had a Whip to give him ſome Laſhes, while he ſtrove not to break his Fetters; tho' if he had, it were impoſſible: But he pronounced a Woe and Revenge from his Eyes, that darted Fire, which was at once both aweful and terrible to behold.

When they thought they were ſufficiently revenged on him, they unty'd him, almoſt fainting with loſs of Blood, from a thouſand Wounds all over his Body; from which they had rent his Clothes, and led him bleeding and naked as he was, and loaded him all over with Irons; and then rubb'd his Wounds, to complete their Cruelty, with *Indian* Pepper, which had like to have made him raving mad; and, in this Condition made him ſo faſt to the Ground, that he could not ſtir, if his Pains and Wounds would have given him leave.

They ſpared *Imoinda*, and did not let her ſee this Barbarity committed towards her Lord, but carry'd her down to *Parham*, and ſhut her up; which was not in Kindneſs to her, but for fear ſhe ſhould die with the Sight, or miſcarry, and then they ſhould loſe a young Slave, and perhaps the Mother.

You muſt know, that when the News was brought on *Monday* Morning, that *Cæſar* had betaken himſelf to the Woods, and carry'd with him all the Negroes, we were poſſeſs'd with extreme Fear, which no Perſuaſions could diſſipate, that he would ſecure himſelf till Night, and then would come down and cut all our Throats. This Apprehenſion made all the Females of us fly down the River to be ſecured; and while we were away they acted this Cruelty; for I ſuppoſe I had Authority and Intereſt enough there, had I ſuſpected any ſuch Thing, to have prevented it: But we had not gone many Leagues, but the News overtook us, that *Cæſar* was taken and whipped like a common Slave. We met on the River with Colonel *Martin*, a Man of great Gallantry, Wit, and Goodneſs, and whom I have celebrated in a Character of my new Comedy, by his own Name, in memory of ſo brave a Man: He was wiſe and eloquent, and from the Fineneſs of his Parts, bore a great Sway over the Hearts of all the Colony; he was a Friend to *Cæſar*, and reſented this falſe Dealing with him very much. We carry'd him back to *Parham*, thinking to have made an Accommodation; when he came, the firſt News we heard was, that the Governor was dead of a Wound *Imoinda* had given him; but it was not ſo well. But it ſeems, he would have the Pleaſure of beholding the Revenge he took on *Cæſar*; and before the cruel Ceremony was finiſhed, he dropt down; and then they perceiv'd the Wound he had on his Shoulder was by a venom'd Arrow, which,

which, as I ſaid, his *Indian* Miſtreſs healed, by ſucking the Wound.

We were no ſooner arriv'd, but we went up to the Plantation to ſee *Cæſar*; whom we found in a very miſerable and unexpreſſible Condition; and I have a thouſand Times admired how he lived in ſuch tormenting Pain. We ſaid all Things to him, that Trouble, Pity, and Good-nature could ſuggeſt, proteſting our Innocency of the Fact, and our Abhorrence of ſuch Cruelties; making a thouſand Profeſſions and Services to him, and begging as many Pardons for the Offenders, till we ſaid ſo much, that he believ'd we had no Hand in his ill Treatment; but told us, he could never pardon *Byam*; as for *Trefry*, he confeſs'd he ſaw his Grief and Sorrow for his Suffering, which he could not hinder, but was like to have been beaten down by the very Slaves, for ſpeaking in his Defence: But for *Byam*, who was their Leader, their Head——— and ſhould, by his Juſtice and Honour, have been an Example to 'em——— for him, he wiſh'd to live to take a dire Revenge of him; and ſaid, it had been well for him, if he had ſacrificed me, inſtead of giving me the contemptible Whip. He refus'd to talk much; but begging us to give him our Hands, he took them, and proteſted never to lift up his to do us any Harm. He had a great Reſpect for Colonel *Martin*, and always took his Counſel like that of a Parent; and aſſur'd him, he would obey him in any thing, but his Revenge on *Byam*: 'Therefore '(ſaid he) for his own Safety, let him ſpeedily diſ-'patch me; for if I could diſpatch myſelf, I would 'not, till that Juſtice were done to my injur'd Per-'ſon, and the Contempt of a Soldier: No, I would 'not kill myſelf, even after a Whipping, but will 'be content to live with that Infamy, and be point-'ed at by every grinning Slave, till I have completed

'my Revenge; and then you ſhall ſee that *Oroo-*
'*noko* ſcorns to live with the Indignity that was put
'on *Cæſar*.' All we could do, could get no more Words from him; and we took care to have him put immediately into a healing Bath, to rid him of his Pepper, and order'd a Surgeon to anoint him with healing Balm, which he ſuffer'd, and in ſome Time he began to be able to walk and eat. We failed not to viſit him every Day, and to that End had him brought to an Apartment at *Parham*.

The Governor had no ſooner recover'd, and had heard of the Menaces of *Cæſar*, but he called his Council, who (not to diſgrace them, or burleſque the Government there) conſiſted of ſuch notorious Villains as *Newgate* never tranſported; and poſſibly, originally were ſuch who underſtood neither the Laws of God or Man, and had no ſort of Principles to make them worthy the Name of Men; but at the very Council-Table would contradict and fight with one another, and ſwear ſo bloodily, that 'twas terrible to hear and ſee 'em. (Some of 'em were afterwards hang'd, when the *Dutch* took Poſſeſſion of the Place, others ſent off in Chains.) But calling theſe ſpecial Rulers of the Nation together, and requiring their Counſel in this weighty Affair, they all concluded, that (damn 'em) it might be their own Caſes; and that *Cæſar* ought to be made an Example to all the Negroes, to frighten 'em from daring to threaten their Betters, their Lords and Maſters; and at this Rate no Man was ſafe from his own Slaves; and concluded, *Nemine Contradicente*, that *Cæſar* ſhould be hanged.

Trefry then thought it Time to uſe his Authority, and told *Byam*, his Command did not extend to his Lord's Plantation; and that *Parham* was as much exempt from the Law as *Whitehall*; and that they ought no more to touch the Servants of the Lord

——— who

—— (who there repreſented the King's Perſon) than they could thoſe about the King himſelf; and that *Parham* was a Sanctuary; and tho' his Lord were abſent in Perſon, his Power was ſtill in being there, which he had entruſted with him, as far as the Dominions of his particular Plantations reached, and all that belong'd to it; the reſt of the Country, as *Byam* was Lieutenant to his Lord, he might exerciſe his Tyranny upon. *Trefry* had others as powerful, or more, that intereſted themſelves in *Cæſar*'s Life, and abſolutely ſaid, he ſhould be defended. So turning the Governor, and his wiſe Council out of Doors, (for they ſat at *Parham*-Houſe) we ſet a Guard upon our Lodging-place, and would admit none but thoſe we called Friends to us and *Cæſar*.

The Governor having remain'd wounded at *Parham*, till his Recovery was compleated, *Cæſar* did not know but he was ſtill there, and indeed for the moſt Part, his Time was ſpent there; for he was one that lov'd to live at other Peoples Expence, and if he were a Day abſent, he was ten preſent there; and us'd to play and walk, and hunt, and fiſh with *Cæſar*: So that *Cæſar* did not at all doubt, if he once recover'd Strength, but he ſhould find an Opportunity of being reveng'd on him; tho' after ſuch a Revenge, he could not hope to live: For if he eſcap'd the Fury of the *Engliſh* Mobile, who perhaps would have been glad of the Occaſion to have killed him, he was reſolv'd not to ſurvive his Whipping; yet he had ſome tender Hours, a repenting Softneſs, which he called his Fits of Cowardice, wherein he ſtruggled with Love for the Victory of his Heart, which took Part with his charming *Imoinda* there; but for the moſt Part, his Time was paſt in melancholy Thoughts, and black Deſigns. He conſider'd, if he ſhould do this Deed,

and die either in the Attempt, or after it, he left his lovely *Imoinda* a Prey, or at beſt a Slave to the enrag'd Multitude; his great Heart could not endure that Thought: Perhaps (ſaid he) ſhe may be firſt raviſh'd by every Bruté; expos'd firſt to their naſty Luſts, and then a ſhameful Death: No, he could not live a Moment under that Apprehenſion, too inſupportable to be borne. Theſe were his Thoughts, and his ſilent Arguments with his Heart, as he told us afterwards: So that now reſolving not only to kill *Byam*, but all thoſe he thought had enraged him; pleaſing his great Heart with the fancy'd Slaughter he ſhould make over the whole Face of the Plantation, he firſt reſolved on a Deed, (that however horrid it firſt appear'd to us all) when we had heard his Reaſons, we thought it brave and juſt. Being able to walk, and, as he believ'd, fit for the Execution of his great Deſign, he begg'd *Trefry* to truſt him into the Air, believing a Walk would do him good, which was granted him; and taking *Imoinda* with him, as he uſed to do in his more happy and calmer Days, he led her up into a Wood, where (after with a thouſand Sighs, and long gazing ſilently on her Face, while Tears guſh'd, in ſpite of him, from his Eyes) he told her his Deſign, firſt of killing her, and then his Enemies, and next himſelf, and the Impoſſibility of eſcaping, and therefore he told her the Neceſſity of dying. He found the heroic Wife faſter pleading for Death, than he was to propoſe it, when ſhe found his fix'd Reſolution; and, on her Knees, beſought him not to leave her a Prey to his Enemies. He (grieved to Death) yet pleaſed at her noble Reſolution, took her up, and embracing her with all the Paſſion and Languiſhment of a dying Lover, drew his Knife to kill this Treaſure of his Soul, this Pleaſure of his Eyes; while Tears trickled down his Cheeks,

Cheeks, hers were ſmiling with Joy ſhe ſhould die by ſo noble a Hand, and be ſent into her own Country (for that's their Notion of the next World) by him ſhe ſo tenderly lov'd, and ſo truly ador'd in this: For Wives have a Reſpect for their Huſbands equal to what any other People pay a Deity; and when a Man finds any Occaſion to quit his Wife, if he loves her, ſhe dies by his Hand; if not, he ſells her, or ſuffers ſome other to kill her. It being thus, you may believe the Deed was ſoon reſolv'd on; and 'tis not to be doubted, but the parting, the eternal Leave-taking of two ſuch Lovers, ſo greatly born, ſo ſenſible, ſo beautiful, ſo young, and ſo fond, muſt be very moving, as the Relation of it was to me afterwards.

All that Love could ſay in ſuch Caſes, being ended, and all the intermitting Irreſolutions being adjuſted, the lovely, young and ador'd Victim lays herſelf down before the Sacrificer; while he, with a Hand reſolv'd, and a Heart-breaking within, gave the fatal Stroke, firſt cutting her Throat, and then ſevering her yet ſmiling Face from that delicate Body, pregnant as it was with the Fruits of tendereſt Love. As ſoon as he had done, he laid the Body decently on Leaves and Flowers, of which he made a Bed, and conceal'd it under the ſame Cover-lid of Nature; only her Face he left yet bare to look on: But when he found ſhe was dead, and paſt all Retrieve, never more to bleſs him with her Eyes, and ſoft Language, his Grief ſwell'd up to Rage; he tore, he rav'd, he roar'd like ſome Monſter of the Wood, calling on the lov'd Name of *Imoinda*. A thouſand Times he turn'd the fatal Knife that did the Deed towards his own Heart, with a Reſolution to go immediately after her; but dire Revenge, which was now a thouſand Times more fierce in his Soul than before, prevents him;

and

and he would cry out, 'No, ſince I have ſacrific'd 'Imoinda to my Revenge, ſhall I loſe that Glory 'which I have purchas'd ſo dear, as at the Price 'of the faireſt, deareſt, ſofteſt Creature that ever 'Nature made? No, no!" Then at her Name Grief would get the Aſcendant of Rage, and he would lie down by her Side, and water her Face with Showers of Tears, which never were wont to fall from thoſe Eyes; and however bent he was on his intended Slaughter, he had not Power to ſtir from the Sight of this dear Object, now more belov'd, and more ador'd than ever.

He remain'd in this deplorable Condition for two Days, and never roſe from the Ground where he had made her ſad Sacrifice. At laſt rouzing from her Side, and accuſing himſelf with living too long, now *Imoinda* was dead, and that the Deaths of thoſe barbarous Enemies were deferr'd too long, he reſolv'd now to finiſh the great Work: But offering to riſe, he found his Strength ſo decay'd, that he reel'd to and fro, like Boughs aſſail'd by contrary Winds; ſo that he was forc'd to lie down again, and try to ſummon all his Courage to his Aid. He found his Brains turned round, and his Eyes were dizzy, and Objects appear'd not the ſame to him they were wont to do; his Breath was ſhort, and all his Limbs ſurpriz'd with a Faintneſs he had never felt before. He had not eat in two Days, which was one Occaſion of his Feebleneſs, but Exceſs of Grief was the greateſt; yet ſtill he hoped he ſhould recover Vigour to act his Deſign, and lay expecting it yet for ſix Days longer; ſtill mourning over the dead Idol of his Heart, and ſtriving every Day to riſe, but could not.

In all this Time you may believe we were in no little Affliction for *Cæſar* and his Wife; ſome were of Opinion he was eſcaped, never to return; others thought

thought ſome Accident had happen'd to him: But however, we fail'd not to ſend out a hundred People ſeveral Ways, to ſearch for him. A Party of about forty went that Way he took, among whom was *Tuſcan*, who was perfectly reconcil'd to *Byam*; they had not gone very far into the Wood, but they ſmelt an unuſual Smell, as of a dead Body; for Stinks muſt be very noiſom, that can be diſtinguiſh'd among ſuch a Quantity of natural Sweets, as every Inch of that Land produces: So that they concluded they ſhould find him dead, or ſomebody that was ſo; they paſs'd on towards it, as loathſom as it was, and made ſuch ruſtling among the Leaves that lie thick on the Ground, by continual falling, that *Cæſar* heard he was approach'd; and tho' he had, during the Space of theſe eight Days, endeavour'd to riſe, but found he wanted Strength, yet looking up, and ſeeing his Purſuers, he roſe, and reel'd to a neighbouring Tree, againſt which he fix'd his Back; and being within a dozen Yards of thoſe that advanc'd and ſaw him, he call'd out to them, and bid them approach no nearer, if they would be ſafe. So that they ſtood ſtill, and hardly believing their Eyes, that would perſuade them that it was *Cæſar* that ſpoke to them, ſo much he was alter'd; they aſk'd him, what he had done with his Wife, for they ſmelt a Stink that almoſt ſtruck them dead? He pointing to the dead Body, ſighing, cry'd, 'Behold her there.' They put off the Flowers that cover'd her, with their Sticks, and found ſhe was kill'd, and cry'd out, 'Oh, Monſter! that haſt murder'd thy Wife.' Then aſking him, why he did ſo cruel a Deed? He reply'd, he had no Leiſure to anſwer impertinent Queſtions: 'You may go 'back (continued he) and tell the faithleſs Gover-'nor, he may thank Fortune that I am breathing 'my laſt; and that my Arm is too feeble to obey

'my

'my Heart, in what it had deſign'd him:' But his Tongue faultering, and trembling, he could ſcarce end what he was ſaying. The *Engliſh* taking Advantage by his Weakneſs, cry'd, 'Let us take him alive by all means.' He heard them; and, as if he had reviv'd from a Fainting, or a Dream, he cried out, 'No, Gentlemen, you are deceiv'd; you will 'find no more *Cæſars* to be whipt; no more find a 'Faith in me: Feeble as you think me, I have 'Strength yet left to ſecure me from a ſecond Indig-'nity.' They ſwore all anew; and he only ſhook his Head, and beheld them with Scorn. They then cry'd out, 'Who will venture on this ſingle Man? 'Will nobody?' They ſtood all ſilent, while *Cæſar* reply'd, 'Fatal will be the Attempt of the firſt 'Adventurer, let him aſſure himſelf,' (and, at that Word, held up his Knife in a menacing Poſture:) 'Look ye, ye faithleſs Crew, ſaid he, 'tis not Life 'I ſeek, nor am I afraid of dying,' (and at that Word, cut a Piece of Fleſh from his own Throat, threw it at 'em) 'Yet ſtill I would live if I could, 'till I have perfected my Revenge: But, oh! it 'cannot be; I feel Life gliding from my Eyes and 'Heart; and if I make not haſte, I ſhall fall a Vic-'tim to the ſhameful Whip.' At that, he ripp'd up his own Belly, and took his Bowels and pull'd 'em out, with what Strength he could; while ſome, on their Knees imploring, beſought him to hold his Hand. But when they ſaw him tottering, they cry'd out, 'Will none venture on him?' A bold *Engliſhman* cry'd,' 'Yes, if he were the Devil,' (taking Courage when he ſaw him almoſt dead) and ſwearing a horrid Oath for his Farewel to the World, he ruſh'd on him. *Cæſar* with his arm'd Hand, met him ſo fairly, as ſtuck him to the Heart, and he fell dead at his Feet. *Tuſcan* ſeeing that, cry'd out, 'I love thee, O *Cæſar*! and therefore will

'not

'not let thee die, if poſſible;' and running to him, took him in his Arms; but, at the ſame Time, warding a Blow that *Cæſar* made at his Boſom, he receiv'd it quite through his Arm; and *Cæſar* having not Strength to pluck the Knife forth, tho' he attempted it, *Tuſcan* neither pull'd it out himſelf, nor ſuffer'd it to be pull'd out, but came down with it ſticking in his Arm; and the Reaſon he gave for it, was, becauſe the Air ſhould not get into the Wound. They put their Hands a-croſs, and carry'd *Cæſar* between ſix of 'em, fainting as he was, and they thought dead, or juſt dying; and they brought him to *Parham*, and laid him on a Couch, and had the Surgeon immediately to him, who dreſt his Wounds, and ſew'd up his Belly, and us'd means to bring him to Life, which they effected. We ran all to ſee him; and, if before we thought him ſo beautiful a Sight, he was now ſo alter'd, that his Face was like a Death's Head black'd over, nothing but Teeth and Eye-holes: For ſome Days we ſuffer'd nobody to ſpeak to him, but cauſed Cordials to be poured down his Throat; which ſuſtain'd his Life, and in ſix or ſeven Days he recover'd his Senſes: For, you muſt know, that Wounds are almoſt to a Miracle cur'd in the *Indies*; unleſs Wounds in the Legs, which they rarely ever cure.

When he was well enough to ſpeak, we talk'd to him, and aſk'd him ſome Queſtions about his Wife, and the Reaſons why he kill'd her? And he then told us what I have related of that Reſolution, and of his parting, and he beſought us we would let him die, and was extremely afflicted to think it was poſſible he might live: He aſſur'd us, if we did not diſpatch him, he would prove very fatal to a great many. We ſaid all we could to make him live, and gave him new Aſſurances; but he begg'd

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we would not think ſo poorly of him, or of his Love to *Imoinda*, to imagine we could flatter him to Life again: But the Surgeon aſſur'd him he could not live, and therefore he need not fear. We were all (but *Cæſar*) afflicted at this News, and the Sight was ghaſtly: His Diſcourſe was ſad, and the earthy Smell about him ſo ſtrong, that I was perſuaded to leave the Place for ſome Time (being myſelf but ſickly, and very apt to fall into Fits of dangerous Illneſs upon any extraordinary Melancholy.) The Servants, and *Trefry*, and the Surgeons, promis'd all to take what poſſible Care they could of the Life of *Cæſar*; and I, taking Boat, went with other Company to Colonel *Martin*'s, about three Days Journey down the River. But I was no ſooner gone, than the Governor taking *Trefry*, about ſome pretended earneſt Buſineſs, a Day's Journey up the River, having communicated his Deſign to one *Baniſter*, a wild *Iriſhman*, one of the Council, a Fellow of abſolute Barbarity, and fit to execute any Villainy, but rich; he came up to *Parham*, and forcibly took *Cæſar*, and had him carry'd to the ſame Poſt where he was whipp'd: And cauſing him to be ty'd to it, and a great Fire made before him, he told him, he ſhould die like a Dog, as he was. *Cæſar* reply'd, This was the firſt Piece of Bravery that ever *Baniſter* did, and he never ſpoke Senſe till he pronounc'd that Word; and if he would keep it, he would declare, in the other World, that he was the only Man, of all the Whites, that ever he heard ſpeak Truth. And turning to the Men that bound him, he ſaid, 'My Friends, am I to die, or to be whipt?' And they cry'd, 'Whipt! No, you ſhall not eſcape ſo well.' And then he reply'd, ſmiling, 'A Bleſſing on thee;' and aſſur'd them they need not tie him, for he would ſtand fix'd like a Rock, and endure Death ſo as ſhould encourage them

them to die: 'But if you whip me, (ſaid he) be you tie me faſt.'

He had learn'd to take Tobacco; and when he was aſſur'd he ſhould die, he deſir'd they would give him a Pipe in his Mouth, ready lighted; which they did: And the Executioner came, and firſt cut off his Members, and threw them into the Fire; after that, with an ill-favour'd Knife, they cut off his Ears and his Noſe, and burn'd them; he ſtill ſmoak'd on, as if nothing had touch'd him; then they hack'd off one of his Arms, and ſtill he bore up and held his Pipe; but at the cutting off the other Arm, his Head ſunk, and his Pipe dropt, and he gave up the Ghoſt, without a Groan, or a Reproach. My Mother and Siſter were by him all the while, but not ſuffer'd to ſave him; ſo rude and wild were the Rabble, and ſo inhuman were the Juſtices who ſtood by to ſee the Execution, who after paid dear enough for their Inſolence. They cut *Cæſar* into Quarters, and ſent them into ſeveral of the chief Plantations: One Quarter was ſent to Colonel *Martin*, who refus'd it, and ſwore, he had rather ſee the Quarters of *Baniſter*, and the Governor himſelf, than thoſe of *Cæſar*, on his Plantations; and that he could govern his Negroes, without terrifying and grieving them with frightful Spectacles of a mangled King.

Thus died this great Man, worthy of a better Fate, and a more ſublime Wit than mine to write his Praiſe; yet, I hope, the Reputation of my Pen is conſiderable enough to make his glorious Name to ſurvive to all Ages, with that of the brave, the beautiful, and the conſtant *Imoinda*.

THE

THE HISTORY OF *Count* DE SALMONY, *and of* ISABELLA DE MAYRAND.

IN the East of the Province of *Languedoc*, on the Borders of the *Mediterranean* Sea, is a fine Valley of about half a League in Breadth, and two Leagues in Length: In the Midſt of which runs a ſmall River, fed from the Springs that iſſue from the Mountains environing it, and refreſhes this ſweet Spot of Earth in ſuch a Manner, that it ſeems an entire Garden: Variety of beautiful Flowers enamel the Ground and charm the Eye; and Almond-trees, Vines, Pomegranates, and Olives, grow in great Abundance to ſupply the uſeful Part. Here and there you may ſee a ſmall, but well-built Cottage, which ſeem Attendants on that ſtately Structure, call'd the Caſtle of *Mayrand*, belonging to the Count of that Name, and is not only adorn'd with every Charm that can delight the Senſe, but is alſo ſtrongly fortify'd, by the Sea on the one Side, which it overlooks, and by the Thickneſs of its Walls on the other.

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The Outſide of it gives you an Idea of the noble Buildings of Antiquity, but the Inſide is render'd perfectly modern, by the Care of the Lords of it, who, for an Age paſt, have neglected nothing that might render it commodious and magnificent: The Paintings are excellent, the Furniture rich, the Gardens delicious, and embelliſh'd with Statues and Fountains: In a Word, Nature, ſeconded by Art, has made it all that the moſt luxurious Wiſh can form. The illuſtrious Family to which it appertains, has ſupplied the State with great Soldiers and Counſellors; the former of which filled one of the firſt Poſts in that Government, with the higheſt Reputation.

The Count *de Mayrand* having loſt his Wife, who brought him no other Heir to his Poſſeſſions than one Daughter, he committed her to the Care of the Counteſs Dowager *de Mayrand* his Mother. *Iſabella*, for ſo was this young Beauty call'd, in the moſt tender Age, gave ſuch uncommon Proofs of Wit and Spirit, that the old Counteſs beheld with Pleaſure, the early Impreſſions ſhe had made on the Hearts of as many as beheld her. And as ſhe grew nearer to Maturity, the Sun of Merit diſplay'd itſelf more ſtrongly in her every Word and Action.

Not far from the Caſtle *de Mayrand*, was that of the Count *de Salmony*: The Proximity of Places had given Occaſion to many Alliances between their Families; and the Counts *de Mayrand* and *Salmony* were firſt Couſins: *Salmony* had no more Children than one Son, about a Year older than *Iſabella*, and a Daughter ſomething younger than her fair Kinſwoman, but both of them gave the moſt promiſing Expectations, not only for the Beauty of their Perſons, but their ready Attainment of the different Qualifications proper to their Sex and Rank.

The young *Salmony* paſs'd few Days without viſiting the Caſtle *de Mayrand*: And as he had a Diſcernment far above his Age, the Charms of *Iſabella* appeared to him ſo far above that of any other of her Sex, that his young Heart was ſenſible of a Paſſion for her, long before he was capable of diſtinguiſhing by what Name to call it.

As he was formed for Love, *Iſabella* could not ſee him ſo often without feeling Emotions little different from his; but as the Innocence of their Age render'd them unacquainted from what Motives the Pleaſures they took in entertaining each other proceeded, ſo did it alſo hinder them from concealing it. The mutual Joy, however, that ſparkled in the Eyes of both, and the melancholy Gloom with which they were overcaſt at parting, let both their Parents into the Secret they were yet ignorant of themſelves.

They made the Diſcovery with Pleaſure, and having communicated their Thoughts to one another, reſolved to link their Kindred and Friendſhip more cloſely, by a Marriage between the young *Salmony* and *Iſabella*, as ſoon as they ſhould arrive at a proper Age. The Counteſs *de Mayrand* was entreated by them both to forward the Growth of that Affection they had perceiv'd in *Iſabella*, and the Count *de Salmony* talked perpetually to his Son of the Wit and Beauty of this young Charmer. But as Things were in this Situation, the Count *de Mayrand* died, regretted by all that knew him, leaving *Iſabella* no no more than twelve Years old.

She was infinitely more ſenſible of the Loſs ſhe had ſuſtain'd, than could have been imagined at her Years: The young *Salmony* found himſelf oblig'd to exert his utmoſt Wit for her Conſolation, and the Counteſs *de Mayrand*, intending nothing more than to execute the Will of her Son, and willing

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to give *Salmony* an Opportunity of being oftner with her, that the Love ſhe perceived dawning in their Hearts might encreaſe with their Years to the ſtrongeſt Paſſion, deſired the Count his Father, to permit Madamoiſelle *de Salmouy* to live under her Care with *Iſabella*. This Propoſal he embrac'd with Pleaſure, and the beautiful *Mariana* was conducted by him to the Caſtle, where ſhe was received with all the Demonſtration of an unfeigned Satisfaction.

Theſe young Ladies ſoon felt for each other the moſt tender Regard; and *Mariana* expreſſing one Day the Sincerity of hers, as we love like Siſters, ſaid ſhe, innocently, I wiſh we were ſo, or that Law might attone for what Nature has denied, by uniting you with my Brother. Theſe Words made *Iſabella* capable of looking into her Heart, and the Pleaſure ſhe conceiv'd at ſuch a Propoſal, firſt informed her, that it was more than what Friendſhip, or the Ties of Blood inſpires, that ſhe was fill'd with for the deſerving *Salmony*.

As for him, he needed not any extraordinary Means of acquainting him with what Kind of Deſires he was enflamed: He had now attained to the Age of Sixteen, and Nature was not wanting in her Inſtructions: But what his Youth had hinder'd him before from expreſſing, his Reſpect, as he grew more advanc'd in Years, would not permit; and tho' he never ſo much reſolv'd to do it, the Moment he beheld *Iſabella*, he was without the Power. Fear and Hope agitated by turns his Heart, till his Father one Day having imparted to him the Agreement made before the Death of the Count *de Mayrand*, he grew a little more aſſured; and flattering himſelf that *Iſabella* was informed of the ſame Thing, and that ſhe was not diſpleaſed with it, he had the Courage, when he found no Company but his Siſter with her, to throw himſelf at her Feet: I

come, ſaid he, Madam, to know if I may hope your Sentiments are agreeable to thoſe of our Parents; mine has given me a pleaſing Idea of future Bleſſings; and I am told, Madam, the Counteſs *de Mayrand* does not oppoſe it; but 'tis from yourſelf, lovely *Iſabella*, that I would learn my Fate, and if averſe to what I wiſh, beg no more than Permiſſion to die before you. He accompany'd theſe Words with ſo paſſionate a Geſture, that it was impoſſible for a Heart prepoſſeſs'd as hers was, to treat him with that Reſerve young Virgins generally do the firſt Declarations of Love: And flattering herſelf that the Sanction of a Parent's Will was ſufficient to excuſe the moſt ready Acknowledgment ſhe could make: If, ſaid ſhe, obliging him to riſe, Madam *de Mayrand* aſſures me it was the Deſire of my deceas'd Father I ſhould be yours, and I am convinc'd that your Felicity depends on my Conſent, I ſhall neither be ſo undutiful to his Memory, nor ungrateful to your Paſſion, as to ſearch any Obſtacles to prevent the Accompliſhment.

This Declaration, accompany'd with all thoſe Graces which are ſtudied by others, but were natural to *Iſabella*, tranſported the enamour'd *Salmony* with ſo exceſſive a Joy, that he was utterly unable to make any Reply for ſome Time; but when he did, it was in ſuch a Manner, as convinc'd her how much, how truly his Soul was devoted to her.

The Counteſs, to whom *Iſabella* related every Part of this Adventure, was extremely ſatisfy'd with her Behaviour; and the Count *de Salmony* rejoiced to hear his Son had a Diſpoſition ſo conformable to his Will, and alſo had been able to inſpire *Iſabella* with Sentiments ſo much in his Favour. But as they were yet both too young to enter into the nuptial State, this tender Father thought Glory was now the Miſtreſs his Son ſhould court: Having, therefore,

therefore, procur'd for him a Commiſſion in the Muſqueteers, he told him he muſt go to *Paris*, in order to perfect himſelf in thoſe Exerciſes he had already made a conſiderable Progreſs in; that he had now gain'd the Heart of *Iſabella*, and that he might depend on his Care, joined to his Siſter's, to preſerve it for him till his Return; at which Time their Nuptials ſhould be celebrated.

Whoever has felt the Force of Love, will readily believe theſe Tidings ſtruck a terrible Blow to the Heart of *Salmony*; but the Fire of Ambition ſoon warming it, he conſented to leave *Iſabella*, in the Hope of returning more worthy to her.

But how greatly did his Eſteem encreaſe for *Iſabella*, when, recounting to her what had paſs'd between him and the Count, ſhe ſtrengthen'd his Reſolution to obey him with Arguments which proved how dear his Reputation was to her; and tho' ſhe found no Joy equal to that his Preſence gave, yet ſhe parted from him with Pleaſure, not doubting but he would acquire ſuch Perfections as were requiſite for a Hero. After the moſt tender Farewels and mutual Aſſurances of an inviolable Affection, they took Leave; and whatever Grief this heroic Maid had in her Heart, ſhe took care it ſhould not diſcover itſelf in her Eyes, leſt it ſhould cauſe him to diſobey Injunctions ſo much to his Advantage.

The Count *de Salmony*, and Madam *de Mayrand*, who were preſent at this Separation, thought they could never too much admire the Tenderneſs, the Sincerity, and that ſtrict Adherence to Glory and to Honour, which both of them expreſs'd. They talk'd together afterwards frequently of it, and delighted themſelves with anticipating the Pleaſures they expected to enjoy in the Union of a Pair ſo dear to them, and ſo exactly formed to make each other happy.

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But tho' *Iſabella* had behaved in this Manner while her Lover was preſent, ſhe ſtood in Need of all her Reſolution to enable her to bear his Abſence, and to forbear doing any Thing which might recall him before the Time neceſſary for compleating thoſe Perfections, which ſhould render him as much admired by the World, as he was loved by her. In all the Letters, therefore, that ſhe wrote to him, ſhe carefully concea'd the Anguiſh of her Heart, and only teſtified the Joy ſhe felt, in being inform'd how fully he anſwer'd the great Expectations had been conceiv'd of him.

The Count *de Salmony* receiv'd Aſſurances from the Officers in *Paris*, that his Son was now qualified to fill any Poſt whatſoever; on which this tender Father made Application for a Regiment of Horſe, which was granted, on the Recommendation of Monſieur *de Louvois*, chief Commander of the Moſqueteers; and all the Objections his Youth might have put to ſuch an Acquiſition, were wholly anſwer'd by his Merit.

He accordingly went to *Liſle* in *Flanders*, to join his Regiment, where his ſweet Behaviour ſoon won him the Hearts of all the Officers: But neither his new Honours, nor the Change of Place and Company, made him forgetful of what he owed to *Iſabella*; and a Courier was perpetually employed to, and from, the Caſtle of *Mayrand*.

In the mean while that beautiful Lady grew extremely melancholy on the ſudden, which *Mariana* perceiving, ſaid to her one Day, I cannot conceive the Meaning of this Alteration in you, my dear *Iſabella*; my Brother is faithful; you receive continual Aſſurances of his Paſſion; you have nothing to diſturb the Tranquility of your Love, but an Abſence which will ſhortly terminate in his Glory and your Content. *Iſabella* made no Anſwer immediately

diately to theſe Words, but, after a long Pauſe, which was often interrupted with Sighs; I wiſh, replied ſhe, the Diſcontent you ſee in me, may be as groundleſs in reality, as it is ſo in Appearance to you. But, alas! there is ſomething tells me *Salmony* has ſtaid too long for both our Happineſs.——In ſhort, I tremble at the Alteration I have taken notice of in Madam *de Mayrand:* She ſpeaks not of your Brother with the Warmth ſhe was accuſtomed, and, I have but too much Reaſon to fear, is in her Heart intereſted in favour of ſome other. I am very well convinc'd, reſumed Madamoiſelle *de Salmony*, that your Beauty, and the Deſire of your Alliance, has drawn into the Neighbourhood of *Mayrand*, the moſt conſiderable Perſons of the Province; but I ſhould be loth to imagine the Counteſs has changed her Sentiments in regard of my Brother: The Engagements made between Perſons of our Rank, cannot be ſo eaſily broke thro' as thoſe among the Vulgar; and I have too good an Opinion of Madam *de Mayrand*, to believe ſhe would entertain any Views to the Prejudice of her Promiſe ſo firmly given, and ſo often and publickly repeated.

If ſhe ſhould, reſum'd *Iſabella*, it is not in her Power to recall mine; it is not therefore her Authority which troubles me, but the Fear of coming to Extremities, if her Sentiments ſhould not be conformable to what I wiſh. A long Converſation paſs'd between them to this Effect; but as thoſe who love are more quick-ſighted than others, in what relates to their Paſſion, *Iſabella* could not be deceiv'd in her Conjectures: The Counteſs was indeed grown cold in her good Wiſhes for *Salmony*; and among the Number of thoſe who viſited her, there was a young Magiſtrate named *Hauterive*, a Man of diſtinguiſh'd Merit, rich, and infinitely eſteemed by all who knew him. He was, beſides,

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a Kinſman of the Counteſs's, and it was on him ſhe had caſt her Eyes, not only becauſe ſhe had more Regard for him than for the Son of the Count *de Salmony*, but alſo becauſe ſhe thought it a more advantageous Match for *Iſabella*; but as he had never declared a Paſſion for her, the old Lady knew not well how to bring it about. He being an intimate Friend of *Salmony*, ſhe thought to motion ſuch an Affair, and have it rejected, would make the utmoſt Confuſion among them; ſhe therefore contented herſelf with leaving them together as frequently as ſhe could, without ſeeming to do it by Deſign, in hope the Merits both of the one and the other might in time create an Inclination, ſuch as ſhe deſired to have them inſpired with.

But as politic and diſcerning as ſhe was, ſhe perceiv'd not how much of her Deſign was accompliſh'd: *Hauterive* had a Heart too ſuſceptible to enjoy the frequent Converſation of a Perſon ſo amiable as *Iſabella*, without feeling for her all the moſt violent Paſſion, when hopeleſs, can inflict. He knew the Obligations ſhe was under; he knew the Duties of Friendſhip and of Honour; and tho' he could not hinder himſelf from loving, he did from ſuffering any Deſign to harbour in his Breaſt, in prejudice of *Salmony*.

The old Count *de Salmony* all this Time ſupplied the Place of his Son, and omited nothing to ſecure the Affections of *Iſabella* entirely for him; and ſhe, who regarded him as a Father, made no ſcruple of communicating to him her moſt ſecret Thoughts: Among others, ſhe made him no Stranger to the Apprehenſions ſhe was in of the Counteſs's Change of Humour; on which it was reſolved between 'em to ſend for young *Salmony*, and complete the Marriage before Madam *de Mayrand* ſhould have diſcovered herſelf, if it were indeed as *Iſabella* imagined.

gined. But these illustrious Lovers were not allotted to arrive so easily at the Aim of their Desires; the very Day the Count had determined in this Manner, he was seized with a violent Distemper, which in a few Hours took him from the World.

This was a terrible Blow to *Isabella*, not only on account of the Interest her Love had in it, but by the particular Respect she bore to him, and the Grief it inflicted on *Mariana*, and that which she knew the News of it would involve young *Salmony* in.

That noble Youth, though he received the News with all the Precautions necessary to soften the Severity of it, loved his Father with too true a Tenderness, and found his Life too necessary for the Happiness of his own, not to be struck to the Heart at hearing he was no more. The Fears he was in concerning his Love, join'd to the Emotions of Nature, render'd his Affliction so violent, that his Friends but vainly endeavoured to console him; he wrote immediately to *Isabella*, and suffering himself to be carried away with the different and distracted Sentiments he was then inspired with, his Letter was filled with nothing but Complaints, Apprehensions, and Adjurations, that she would be ever faithful. This was accompanied by one to *Mariona*, in which he begg'd her to supply the Place of his Father in the Castle of *Mayrand*, and to support his Interest there with the same Fervour. Both these beautiful Ladies sent him Answers full of Assurances; but *Isabella* express'd the Dictates of her Soul in Terms so tender and passionate, that his Despair began to dissipate.

Madam *de Mayrand* being eased of one great Obstacle, by the Death of the Count *de Salmony*, gave such plain Hints to *Hauterive* of her good Wishes for him, that he must have been as dull as he was

really diſcerning, not to have underſtood her. How difficult is it for Honour to maintain the Combat againſt a Love which flatters with a Proſpect of Succeſs! All the Reſolutions he had taken not to interrupt the Tranquility of *Salmony* and *Iſabella*, gave way to the pleaſing Hope of poſſeſſing her; he ſaw the Counteſs deſired nothing more, and he could not be aſſured that *Iſabella*'s Inclination had not given Birth to, or would not at leaſt obey that Deſire in her, who had now the ſole Authority over her: He therefore made no ſcruple of avowing his Paſſion, and entreating Permiſſion of Madam *de Mayrand*, to throw himſelf at the Feet of her who long had been Miſtreſs of his Heart.

By what I have already ſaid of the Diſpoſition of this Lady, it is eaſy for you to believe ſhe gave a ready Aſſent to what he aſked, and conducted him immediately to the Apartment of *Iſabella*, who was then alone, employing herſelf in reading a Letter ſhe had juſt receiv'd from her dear *Salmony*. After a little Diſcourſe on ordinary Affairs, the Counteſs went out of the Room, and he, neglecting not the Opportunity ſhe gave, I can no longer, Madam, ſaid he, falling on his Knees, conceal a Paſſion which I have long but vainly ſtruggled with, fearing it might be offenſive to the divine Object which inſpires it.—But however you may diſpoſe of it, I am now compell'd to offer you my Heart, my Vows of everlaſting Adoration, and my Life, if this Declaration merits I ſhould no longer preſerve it. *Iſabella* was prevented by her Surprize to hear him talk in this Manner, from interrupting him, but recovering herſelf from it, I thought, replied ſhe, with Eyes that ſparkled with Indignation, I had been exempted from the Fear of hearing ſuch Diſcoveries: The Situation I am in by my Engagements, renders it a Diſreſpect which I expected not to find from any one,

one, much leſs from him who calls himſelf the Friend of *Salmony*. She had no ſooner utter'd this ſhort but ſevere Reproach, than ſhe went haſtily out of the Room, leaving him ſtill on his Knees overwhelmed with Shame, Confuſion and Remorſe. It was in this Poſture that Madam *de Mayrand* found him, having in an adjacent Room ſeen *Iſabella* paſs by, and gueſſing the Reception he had met with from her. She ſpared nothing however to re aſſure him, telling him he might be certain of her Intereſt; that it might take ſome Time to eraſe the Impreſſion of a firſt Love, but that ſhe doubted not but to accompliſh it, when ſhe ſhould let *Iſabella* ſee, that if ſhe was not for him, ſhe never ſhould be for *Salmony*.

But her Diſcourſe had not the Effect on him ſhe expected; he rather condemn'd than thank'd the Partiality ſhe expreſs'd in his Favour: And tho' he could not conquer his Paſſion for *Iſabella*, he look'd on it as the Stain of his Glory, and an Injuſtice, which, till then, he had never been guilty of. He entreated the Counteſs not to entertain any Sentiments either of Rigour or Artifice to forward his Pretenſions: For, ſaid he, ſince it is my hard Fate to oppoſe the Man, who of all the World moſt merits and enjoys my Eſteem, I will endeavour to acquire the Prize only by ſuch Means as he himſelf ſhall not condemn, and force *Iſabella* to pity, if not approve, my Flame.

Madam *de Mayrand* had too much Virtue to blame ſuch a Reſolution, and after having beſtowed on it the Praiſes it deſerved, promiſed to conform on her Part. *Hauterive*, who was ſtedfaſt to put in practice what he had ſaid, had no ſooner parted from the Counteſs, than he ſat down to write to his Rival; but while he was conſidering in what Manner he ſhould relate the Hiſtory of his Heart, *Iſabella*

was diſburthening her's to the charming *Mariana*, who ſhe went in ſearch of, the Moment ſhe quitted *Hauterive*. Nothing could be more ſurprized than was this young Beauty, at the Recital *Iſabella* made her; ſhe foreſaw the Troubles the Paſſion of *Hauterive* would bring on her Brother; but this was not all that gave her Pain, ſhe had for ſome Time looked on *Hauterive* with favourable Eyes; his Merits were not unknown to her, and if ſhe might not be ſaid to feel a Paſſion for him, ſhe certainly had wiſh'd to inſpire him with one for her, and could not hinder herſelf from being a little piqued, that knowing the Engagements of *Iſabella*, he ſhould not rather turn his Eyes on one who was entirely free from any.

This Emotion of Jealouſy, join'd to the Intereſt of her Brother, made her extremely approve the Anſwer *Iſabella* had given him, and omit nothing which might confirm her in a Reſolution of reſiſting all Attacks. She adviſed her alſo to write to *Salmony* the whole Account of this Adventure, that by his Preſence he might put an End to all the Hopes *Hauterive* could conceive. This Counſel was too pleaſing to her who heard it, not to prevail: She immediately obey'd the Dictates of her fair Friend; and after a thouſand Aſſurances of her inviolable Conſtancy, conjured him not to delay giving her the Proof of his in the Preſence of his Rival.

The Count *de Salmony* received her Letter and that of *Hauterive* by the ſame Courier, and his Love carrying him beyond his Curioſity, he firſt open'd the Mandate of *Iſabella*, where perceiving the other was his Rival, and his Pretenſions were approved by the Counteſs, he could not imagine the Meaning of his writing, after having endeavour'd to injure him in ſo tender a Part, unleſs it were that he intended to diſpute her with him by the Point of his Sword.

But

But how great was his Aſtoniſhment, when he found the Contents were in this Manner!

To the Count DE SALMONY.

I Wiſh this Letter may anticipate the Diſcovery, which, I doubt not, will be made you by Madamoiſelle de Mayrand: *I would willingly be my own firſt Accuſer in an Affair of this Nature: The perfect Conſideration I have for you, and of what I owe to myſelf, will not ſuffer me to act on this Occaſion as another Man would do: I adore* Iſabella, *and whatever Hatred this Confeſſion may excite in you, the Sequel ſhall prove I merit your Eſteem. I could alledge for my Juſtification, that I was ignorant of the Force of your Engagements: That I every Day ſaw the Promiſes of Youth entirely forgotten in Maturity: But theſe are weak Excuſes to a Man ſenſible of the Force of* Iſabella's *Beauty, which is ſuch, that had I been your moſt truſted Confident, I could not have defended myſelf from being your Rival: Nay, had I ſeen her your Wife, it had, perhaps, been able to have reſtrained my* Tongue, *but not my* Heart. *I have declared to her my Paſſion, but that Declaration ſerves only to complete my Shame, and your Triumph.—She loves you! Oh moſt happy Count, as much as ſhe is beloved—ſhe will be faithful to you till Death. This is the Fruit I have gained by my Temerity; my Paſſion can, however, ſtand all Shocks, and I am reſolv'd to diſpute her with you, but it ſhall be by ſuch Means, as neither you nor ſhe ſhall have it in your Power to blame: My Cares, my Reſpects, and my Friendſhip for you, ſhall be all the Arms I ſhall make uſe of: The Blood from which we both are ſprung, will give neither of us leave to ſuſpect the Courage of the other. Thus, without taking any Advantage of the good Intentions Madam the Counteſs has for me, and without enterprizing any thing to the Prejudice of your*

Love, I ſhall ſpeak of mine, and lay hold of all Opportunities to prove the Sincerity of it, and by the Openneſs and Generoſity of my Proceedings, oblige both of you to compaſſionate, if you cannot love, me.

HAUTERIVE.

It is impoſſible for me to expreſs the Agitations of the Count after reading this Letter: He was a long Time before he could ſupport with Moderation, that *Iſabella* ſhould be diſputed with him by any Means whatſoever; he look'd on the Right he had over her Affections to be inconteſtable; and if it were not, that the Sword was the moſt proper Deciſion of ſuch Differences. But theſe Sentiments, inſtigated by the Fire of Youth, gave way to other Reflections; and when he remember'd that *Hauterive* was a Magiſtrate, to whom Prudence was more glorious than any other Qualification, and that himſelf was alſo under Laws, which he could not infringe, without loſing *Iſabella* for ever, he became more calm.

He read his Rival's Letter a ſecond Time, and as he knew him to be a Man of the moſt ſtrict Honour, he did not in the leaſt doubt, but he would act as he had ſaid; but the more he conſider'd his Merit, the more dangerous he appear'd; and that Thought threw him into the moſt terrible Anxieties: They were no ſooner removed by the Aſſurances *Iſabella* gave him of an inviolable Affection, but another, little leſs perplexing, invaded him: If, ſaid he, that charming Maid ſhould never ſuffer the Merit of another to obliterate what ſhe owes to the Fidelity of *Salmony*; yet if the Counteſs, who now ſtands in the Place of both Father and Mother to *Iſabella*, ſhould continue averſe to my Hope, it will be utterly impoſſible to complete the Marriage without her. In this Uncertainty did he paſs the Hours, till he had

had obtain'd Permiſſion to quit his Regiment for ſome Time; which, in Conſideration of the Diligence he had teſtify'd during the whole two Years he had the Command of it, was granted without much Difficulty: The Death of his Father, and the Regulation of his Affairs, gave him a ſufficient Excuſe for the demanding it. But in the mean Time he wrote to *Iſabella*, and anſwer'd the Letter of his Rival in theſe Terms.

To the Sieur DE HAUTERIVE.

IF the Poſſeſſion of Madamoiſelle de Mayrand *was deſtined the Reward of Merit, your Happineſs and my Misfortune would be paſt all Doubt: But as the Settlement of our Affections has been the Work of many Years, cemented by the moſt tender Proofs on both Sides, and authoriz'd by the Will of our Parents, the Advantage is on my Side, notwithſtanding the many others you have over me. To offer any Arguments for your deſiſting ſo hopeleſs a Proſecution, would be but to repeat what I am very certain you have made uſe on yourſelf, in thoſe Moments when Reaſon was permitted to hold Diſcourſe with Paſſion: I ſhall therefore only ſay, that tho' Friendſhip be incompatible with Rivalſhip, and I cannot pretend to give you mine, yet I ſhall act in every Thing as becomes that Character, and in what Manner ſoever you would diſpute* Iſabella, *be always ready to give you Satisfaction.*

SALMONY.

The Courier had arriv'd with theſe Diſpatches but a ſhort Time before he obtain'd Permiſſion to leave the Camp, and came to *Languedoc*, unexpected by every body but *Iſabella* and *Mariana*. Immediately he ſent a Meſſenger to the Caſtle *de Mayrand*, to inform the Counteſs of his Return, and

deſire Permiſſion to viſit her: The Perſon who was truſted with this Commiſſion was a Man of Wit, and one in whom *Salmony* put an entire Confidence; he therefore gave him Orders to ſpeak to *Iſabella* alſo, and to obſerve what Effect this News produc'd both on the one and the other.

Madam *de Mayrand* was very much ſurpriſed, and had enough to do to conceal the Diſquiet it gave her; but as ſhe could not refuſe ſeeing the Count, ſhe anſwer'd, that he knew very well he had no need of that Ceremony to introduce him there. As for *Iſabella*, ſhe received this Meſſenger with ſo perfect a Joy, that *Salmony*, at his Return, was convinced he had nothing to fear on her Part. The ſame Day he went to the Caſtle *de Mayrand*, and was treated by the Counteſs with a Coldneſs, which not all her Civilities could hinder from being viſible; but whatever Damp that might give him, the firſt Looks of *Iſabella* re-animated him in ſuch a Manner, that he knew no Bounds to the Exceſs of his Love and Joy.

He found her Beauty ſo improved, that he contemplated her for ſome Time with Admiration; and theſe two Years of Abſence had ſo much added to his manly Graces, that *Iſabella* beheld him not with leſs Wonder. Theſe faithful Lovers entertain'd each other with ſuch an unfeigned Tenderneſs, as left neither unconvinc'd that Death alone could divide them.

But though the Count *de Salmony* had appear'd to give all his Admiration to the Object of his Love, yet could he not be inſenſible of Delight, to ſee his charming Siſter arrived at ſuch Perfection, as nothing but a Brother, or a Perſon ſtrongly prepoſſeſs'd with another Paſſion, could behold without Tranſport: And theſe three Perſons inſpired by Love and Friendſhip, and poſſeſſing all the Qualities which could endear them to each other, paſs'd ſome Hour together

together in ſo ſweet a Contentment, as made them forget they had any Thing to fear.

The Sun giving place to encroaching Darkneſs, the Count took his Leave of the Counteſs, without ſeeming to have remarked any Change in her Behaviour, and return'd to the Caſtle of *Salmony*, where he paſs'd the Night with more Tranquility, than he had done many preceding ones.

The News of his Return being ſpread abroad, his Waking was attended by a great Number of Viſiters, all the young Nobility of *Languedoc* coming to pay their Compliments to him, to offer him their Service, and to condole with him for the Death of his Father. He had no ſooner diſengaged himſelf from theſe Civilities, which have generally more of Form than Sincerity in them, than he perceived *Hauterive* on Horſeback, coming up the Hill that led to his Caſtle, and ſoon after ſaw him alight at the Gate. He could not avoid ſome Surprize at the Sight of ſo unexpected a Gueſt; but being prepar'd for every Thing, he attended the Event without any Emotions.

Hauterive had no ſooner enter'd the Room, than he ran to embrace the Count with open Arms, and all the Tokens of a moſt perfect Amity: Behold, ſaid he to him, this Rival, who, in ſpite of you, will be your Friend, and who gives up his Heart to you, with a Sincerity worthy of a happier Fate than what his cruel Stars ordain! This Manner of Behaviour had in it ſomething ſo noble, that the Count thought it his Duty to anſwer with the ſame Cordialneſs. You are well aſſured, reply'd he, that a proceeding ſuch as yours, cannot but attract an extreme Conſideration on my Part; believe alſo that I am as ſenſible of it as I ought, or you can wiſh, and that on any other Motive than the Poſſeſſion of *Iſabella*, I ſhould readily yield to you.

And

And as for me, reſumed *Hauterive*, going back ſome Steps, and looking attentively on him, I find you ſo worthy of her, that ſhould any other dare to diſpute with you the Attainment of her, I would uſe him as my moſt mortal Enemy. Pity me therefore, continued he, who have ſuch Sentiments, yet am unable to vanquiſh a Paſſion which I know diveſts them of all their Merit to your Friendſhip. No, reply'd *Salmony*, taking him by the Hand, and making him ſit down, I find by the Emotions you have inſpir'd me with, that 'tis not impoſſible for a generous Heart to love the Man who would deſtroy its Peace.

Hauterive then recounted to him the Beginning, and the little Progreſs, of his Love, in Terms ſo touching and ſo truly picturing the State of his Soul, from which Hope was entirely baniſh'd, that *Salmony* could not liſten without Regret; but reflecting it was his Rival who addreſs'd thoſe Complaints to him, he found it ſo extraordinary, that he could not forbear ſmiling: Nothing ſure, ſaid he, is more aſtoniſhing than that being your Rival, and ſo lately brought to look on you as a Friend, that you will compel me alſo to become your Confident. It is yet more ſtrange, replied the other, that I ſhould be yours: I have only Diſdain, Rigour, and Deſpair to inform you of, and is ſufficient Conſolation for the Trouble I give you: But with what Daggers muſt my Soul be pierced, when you relate what paſſes in your Interviews with *Iſabella*? The mutual Love, the Ardour, the interchang'd Vows of everlaſting Fidelity! Ah my dear Count, vouchſafe to liſten to my Complaints, ſince they can be no Prejudice to you.

Hauterive pronounced theſe Words with a Look, in which Deſpair was painted in ſuch lively Colours, that the Count entreated him with a ſerious Air, to

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be assured that he would always be tender of his Peace. And to put in practice what he had said, he immediately changed the Discourse, and became such entertaining Company, that the other, charm'd with the Pleasure of his Conversation, almost forgot his Love and his Despair. *Salmony* would not suffer him to depart, and tarrying with him two Days, in that Time these generous Rivals found so much Merit in each other, that the Pity of the one greatly increased, and the Envy of the other diminish'd.

On the third Day these friendly Rivals left the Castle of *Salmony*, to make a Visit to *Isabella*; who, extremely surprized to see them together, gave them a very different Reception: To *Hauterive* she only paid those Civilities his Quality demanded from her; but addressing herself to *Salmony*, with an Air full of Sweetness, began to reproach him tenderly for having given so much of that Time to his Friends, which he knew was so valuable to her: And the Count excused himself by telling her, that all those Occupations which detain'd him from her, serv'd only to heighten his Desire of seeing her, and feeling the Blessing in a more elevated Manner, when at liberty to enjoy it. *Hauterive*, to whom this Manner of entertaining each other gave Wounds more terrible than the sharpest Weapon could have done, entreated they would accompany him to the Apartment of Madam the Countess *de Mayrand*. Neither of them could well refuse this Proposal; but *Salmony*, in giving his Hand to *Isabella*, testified by a Look, that he expected this Interview would have something extraordinary in it; nor was he deceived in his Conjecture: They had no sooner approached the Countess, than, Madam, said *Hauterive* to her, you see before you two Rivals, who, without ceasing to be Friends, entreat your Permission to adore the incomparable *Isabella*. I know the Count stands

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in no Need of ſuch a Petition, his Services have been long ſince accepted, nor do I hope to have any Advantage over him: All I deſire is to prove my Conſtancy not leſs firm, my Love not leſs violent, and my Submiſſion not leſs reſign'd to the divine Will of her who charms us both, than his have been. Tho' I might be diſpenſed with, rejoin'd the Count, from the Declaration I am about to make, *Iſabella* having been promiſed to me from her Infancy, the Reſpect I have for her will not ſuffer me to diſpute my Right when it ſhall be contrary to her Inclination: She is therefore at full Liberty to chuſe between us; and if the ſuperior Merits of my Rival are of more Force than the Commands of a Father in my Favour, and my own repeated Proofs of an inviolable Fidelity, I ſhall ſubmit to her Decree without murmuring, tho' I cannot without dying.

You both do too much Honour to *Iſabella*, reply'd the Counteſs; if ſhe was Miſtreſs of herſelf, I doubt not but the Equality of your Merits would render it difficult for her to decide between you. 'Tis true, her Father had ſome Deſigns of giving her to Count *Salmony*; but had he lived, there is more than a bare Probability he would have chang'd his Mind. It was the Diſcretion of *Iſabella* which obliged her to conform to his Will; but he being no more, the ſame Diſcretion muſt teach her to ſubmit to the Will of thoſe who repreſent him, and who have now his Authority over her. It is not for Perſons of her Condition to be guided by their own Inclination, which too often blinds them in the Choice of a Huſband; and it is their Duty, Wiſdom, and indeed their Intereſt, to have no Wiſhes but ſuch as are firſt formed by thoſe who have the Right of diſpoſing them.

Iſabella eaſily perceiving to what End this Diſcourſe tended, and that Madam *de Mayrand* was going

going to declare for *Hauterive*, took the Liberty of interrupting her in theſe Terms: I ſhall never heſitate, Madam, ſaid ſhe, with an modeſt Air, but, at the ſame Time, reſolv'd to conform myſelf to the Will of my Family, in Things where my Intereſt is common with theirs: But in this Affair, I think myſelf the only Perſon concern'd; all the Repoſe of my whole Life depends upon it, and I hope your Pardon when I ſay, that this is too tender a Motive to be ſubjugated to the Pleaſure of another. I bluſh not to confeſs I love the Count *de Salmony*; 'tis an Affection that has grown up with me almoſt from my Infancy, authoriz'd by the Command of my Father, by your own, and by the Conſtancy and reiterated Services of that deſerving Chevalier, whom, for a long Series of Years, I have regarded as my Huſband, you as a Son, while *Hauterive* was never thought on. If it is not for Perſons of my Condition to follow our Inclinations, it is yet leſs becoming us to violate our Promiſes: Honour and Juſtice ought to be the Guides of all ſorts of People, but much more are they to be held ſacred by us, whoſe Actions ſerve as an Example to all beneath us; and I muſt avow, that were it poſſible for me to eſtrange my Heart from him it has ſo long been accuſtom'd to love, I never could be brought to break my Faith where it has been ſo ſolemnly given.

This courageous Reply touch'd Madam *de Mayrand* to the Quick; ſhe was about to make a Return to it, in a Manner which would have made her Grand-daughter know the Power ſhe had over her, and which ſhe would exert; when *Hauterive*, perceiving her Intention, prevented her, by ſaying, There is nothing, Madam, in the divine *Iſabella*'s Diſcourſe that is not too juſt to give Offence to Perſons ſenſible what Love and Honour enjoin; and in ſpite of the Deſpair it cauſes in me, obliges

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me to confeſs I ſhould think her leſs worthy the ſublime Paſſion I have for her, had ſhe any Sentiments different from thoſe ſhe has declared. I deſire not, continued he, with a deep Sigh, that ſhe ſhould be conſtrained in her Choice; all I aſk, is Permiſſion to adore her, and to be allow'd ſo much time to teſtify my Conſtancy, as may aſſure her that nothing is capable of changing it.

You ſhall have all that you think neceſſary, ſaid the Counteſs; for I here declare, that if *Iſabella* conſents not to be yours, ſhe never ſhall be the Count's, till you approve ſhe ſhould be ſo. In ſpeaking theſe Words ſhe roſe, and paſſing haſtily to her Cloſet, left them at Liberty to praiſe her Conduct, or to complain of it, according as they were agitated by their different Sentiments.

To have the Power of deferring our Happineſs, ſaid *Iſabella* to *Hauterive*, is methinks, but a mean Conſolation for you, ſince it will only give you an Opportunity of beholding every Day freſh Marks of our Fidelity. That deſpairing Lover was incapable of making any Anſwer to theſe Words; and the Count *de Salmony*, tho' he had reſolv'd to do as little as was poſſible to enhance the Grief of his Rival, had now not Power to retain that generous Determination; but throwing himſelf at the Feet of *Iſabella* the Moment the Counteſs had left the Room, thank'd the Charmer of his Soul for the Declaration ſhe had made in his Favour, in Words ſo full of Extaſy, that it ſeem'd as if he had been doubtful of his Happineſs till that Moment.

Hauterive had his Eyes fix'd on them with ſo mournful an Earneſtneſs, that the beautiful *Mariana*, who was with the Counteſs when they enter'd, and had been preſent during this Scene, was touch'd with the moſt tender Concern; and well knowing what had put him in this State, could not forbear interrupting

rupting a Contentment which ſhe ſaw gave him ſo much Pain. She ran to *Iſabella*, and embracing her, told her ſhe muſt thank her in her Turn, ſince it could not be expected but that ſhe was deeply intereſted in all that concern'd her Brother. This Action obliging the Count to riſe from the Poſture he had been in, and turning towards *Hauterive*, he beheld him rather as a Man dead than living; and upbraiding himſelf for having been the Cauſe, by the unwary Rapture to which he had given a Looſe, he took him in his Arms, crying, "My dear and ge-"nerous Rival, pardon a Lover, who, in his Ex-"ceſs of Happineſs, forgot every thing."

It is eaſy for me to pardon your Forgetfulneſs of me, reply'd *Hauterive*, ſince I have forgot myſelf in a contrary Emotion. Ceaſe then, ſaid *Iſabella*, to proſecute the Cauſe of it, deſiſt from ſeeing Objects which can never but contribute to your Deſpair. Content yourſelf with knowing that I feel for you all that Friendſhip can inſpire; and as your Virtue enables you to love your Rival, let it alſo ſerve you to overcome a Paſſion ſo deſtructive to your own Peace, and ſo great an Obſtacle to the Happineſs of thoſe who are ſo dear to you.

A Paſſion, Madam, anſwer'd he, which owes its Birth to you, is not ſo eaſily extinguiſh'd. That very Virtue in you which deſtroys my Hopes, inflames my Wiſhes; and that which is in myſelf, ſerves but to make me more wretched, by teaching me how juſt it is to adore you; no, I can die, but never can ceaſe to love you. Theſe Words were accompany'd with a Geſture full of Deſpair; which not being able to command, he went out of the Room, without permitting the Count to attend him even to the Door, and immediately took Horſe, and left the Caſtle *de Mayrand*.

Both

Both *Iſabella* and the Count were ſenſibly touch'd with his Condition; but as the Misfortunes of a Rival ſerve only to increaſe the Happineſs of a Lover belov'd, how generous ſoever; *Salmony* could not grieve for thoſe of *Hauterive*, any farther than he was compell'd to do ſo by the Nobleneſs of his Nature: And his own Joy ſoon ſurmounting all other Conſiderations, he again indulg'd the Tranſport of his Soul, and paſs'd the Remainder of the Day in a Satisfaction which he alone could be able to expreſs.

But it was not ſo with Madam *de Mayrand*, the Courage and Reſolution of *Iſabella* had extremely diſpleas'd her: In the firſt Emotions of her Rage, ſhe was about to forbid the Count *de Salmony* the Sight of his adorable Miſtreſs from that Moment; but as ſhe had a great Share of good Senſe and Honour, tho' both at this Time were blinded by the exceſſive Wealth of *Hauterive*, ſhe reflected that ſhe could not treat *de Salmony* in that manner, without incurring the juſt Reproaches of the whole World; and therefore contented himſelf with this Conſolation, that the Time allow'd him to be abſent from his Regiment would ſhortly be expired, and that then ſhe ſhould be at full Liberty to bend the Mind of *Iſabella*, which ſtill ſhe deſpaired not of doing, when he ſhould be removed.

The Count *de Salmony*, on the other hand, knowing his Reſidence in that Country could be but for a ſhort Time, omitted not a Day paying his Viſits to *Iſabella*: The diſconſolate *Hauterive* came hither too ſometimes; but theſe tender Lovers were ſo cautious in their Behaviour in his Preſence, that he had nothing to complain of, but his own ill Fate, in compelling him to interrupt the Happineſs of thoſe whom, could it have been purchaſed any other way, he would have given the beſt Part of his Blood. He would frequently utter Words to this Effect; which

which his Proceedings leaving no room to doubt the Truth of, made a very great Impreſſion on all who heard them.

But of all who knew the ſad Situation of his Heart, none was ſo ſenſibly affected with it as *Mariana:* She could not forbear avowing her Concern, and one Day, in the Preſence of her Brother, ſhe ſaid to *Iſabella*, that ſhe thought Fate was extremely unjuſt to the Merits of *Hauterive*, and that ſo many Perfections as he was Maſter of, ought to have entitled him rather to the utmoſt Felicities, than the Misfortunes he had but too much Reaſon to complain of.

How, Siſter, reply'd the Count, does the ill Fortune of my Rival occaſion in you more Regret, than my Happineſs gives you Pleaſure; would you buy his Contentment at the Price of my Life? No, certainly, cry'd ſhe; and if I offer up any Prayers to Heaven for him, it is not for what would oppoſe your Satisfaction. But how is it poſſible, again demanded he, that you can wiſh his Happineſs, without deſiring my Ruin? Very eaſily, reſum'd ſhe, with the moſt charming Sprightlineſs: I wiſh that he might ceaſe to love *Iſabella*, and that his Heart might be inſpired with a Paſſion for ſome other, who, by being unprepoſſeſs'd, might know what is the Due of Merits ſuch as his. She had no ſooner ſpoke theſe Words, than her whole Face was tinctur'd with a roſy Hue; which *Iſabella* perceiving, and a thouſand things occurring that Moment to her Remembrance, teſtifying the Concern this young Beauty had expreſs'd for the Sufferings of *Hauterive*, made her preſently aſſur'd ſhe took a greater Intereſt in his Fortune, than poſſibly ſhe was herſelf yet ſenſible of; and looking earneſtly on her, No Perſon in the World, ſaid ſhe, is more capable to inſpire him with ſuch Sentiments than yourſelf, my dear *Mariana*;

and I am perſuaded, that if he knew the leaſt of yours, thoſe he has for me would immediately vaniſh.

Becauſe I bluſh, reply'd *Mariana*, ſmiling, you imagine preſently that you read in my Heart things which are not there. But I aſſure you, I am very far from feeling for him any Part of that Attachment I ſee between my Brother and you; however, I do not believe you will blame me for confeſſing, that his uncommon Merits have made me ſet a higher Value on him, than any Man I have yet ſeen.

No, cry'd the Count, and I ſhould believe there was nothing wanting to my Happineſs, could I once behold you the Object of his Deſires. This was not the only Converſation they had on this Subject; and the beautiful *Mariana*, by being accuſtomed to hear the two Perſons in the World moſt dear to her, wiſh ſhe might make an Impreſſion on *Hauterive*, became inſenſibly to wiſh it herſelf, and, in fine, to know that was Love, which ſhe had till now taken only for Eſteem.

But now the Time prefix'd for the Departure of *Salmony* approach'd, and the Thoughts of it anticipated the Melancholy ſuch a Separation muſt naturally occaſion. The Counteſs ſaw the wiſh'd for Moment with Joy, *Hauterive* without Hope, and the two Lovers with an inexpreſſible Grief; but Fate was preparing for them ſomething more terrible, and one Night made a cruel Change in the Deſigns of both the one and the other.

A Man named *Gaſa*, born at *Marſeilles*, who had been formerly a Domeſtic of the Count *de Mayrand*, being ſome time ſince taken Priſoner by a *Corſair* of *Algier*, found his Captivity ſo rigorous, * that,

* See a particular Account of the Manners, Cuſtoms, and Cruelties of the *Moors* in the Hiſtory of the long Captivity of *Thomas Pellow*. Printed for *Owen* and *Goadby*.

to

to relieve himſelf from it, he renounc'd the *Chriſtian* Faith, and embrac'd that of the *Mahometan*. This Apoſtacy render'd him ſo dear to his Patron, that from his Servant he became his Friend, and was made by him Commander of a Veſſel: He went ſeveral Voyages, and return'd with great Succeſs, cruizing about the Coaſts of *Provence* and *Languedoc*; which Ports he was perfectly acquainted with. Being to go out again, he bethought himſelf of the Caſtle *de Mayrand*, in which he had ſo long lived. He doubted not of gaining a conſiderable Booty, in caſe he could ſurprize it; and remembring the Avenue to it from the Sea, he landed under the Shelter of the Night; and poſting ſome Men well arm'd at convenient Diſtances, to give notice of the Approach of any body that way, went directly to the great Gate, accompany'd by thirty of his Crew, Wretches ſtanch in Murder, and who by a long Habit of Cruelty, had thrown off all that was humane in them.

The Caſtle, tho' well defended from Robbers on all the other Sides, was little fortify'd towards the Sea, as apprehending no Danger from that Quarter; and this bloody Band eaſily forced their Way into the outer Court, where ſome of the Servants being lodged, had their Throats cut, without the leaſt Warning of their Fate. All within the inner Apartments were buried within the moſt profound Sleep, when the Noiſe the Aſſailants made in entering, awaked them in a Fright which is not to be deſcribed: The wicked *Guſa* flew directly to the Chamber where lay the Counteſs, and having ſecur'd her, proceeded to that of *Iſabella* and *Mariana*, chaining all thoſe Ladies, with fifteen Women Attendants: After having murder'd all the Male Domeſticks, they plunder'd the Caſtle of every thing that was valuable in it, laying the rich Furniture on

Horſes, which they provided themſelves with out of the Stables; and then, with their Priſoners and Booty, took their way to the Sea-ſide, where lay the Veſſel; in which they embark'd with the utmoſt Expedition.

Nor were they a Moment too ſoon in the Diſpatch of this villainous Enterprize: A Shepherd who was watching his Flock on a high Mountain near the Caſtle *de Mayrand*, perceiv'd in the Cloſe of the Day, a Veſſel riding near the Coaſt, as did alſo the Watchman belonging to the Caſtle; but both the one and the other miſtook it for a Bark belonging to Fiſhermen, till the Noiſe of forcing the Gates being heard by the Shepherd, made him ſuſpect ſome Part of the Truth; on which he ran immediately to the Caſtle *de Salmony*, and awaked the Count, letting him know the Cauſe of this Intruſion.

Tho' it was impoſſible for him to comprehend the worſt of this Adventure, yet to be told that *Iſabella* was in any Danger, was ſufficient to animate a Lover ſo faithful as *Salmony*; he preſently had all his Men in Arms, and well mounted, he rode, or rather flew to the Caſtle *de Mayrand*, where the frightful Solitude, the Carnage, and the ſtripp'd Chambers inform'd him but too fully of his Misfortune; he waſted not the Time, however, in unavailing Complaint, but ran to the Sea-ſide, where he arriv'd the very Moment thoſe Wretches had weighed Anchor. The Dawn of Day rendering Objects diſtinguiſhable, he there beheld the Ladies on the Deck; and being near enough to have his Voice heard, he cried out to *Gaſa* to releaſe the Priſoners, and he ſhould make his own Terms for their Ranſom.

But ſuch Offers, tho' made by the Count in the preſent Diſtraction of his Soul, could not expect to be received; *Gaſa* knew very well, that had he turned back, the Ranſom of his Priſoners muſt have been a Gib-

a Gibbet for himſelf and Followers, and therefore gave no other Anſwer to the Words of *Salmony*, than a Diſcharge of his Guns, with which two of the Perſons who had accompany'd the Count, were kill'd, and himſelf receiv'd a Bullet in his Shoulder; which made him fall motionleſs, and, in all Appearance, dead. The Cries which *Iſabella* and *Mariana* ſent forth at this Spectacle, would have touch'd any Hearts except thoſe who had now the Diſpoſal of them; but theſe *Barbarians* were inflexible to all, and the Winds favouring the proſperous Miſchief, ſo fill'd their Sails, that they ſoon loſt Sight of *Languedoc*.

The Troops of Count *Salmony*, perceiving there was no Remedy for this Misfortune, bent their whole Cares for his Recovery, who they found was not dead: And having carry'd him to the Caſtle *de Mayrand*, the Surgeons who dreſs'd his Wound, told them, there was yet no certain Judgment to be form'd concerning the Danger of it; but they were the more apprehenſive, when having recover'd him from the Swoon he had long lain in, he fell into ſuch violent Tranſports of mingled Grief and Rage, as might have been able of themſelves to have deſtroyed his Life without the Aſſiſtance of ſo terrible a Hurt.

This unhappy Accident being ſoon divulged, there ſeem'd to be a Strife between all the Nobility and Gentry of thoſe Parts, who ſhould moſt contribute to give him Conſolation in ſo ſad an Exigence; but he who bore the Prize was *Hauterive*. This Friend and Rival quitted him neither Night nor Day, adminiſtring to him every thing he took with his own Hand, and omitting nothing for the Re-eſtabliſhment both of his Mind and Body, that could be expected from the moſt tender Brother. *Salmony* found himſelf under ſuch Obligations to his zealous Cares, that tho' he wiſh'd to die, he could not be ſo ungrateful

grateful as to attempt any thing which ſhould render them fruitleſs; and whenever overcome by the Violence of his Deſpair, he would refuſe thoſe Things which were neceſſary for the Recovery of his Health, You muſt live, my dear Count! ſaid *Hauterive*, you muſt live to deliver *Iſabella*, and to receive the Crown of your Fidelity, by a happy Marriage with her; and you muſt alſo live to acknowledge the Endeavours of the unfortunate *Hauterive*.

You flatter me with Hopes, replied *Salmony*, with a Voice all languiſhing, which my Reaſon will not permit me to entertain; but ſince my Life is neceſſary to enable me to return ſome Part of the Favours you have conferr'd on me, do with me what you pleaſe, I conſent to prolong a Breath which brings no other Advantage with it, than the Pleaſure of obliging you.

'Twas in this manner theſe generous Rivals teſtified the mutual Regard they had for each other, which by the Novelty of it ſurpriz'd and charm'd all who were Witneſſes of it, during the firſt Days of *Salmony*'s Indiſpoſition; but when he was thought out of Danger, and appear'd ſomething more tranquil in his Mind than he had been, he took any Opportunity of communicating a Deſign he had formed; and ſitting on the Bed-ſide by him: As you are not in a Condition to travel, my dear *Salmony*, ſaid he, and, according to all Appearance, cannot be of a long Time, I have reſolved to take a Voyage for the Delivery of *Iſabella*; and have already wrote to the Court, to obtain Permiſſion to leave the Kingdom for ſome Months; which as I doubt not of procuring, I have regulated my Affairs in ſuch a Manner, as will enable me to redeem Madam and Mademoiſelle *de Mayrand*, with your charming Siſter, and all the Captives taken from this Caſtle. I ſhould have been glad you could have been Partner in this Voy-

age;

age; but as that is impoſſible, you muſt reſolve to ſee me go without you, as ſoon as I receive an Anſwer from the Court: But be aſſured that I ſhall take no Advantage from the Service I am going to render *Iſabella*, nor will even mention my unhappy Paſſion till I have reſtor'd her to the full Liberty of purſuing her Inclinations. This I ſwear by every thing a Man of Honour has to hope or fear; and I flatter myſelf that you have a good Opinion enough of me to give Credit to my Faith, when ſo ſolemnly given.

The Count was ſo charm'd with this Reſolution of *Hauterive*, and the delightful Hope of ſeeing *Iſabella* again, that for ſome Moments he forgot it was to his Rival he was to owe the Obligation; and looking on him, on this Occaſion, only as the deareſt of his Friends, he thanked him a thouſand Times over, for having taken ſuch a Reſolution, and as often conjur'd him to let nothing prevent the Execution of it.

A few Days ſucceeding this, in which *Hauterive* had declar'd his Intention, he receiv'd an Anſwer from the Court, with Permiſſion to go whereſoever he pleaſed. Having ſettled every thing beforehand, he departed immediately, taking leave of no Perſon but the Count *de Salmony*, who embrac'd him tenderly with theſe Words: I have a thouſand things within me, ſtruggling for Vent, ſaid he; but I cannot reſolve to ſuſpect your Friendſhip, or your Honour. I underſtand you, reply'd *Hauterive*; you fear to exact too much from your unhappy Friend; but I beg you, for the ſake of your own Repoſe, as well as for that of the Eſteem I would maintain in your Heart, to reſt ſecure that I will act in every thing as a Perſon no more intereſted in the Freedom of *Iſabella*, than that of Madam *de Mayrand*, or your Siſter the beautiful *Mariana*. After this they

embraced

embraced a ſecond time, and *Hauterive* began his Journey to *Marſeilles*, where he was obliged to wait a conſiderable time for his Paſſport: They told him here, that there was a *Jew* at *Leghorn*, to whom the Regent of *Algier* had given a great Number of blank Paſſports to be filled up at his Diſcretion; he was therefore adviſ'd to go directly thither. Accordingly he embark'd, and had a very ſhort and fortunate Paſſage: At his Arrival he was ſoon conducted to the Houſe of *Sacerdoty*, where he acquainted him with his Name, Quality, and the Motives of his Voyage. The *Jew* liſten'd with Attention, and having accepted all that the Generoſity of *Hauterive* offer'd him, aſſur'd him of doing every thing in his Power to facilitate his Enterprize. As a Proof of what he had ſaid, he immediately gave him the Paſſport he deſired, accompany'd with Letters to the Regent of *Algier*, and to ſeveral Correſpondents he had in that Place: And having fortunately a Ship juſt ready to ſet ſail, *Hauterive* embrac'd the lucky Opportunity, and the Wind ſerving, went aboard the next Day.

But while the Intereſts of *Iſabella* thus employ'd her Lover, that unhappy Lady was in Difficulties more dreadful than could be imagin'd either by *Hauterive* or *de Salmony*. The perfidious *Gaſa* well knowing all this illuſtrious Family, retain'd ſome kind of Conſideration for them, never ſeparating *Iſabella* and *Mariana* from the Counteſs *de Mayrand*, and treated them with more Reſpect than could be expected from a Man of his Profeſſion; but 'tis more than probable this Behaviour was excited leſs by Good-nature than his own Intereſt, the Grief of theſe Ladies being ſo violent, that he juſtly feared Death would deprive him of the great Sums he expected to get for the Diſpoſal of them, and therefore endeavour'd by all the Means he could, to render

der their Captivity leſs irkſome, during their Voyage, deſigning to expoſe them to Sale, as ſoon as they ſhould arrive at *Algier:* But, in ſpite of all his Care, the Counteſs was ſeized with a Malady which made all about her juſtly deſpair ſhe would be able, conſidering how far ſhe was advanced in Years, ever to recover. As the two young Beauties were one Day weeping by her; Ceaſe to lament, ſaid ſhe, 'tis I who am the Cauſe of your Misfortunes: 'Tis for this I have drawn down the Wrath of Heaven on me, and 'tis for that I am every Moment reproaching myſelf.— I would have tore you from the deſerving, the faithful *Salmony*; I contriv'd all manner of Impediments to part you, when I ſhould have contributed to your Union in purſuance of your Father's Will, and my own Promiſe.—— 'Tis a Happineſs I now deſpair of, ſeeing Death will ſhortly take from me the Power.---- But as for you, hope every thing from the protecting Hand of Heaven, ſomething within informs me that *Salmony* is ſtill living; and, if ſo, I doubt not but he will ſoon find the Means of redeeming you. I deſire no more than to be forgiven. This Tenderneſs, and the ſad Condition Madam the Counteſs was in, made *Iſabella* and *Mariana* almoſt diſſolve in Tears; they did every thing in their Power to conſole her, but in vain; and ſhe died when they were in Sight of *Algier*, leaving theſe young Ladies ſo wholly taken up with Grief for her Loſs, as for a while made them forget even the Horror of their Captivity they were going to enter into, and the juſt Apprehenſions of what Treatment they might find from thoſe *Barbarians*.

Being landed in *Algier*, the cruel *Gaſa*, without the leaſt Remorſe for what he had done, or was about to do, expos'd to Sale the two beautiful Slaves, and receiv'd for them a very conſiderable Sum of a young *Turk*, call'd *Zelim*, Son of a Renegado of

Provence; which Country daily ſends forth ſo many Apoſtates from the *Chriſtian* Faith, that nothing is more common than to hear the very Children, when chaſtiſed by their Parents, cry they will go to *Turky*, and be made *Mahometans*; and this they frequently do.

Zelim found ſo many Charms in his fair Slaves, that he repented not of the Purchaſe he had made; and judging by their Air and Deportment that they were Perſons of Quality, cauſed them to be treated with Reſpect. He had placed them in a Houſe which his Father had built after the manner of the modern Architecture, and had every thing about it to render it pleaſant and commodious; here he placed Perſons to attend them, and gave ſtrict Orders that nothing but Liberty ſhould be refus'd them. As he was of a Diſpoſition more humane than moſt of his Country, and alſo expected a very great Ranſom for them, he was ſenſibly affected with their Griefs, and permitted them to write to their Friends. Theſe Letters were ſent by the way of *Leghorn*, and happened to be directed to the Care of that ſame *Jew* to whom *Hauterive* had addreſs'd himſelf.

Mademoiſelles *de Mayrand* and *de Salmony* began now to think their Captivity would not be ſo rigorous as they had apprehended; and this good Uſage of *Zelim*'s would very much have abated their Melancholy, could they have entertain'd the leaſt Hope of the Count being ſtill number'd with the Living: But as often as they reflected on his Death, and the Manner of it, they relapſed into the moſt violent Deſpair, eſpecially *Iſabella*; ſo much is Love above Nature, that it compell'd her to ſay, if *Salmony* were dead, ſhe wiſh'd not to be reliev'd from Slavery; for Liberty had nothing in it could allay her Sorrows for ſo terrible a Loſs. But whatever her Paſſion might at that time ſuggeſt, ſhe was ſoon after of a contrary

contrary Opinion, and thought nothing ſo great an Evil as being in the Power of *Zelim*.

This *Turk* could not ſo frequently gaze on the Beauties of *Iſabella*, without feeling their ordinary Effects; and if his Pity, join'd to the Self-intereſt of preſerving the Lives of two ſuch illuſtrious Captives, had before made him treat them with all kind of Indulgence and Reſpect, a ſtronger and more violent Paſſion now obliged him to ſtudy nothing but the Means of pleaſing the adorable *Iſabella*. But as he loved, he alſo reſpected her, and that Reſpect kept him from declaring himſelf too ſuddenly. He therefore ſought firſt to engage her Friendſhip and Eſteem by magnificent Preſents, Treats, Balls, Muſic, and whatever he thought might charm the Senſe of this young Beauty: In fine, the Aſſiduities he paid, were ſuch as might eaſily be ſuſpected from what Source they ſprung. *Mariana*, as moſt at Liberty to examine them, perceiv'd it firſt, and having made *Iſabella* Partaker of her Conjectures, that reſolute Lady was moſt cruelly alarm'd, but took a ſolemn Vow, rather to kill herſelf than ſuffer the leaſt Indignity to be offer'd to her Honour. Nor was it long before ſhe found that ſhe ſtood in need of all her Courage; for *Zelim* perceiving his Gallantries had but little Effect, determin'd to diſcover his Paſſion more plainly, imagining that every thing might be permitted him with a Slave, and condemning his own Timidity, which had ſo long reſtrain'd his Tongue. With this Intention he went one Day to their Apartment, and looking on *Iſabella* with Eyes in which 'twas eaſy to read what paſs'd in his Heart, I repent, ſaid he, that I permitted you to write for your Ranſom, ſince, were the Treaſures of all *France* offer'd me in Exchange for you, they would not have Power enough to prevail on me to reſtore you. Nay, continued he, I am ſo far from

being able to live without you, that I am reſolv'd to make you mine by Marriage. I flatter myſelf ſuch a Propoſal will not be diſagreeable to you: I have Riches ſufficient to put you in Poſſeſſion of every thing you can deſire, and Love enough to make you the entire Miſtreſs of all I have.

Scarce could *Iſabella* contain herſelf at this inſolent Diſcourſe; but reflecting that ſhe was in his Power, her Diſcretion got the better of her Reſentment, and ſhe choſe rather to ſoften than provoke him. I am perſuaded, ſaid ſhe, that ſuch an Offer would appear extremely advantageous to any other; but the State I am in compels me to refuſe it. I have been long ſince contracted by the moſt ſolemn Engagements to the Brother of this amiable Lady, who is here Partaker of that Captivity, which nothing but your Generoſity could have render'd ſupportable: My Religion, therefore, and the Laws of my Country not permitting me to give my Faith to any other, I hope you will never act towards me in a Manner which ſhall oblige me to repent the Eſteem I have conceiv'd for you----But if you ſhould, added ſhe, after a little Pauſe, be aſſur'd I am enough ſenſible of what is owing to my Sex and Birth, to enable me to preſerve my Honour, by giving myſelf Death before your Eyes.

She pronounc'd theſe laſt Words with a Tone, which convinced *Zelim* ſhe had Courage enough to execute what ſhe threaten'd; and as preſumptuous as he was, made him ſee nothing was to be won by Violence; he conſider'd alſo, that if there was no Poſſibility of gaining her, it were better to have a great Sum for her Ranſom, than to loſe all by her Death. He was not without Hope, however, that the Continuance of his Aſſiduities might win her in time to recede from her Conſtancy to the former Lover; and throwing off all that Boldneſs

he

he had aſſum'd for the Explanation of his Paſſion, I beſeech you, Madam, ſaid he, not to imagine I in the leaſt depended on the Power I have over you, or ever ſhall make any other Uſe of it than ſuch as you ſhall approve: The only Means I ſhall put in practice to gain you, ſhall be by my Submiſſions and my Conſtancy; and, as I ſee I have offended, ſhall lay this Puniſhment on myſelf, to quit your Preſence, nor preſume to return without having firſt obtain'd your Permiſſion.

With theſe Words he went out of the Room, leaving *Iſabella* extremely ſatisfy'd with this good Effect of her Moderation, and believing it beſt to perſiſt in it, gave him leave to viſit her again on his entreating it; he, on the other hand, obſerv'd ſo ſtrict a Decorum, that his Eyes only diſcover'd he had ſtill the ſame Violence of Paſſion that his Tongue had lately declar'd. But the Slaves he had given her for Attendants, were continually entertaining her with the great Riches and Merits of their Lord, the conſiderable Employments he had in the Regency, and the many heroic Actions he had done; all which ſerved only to fill *Iſabella* with the utmoſt Contempt for the Baſeneſs of thoſe Women, who being moſt of them *Provencials*, had no more Virtue and Spirit than to become voluntary Slaves to the Enemies of their Religion and their Country.

Things were in this Situation when *Hauterive* arriv'd at *Algier*: He had ſtrong Recommendations from *Sacerdoty* to a *Jew* called *Salem*, and through his Intereſt was ſo much befriended, that he immediately gained Intelligence of every thing he deſired to know. They went together to the Houſe of *Zelim*, and the *Jew* having inform'd them of their Buſineſs, offer'd a very great Ranſom for *Iſabella* and *Mariana*; but he ſeem'd loth to hold Diſcourſe on that Article; and when *Hauterive* preſs'd the

Matter, and added conſiderably to the Sum propoſed by the *Jew*, he told them, at laſt, that all they could ſay would be ineffectual, for he had reſolv'd to ſend theſe Slaves to the Grand Signior's Seraglio, as it was his Duty to do, on account of their extraordinary Beauty.

Theſe Words were like a Clap of Thunder to the amorous *Hauterive*; he could not reſtrain the Anguiſh of his Soul from breaking forth through his Eyes; and this it was that made the quick-ſighted *Zelim* refuſe him the Privilege of ſeeing the Priſoners, eaſily diſcovering he loved by his Emotions, and doubting not it was *Iſabella* who had charmed him; and that he was the favour'd Lover for whoſe Sake ſhe had been deaf to his Pretenſions. He therefore diſpatch'd them with no other Anſwer, than ſuch as almoſt diſtracted *Hauterive*. *Salem*, who ſaw his Deſpair, told him, that nothing was more common than for the *Turks* to behave in the Manner *Zelim* had done, thinking by that Menace to enhance the Ranſom of their Captives; but bid him take Comfort, for he would contrive ſome Means for the Deliverance of theſe Ladies, if he impeded not his Deſigns by any Act of Impatience. *Hauterive* was ſenſibly touched with the Good-nature of this *Jew*, and promis'd to be guided by him in every thing.

This Viſit had given *Zelim* little leſs Diſquiet, and with good Reaſon, aſſuring himſelf that the Knowledge of it would add not only to the Indifference of *Iſabella* for him, but alſo to her Melancholy, reſolv'd to keep it a Secret from her; but, in Spite of the Care he took, a young Slave, whom *Mariana*, by her Good-humour and Generoſity, had engag'd very much in her Intereſts, diſcover'd to her, that a *French* Gentleman had been to treat with her Maſter concerning her Ranſom, and that of *Iſabella*; but entreated her not to reveal what ſhe had told; becauſe,

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as *Zelim* had commanded none ſhould ſpeak of it, he would not fail to take away her Life for her Infidelity. *Mariana* eaſily ſatisfy'd all her Fears as to that Point; and obliging her to deſcribe as near as ſhe could the Features and Shape of this Gentleman, the Slave anſwer'd in ſuch a Manner as aſſur'd her it could be no other than *Hauterive*.

Mariana was ſufficiently acquainted with the Diſcretion of *Iſabella* to know it would be no Breach of her Promiſe to the Slave to inform her of this Adventure; which, as ſoon as ſhe had done, that beautiful Lady was touch'd with the moſt ſenſible Gratitude for the Generoſity of *Hauterive*; but, at the ſame Time, as this News more convinc'd her of the Death of the Count *de Salmony*, by his not having accompany'd that obliging Rival, ſhe fell into ſuch Agonies of Grief, that Nature, too weak to ſuſtain them, refus'd her Aid, and the oppreſs'd *Iſabella* fell ſwooning into the Arms of *Mariana*; who, frighted beyond Meaſure at this ſudden Accident, ſhriek'd out for the Women to come to her Aſſiſtance, and they were all employ'd in endeavouring to recover her, when *Zelim* enter'd the Room. So unexpected a Sight put him into the utmoſt Conſternation; he demanded of *Mariana* a thouſand Times the Cauſe, but ſhe was able to anſwer him no otherwiſe than by her Tears.

At length, *Iſabella* having open'd her Eyes, caſt them on the Earth with ſo languiſhing and dying an Air, that the Fear of loſing her changed all the Reſolutions *Zelim* had formed; and beginning to imagine, that by ſome Accident ſhe had diſcover'd what he had endeavour'd to conceal, thought now to make a Merit of revealing it. I came, ſaid he, approaching her, to inform you, that there are People in *Algier* who have offer'd me conſiderable Sums for your Ranſom, and that one of them is of your own Coun-

try; but you are not in a Condition now to liſten to the Reaſons which obliged me to refuſe their Propoſals. *Mariana*, perceiving that *Iſabella* made no Reply, ſpoke in this Manner: Theſe Accidents, in a Captivity ſuch as ours, ſaid ſhe, have nothing extraordinary in them; but, methinks, it is much more amazing that you, who pretend to love *Iſabella*, can chuſe rather to ſee her die than at Liberty; the Indiſpoſition ſhe labours under is occaſion'd only by the cruel Idea of being for ever depriv'd of ſeeing all thoſe of her own Country.

I love her enough, reply'd the *Turk*, to give her that Satisfaction immediately, were I aſſur'd that the *Frenchman* who is here now, were any other than your Brother.

At theſe Words, *Mariana*, pretending an Ignorance of every thing, cry'd out, What ſort of Man is he? The Picture *Zelim* made of him in his Deſcription, confirm'd what they before imagin'd, that it was really *Hauterive*; on which, No, ſaid *Mariana*, this cannot be my Brother; but, I believe, he is a Perſon of Condition in our Province, whom Generoſity alone has brought for the Redemption of two miſerable Captives; and you would confer an Obligation on me, which I ſhould be ever ready to acknowledge, if you would permit me to entertain him. The *Turk*, after having given himſelf a Moment's Time for Reflection, conſented to what ſhe deſired, and ſent immediate Word to the *Jew* and *Hauterive*, that, if they pleas'd, they might have free Leave to viſit the Ladies.

But he no ſooner heard they were below, than he took them into a private Room, and declar'd to them his true Intentions; adding, that it would be in vain for them to think of redeeming *Iſabella*, but if they would forward his Deſire with her, he would reſign to them *Mariana* without Ranſom, and it was

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on this Condition only, he told them, that he would conſent to an Interview. *Hauterive*, who was impatient to ſee *Iſabella* by any Means, ſeem'd to agree to what he ſaid, and they were then conducted to the Apartment, where they were expected by *Iſabella* and *Mariana*.

The Sight of *Hauterive* renewing the Remembrance of the Count *de Salmony*, had thrown *Iſabella* into the Condition ſhe had but lately been recover'd from, had not her Griefs found Vent in Tears, which poured in great Abundance from her Eyes, while ſhe received the Salutations of that faithful Lover, who afterwards paid his Compliments to *Mariana*; and there was ſomething ſo mournful in this Meeting, that Sighs were for ſome Moments the only Language any of them could make uſe of. *Iſabella*, at laſt, overcoming thoſe violent Emotions which had deprived her of Speech, thank'd *Hauterive*, in the moſt obliging Terms, for the Pains he had taken for her; and told him, that, in Spite of her Indifference for Life, after the Loſſes ſhe had ſuſtain'd, ſhe could not avoid being ſenſible of what he had undertaken for her Deliverance.

Theſe Words giving him a Suſpicion that ſhe thought the Count had periſhed by that Wound they ſaw him receive, he delay'd not to free her from an Error ſo fatal to her Repoſe. If the Loſs of Madam *de Mayrand*, reply'd he, and your Liberty, makes Life ſeem a Burden to you at preſent, yet, Madam, you ought to remember there is a Perſon not leſs dear to you, who could not ſurvive your Death. The Count *de Salmony* has a Right to expect you ſhould live for him; and if you think the little I have done, or ſhall be able to do, either for you or him, merits your Regard, you cannot contemn Life, without injuring the Gratitude you are pleas'd to expreſs for my Services.

How!

How! cry'd the beautiful *Mariana*, does then my Brother live? On which *Hauterive* recounted all that had befallen him, concealing nothing of his Deſpair, and the Impoſſibility it would have been to have prevail'd on him to have out-lived the Loſs of *Iſabella*, had not his Cares, and the Aſſurance he gave him of undertaking ſomething for her Deliverance, made him liſten to the Pleas of Self-preſervation. This little Hiſtory excited Millions of Acclamations from the two fair Captives; which being a little over, *Hauterive* proceeded to inform them of the Converſation he had with the *Turk*, and the Conditions on which he obtained Permiſſion to entertain them.

He had no ſooner mentioned the Offer of *Zelim* to reſtore *Mariana* without Ranſom, than ſhe cry'd out, with a Gaiety which, till then, had long been a Stranger to her Voice and Eyes, No, I will never conſent to that Article; Liberty is not ſo precious to me as to make me wiſh the Enjoyment of it without *Iſabella*, and I will never abandon her, tho' I ſhould be conſtrained to become the Wife of a *Turk* too. Neither *Iſabella* nor *Hauterive* could forbear ſmiling at this little Sally; but as the Time was precious, they employ'd the remaining Part of this Viſit in conſulting what was beſt to be done; and it was concluded among them, that Mademoiſelle *de Mayrand* ſhould continue to treat *Zelim* with her uſual cool Civility, and that *Hauterive* ſhould give him Hope that Time and Aſſiduity might vanquiſh her Reſiſtance; and that while they amuſed him in this Manner, the *Jew (Salem)* ſhould make uſe of his Intereſt with the Regency to force him to reſtore her. Every thing being thus agreed on, they took Leave, that too long a Converſation might not give Occaſion for Suſpicion; and the *Jew* and *Hauterive* relating the Matter to *Zelim*, as it had been reſolved, he gave them a very magnificent Collation, aſſuring *Hauterive*,

Hauterive, that if *Iſabella* grew more ſoftened by his Words, there was nothing he would not do to recompence ſo great an Obligation.

This perfectly-generous Rival exactly maintain'd the Promiſe he had made the Count at parting, and though having gain'd the Confidence of *Zelim*, he was permitted to viſit, as often as he pleaſed, the Charmer of his Heart, yet did he never in the leaſt make any Mention of his own Paſſion; but he conjured her to live, and reward that of *de Salmony*. He alſo wrote him from Time to Time a faithful Account of every Thing that paſs'd; the *Jew* ſending his Letters under Cover to his Friend *Sacerdoty* at *Leghorn*, who from thence tranſmitted them to *France*. A conſiderable Time elapſed in this Manner, without being able to do any thing for the Delivery of *Iſabella*; and *Zelim* perceiving no Change in his Favour from the Behaviour of that Lady, began to ſuſpect *Hauterive* had not dealt with him as ſincerely as he expected, and, reſolving to be ſatisfy'd, conceal'd himſelf, when he knew of his coming, in a Cloſet, where he could hear diſtinctly every thing. As this little Company imagined not they had ſo dangerous a Witneſs, they communicated their Thoughts with the utmoſt Freedom to each other. *Iſabella* ſaid to *Hauterive*, that ſhe could no longer ſupport the cruel Conſtraint ſhe was under in being obliged to liſten to the odious Addreſs of a *Turk*; and that if her Enlargement was not very ſoon effected, it would be prevented by her Death.

Hauterive entreated ſhe would not yet proceed to any thing that might drive *Zelim* to Extremes, telling her it was Patience and Time alone muſt do their Work; and then inform'd her, that Father *le Vacher*, Conſul of the *French* at *Algier*, had promiſed to uſe his utmoſt Intereſt with the Baſha, to oblige *Zelim* to reſtore her for a reaſonable Ranſom.

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The *Turk* loſt all Patience at this Diſcourſe, and flying out of his Concealment, utter'd a thouſand Reproaches on the Perfidy, as he term'd it, of *Hauterive*; and told *Iſabella*, that ſhe had now no other Remedy but to reſolve to yield to his Deſires, for Liberty was what ſhe muſt never hope for. After this, he deſir'd *Hauterive* to quit his Houſe that Moment, and to return to it no more. 'Tis eaſy to conceive the Indignation *Hauterive* was inflam'd with; but being infinitely too weak of himſelf to oppoſe *Zelim* and his Retinue, which, on Occaſion, were within Call, he was compell'd to ſubmit; and, fearing for *Iſabella*, he had again recourſe to Diſſimulation; and taking *Zelim* aſide, he labour'd all he could to perſuade the *Turk* he had not ſpoke in that Manner, but to prevent any Violence he was apprehenſive *Iſabella* might offer to her own Life. But all this was without Effect, and he was not able to prevail on him to ſuffer his Admittance any more.

Nor had the *Jew* been more ſucceſsful in his Endeavours: Father *le Vacher* had indeed greatly influenced the Baſha; but tho' he ſent ſeveral Times to *Zelim*, and the King of *Algier* alſo requir'd him to deliver his Captives, yet not all the Authority of the one or the other was ſufficient to obtain it of him: His great Credit and Intimacy with *Meſemorte*, General of all the Land and Sea Forces, enabled him either to oppoſe or elude the Efforts of the Conſul.

Hauterive was in the moſt cruel Deſpair, when the *Algerines* received News that *Lewis* XIV. had taken a Reſolution to chaſtiſe the Inſolence of theſe Corſairs, who were continually making Deſcents on the Coaſts of *Languedoc* and *Provence*, carrying away the Inhabitants, and making them Slaves, plundering the Country, taking the Ships, and by that Means deſtroying the *French* Commerce with the *Levant*; that for this Purpoſe he had equipp'd a ſtrong Fleet, which

which was now ready to ſet ſail, and theſe Tidings being confirm'd from all Parts, every body was employ'd in putting the City in a Poſture of Defence. Freſh Intelligence of this approaching Misfortune arriving every Day, *Hauterive* was ſoon informed that his moſt *Chriſtian* Majeſty had nominated Monſieur the Marquis *de Queſne*, Vice-Admiral of *France*, for this Expedition, and began, on hearing this, to entertain new Hopes of having it ſtill in their Power to be of Service to *Iſabella*.

The very Name of this Marquis fill'd all *Algier* with Terror; they could not forget how fatal he had formerly been to them, nor that in the preceding Year he had deſtroy'd a great Number of their Veſſels in different Encounters, and that he had purſued ſome belonging to *Tripoly*, who, unable to get into that Harbour, took Refuge in that of *Scios*, which is an Iſland of the *Archipelago*, under the Dominion of the Grand Signior, and fortify'd by the *Turks* ever ſince *Solyman the Magnificent* made a Conqueſt of it from the *Genoeſe*.

The Corſairs hoped to avoid the Reſentment of the King in this *Aſylum*, where they were under the Protection of the Grand Signior, and had the Promiſe of Aſſiſtance from the Baſha; but neither the Citadel, nor the Fort which overlooks the Harbour, nor the Ramparts of the City of *Scios*, could withſtand the Cannon of the Marquis *de Queſne*; he ſoon deſtroy'd the Fort, and attacked the Citadel and Ramparts ſo furiouſly, that in three Hours Time all was in a Blaze: The Corſairs Veſſels to the Number of fourteen, then lying in the Harbour, were all either burn'd or ſunk.

This terrible Example might well make them dread the Approach of ſo formidable an Enemy a ſecond Time, tho' it had not deterred them from provoking him to it, by ſending out Veſſels to pillage

lage on the *French* Coaſts, as I have already related: The Terror they were in, made them take all imaginable Precautions; they erected Batteries of Cannon on the Sea-ſide, they had a triple Chain made to the Gates of the City, and obliged every one to go out of it, who by Age or Weakneſs was diſabled from defending it.

Theſe extraordinary Preparations engroſſed *Zelim* in ſuch a Manner, that the two fair Slaves had an entire Relaxation from his Perſecutions, and the Grief of not ſeeing *Hauterive*, was in a great Meaſure attoned for, by being eaſed of the hated Preſence of the other. But though he was employed in another Place, yet did he neglect nothing which might prevent their Eſcape; and the Fears he was in of loſing them in this Confuſion, put him on new Projects not leſs deſtructive to their Repoſe, than the Sight of him would have been.

To ſecure them at once from the Dangers to which every one is expoſed in a Siege, and equally from any Attempts for their Enlargements, he removed them to a Houſe fifteen Miles diſtant from *Algier*, under the Care of an Eunuch, whoſe Faith to him he had experienced: But this was not ſufficient to content him; he could not be eaſy while *Hauterive* remained in *Algier*, and perceiving he made no Preparations for his Departure, reſolved to get him privately murdered. But this Deſign ſucceeded not as the other had done; *Salem* the *Jew* was entirely devoted to *Hauterive*, and knew the Humour of that Nation: He penetrated into the Deſigns of *Zelim*, and obliged *Hauterive* to ſtay very much at home, never ſuffering him to go out but with a ſufficient Number of Slaves for his Defence: He was, notwithſtanding this Caution, once attack'd; but getting the better of thoſe who aſſaulted him, he

he extorted from the Mouth of one of them a Confeſſion of the whole Matter.

This was enough to convince *Salem* there was no Safety for his Friend in that Place; he therefore ſent him to a little Village thirty Miles from *Algier*, with Letters of Recommendation to an intimate Friend he had there, and a ſtrict Charge to conceal him from every body. This obliging *Jew* aſſur'd him alſo at parting, that as ſoon as the *French* Fleet ſhould arrive, he would find Means to inform the Vice-Admiral of the Misfortune of *Iſabella* and *Mariana*, and begg'd therefore that he would make himſelf eaſy, ſince thoſe Ladies were now removed from the Sollicitations of *Zelim*. But all he could ſay was too weak to combat with the Deſpair, which now had taken empire in the Breaſt of *Hauterive*, and he proceeded on his Journey to *Elquire* with little Hope, and an Infinity of Melancholy.

Count *de Salmony* in the mean Time being perfectly recovered, and receiving Letters from *Hauterive* of the Difficulties he found in accompliſhing his Deſign, reſolved to go in Perſon, and either reſtore Liberty to thoſe who were ſo dear to him, or die in the Attempt. He had no ſooner heard that the King deſigned to ſend a Fleet thither, than he went to *Thoulon*, where the Marquis was at that Time; and acquainting him with the Captivity of *Iſabella* and *Mariana*, and the double Intereſt he had in their Deliverance, entreated he might be permitted to accompany him in this Expedition. The Vice-Admiral received him with Pleaſure, omitted nothing that might conſole him, and aſſured him, that, except Fortune ſhould be more averſe than he had Reaſon to expect, the Freedom of Perſons ſo dear to him ſhould be accompliſhed. Soon after this, a calm Sea and favourable Wind called on them to embark; which, every Thing being ready,

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they accordingly did in the Beginning of *May*, 1683, and had the Satisfaction to caſt Anchor the 20th of *June* in the Road of *Algier*, where they were met by five other Ships under the Command of the Marquis *de Anfreville*. On the 22d they held a Council of War, and the next Day diſpoſed the Veſſels and Gallies in the moſt proper Manner for bombarding the City. On the 25th they began the Attack, but without any great Succeſs: The next Night, when the Beſieged thought of no ſuch Matter, they plied them ſo furiouſly both with Bombs and great Cannon, that in an Hour's Time ſeveral Parts of the City were on fire: The Palace of *Huſſan*, the Dey or King of *Algier*, was conſumed the firſt; and the wretched Inhabitants had ſufficient Employment to quench the ſpreading Flames, without offering to annoy the Enemy, who ſtill continued proſecuting what they had ſo ſucceſsfully begun. The Dawn of Day preſented the *Algerines* with the moſt dreadful Spectacle that Imagination can paint; their Veſſels ſunk in the Harbour, their Batteries demoliſh'd, and a great Part of their City laid in Aſhes: So horrible a Devaſtation was ſcarce ever known in ſo ſhort a Space of Time. The People and Soldiers cried out for Peace with the utmoſt Vehemence, and the Dey having aſſembled the Divan, it was agreed that Father *le Vacher*, the *French* Conſul, accompanied by an *Algerine* of Quality, ſhould treat with the Vice-Admiral.

But the Marquis *de Queſne* refuſed to liſten to any Terms of Accommodation, till they had firſt delivered all the Captives, of what Nation ſoever, that they had taken out of *French* Ships, or from the Lands. This the *Algerines* were compelled to comply with, and the next Day brought, in two Shallops, a hundred and forty-two Slaves to the Fleet, with

with Promiſe to recall all thoſe who were in the Country cultivating the Lands, or otherwiſe employed.

The Count *de Salmony* ſeeing not his Miſtreſs nor Siſter among the Number, teſtified his Diſquiet to the Marquis *de Queſne*; but *Salem* the *Jew*, watchful for the Liberty of theſe illuſtrious Slaves, had informed Father *le Vacher* in what Place *Zelim* had concealed them, and had cauſed a falſe Report to be ſpread of their Deaths; and a full Account of all this was ſent by the Mouth of one of the freed Slaves to the Vice-Admiral, who the ſame Moment he was informed of it, ordered the Conductors of the Shallops to tell the Divan, that if *Zelim* did not reſtore the two Captives he had at his Country-Houſe that very Day, the ſucceeding Night ſhould complete the Deſtruction of their City and themſelves.

On this Menace, the Divan order'd that *Zelim*, on Peril of his Life, ſhould yield them up, and forthwith ſend them to the Vice-Admiral. It is not to be doubted but that *Zelim*, who had done ſo much for the Preſervation of theſe Captives, made many Evaſions to avoid delivering them; but all his Artifices were of no Effect, nor was there any Appeal from the Decree which gave them Liberty: He was therefore conſtrained to ſubmit; and ſince he was ſo, conducted them himſelf to the Ship, where the Marquis *de Queſne* was, making a kind of Merit of what he did but thro' Compulſion.

Never was Extaſy ſuperior to that which theſe Ladies felt at ſeeing themſelves at Liberty, and among Perſons of Honour, and of their own Country, except that which ſucceeded it; when, after having received the Congratulations of the Marquis *de Queſne*, and anſwer'd to the Praiſes he could not forbear giving of their extreme Beauty, they found themſelves in the Arms of the Count *de Salmony*.

What Tears now fell at the Remembrance of paſt Misfortunes! What Tranſports did the preſent Happineſs excite! A Meeting ſo unhoped, and ſo ardently deſired, inſpired Sentiments, which none but faithful, generous, and tender Hearts, are capable of conceiving, and which are not to be deſcribed by all the Pomp and Elegance of Words.

After having indulged all that Love and Nature could ſuggeſt, the Count's firſt Care was to inform himſelf of *Hauterive*: Mademoiſelle *de Mayrand* let him know how they had been ſeperated, and that ſhe had never been able to hear any thing of him ſince. This Diſcourſe embitter'd the Sweets the generous *Salmony* had ſo lately feaſted on; even Love could not render him forgetful of what he owed to Friendſhip: He communicated his Diſcontent to the Marquis *de Queſne*, who immediately ſent to Father *le Vacher* to inquire for him of the *Jew Salem*; and in a ſhort Time they received the News that he was living and in Health, but that it was not thought ſafe for him to appear at *Algier*, till the Peace was concluded, or Things ſettled ſome way or other.

All this was done in the Interval of reſtoring the *Chriſtian* Captives, the Number of whom, brought at ſeveral Times to the Admiral, was five hundred and forty-ſix, of ſeveral Nations, but all taken in the *French* Service. After this, the Marquis conſented to treat on a Peace, and to that End ſent the Marquis *de Anfreville*, and the famous *Deſcomes*, Engineer-General, to let the Divan know the Conditions on which *Lewis the Great* had permitted them to withdraw their Forces.

The firſt Article was, that they ſhould reſtore all the other *Chriſtian* Slaves which were ſtill diſperſed at a Diſtance through their Territories; and the ſecond, that all the Damages done to the *French* in their

their Ships, their Merchandize, and their Lands, ſhall be made good.

This laſt Condition was too conſiderable for the Dey to grant, without the Conſent of *Mezemorte*, as he was moſt concerned in it, being General of the *Corſairs*, and a Man held in high Eſtimation both by the Soldiers and People. He was therefore called to the Divan; but he no ſooner heard the Propoſals, than he flew into the utmoſt Rage, ſaying, that thoſe at the Head of the Government had ſold the City to the *French*; and that, for his Part, he never would conſent to buy the Friendſhip of an Enemy, at ſo dear a Price as the Reſtitution of all that had been taken from them. Having ſpoke in this Manner, he left the Divan; nor would return, tho' his Preſence were ſeveral Times deſir'd.

He was not, however, idle in this Interim; he ſummoned all the chief Citizens and Soldiers to his Palace, where he told them *Huſſan* was a weak or treacherous Prince, that he was unworthy to reign over them, that he had affronted the Nation in reſtoring the *Chriſtian* Slaves, without any Security of having their own in Exchange; and ſo incenſed them againſt this unfortunate Prince, that they reſolved to aſſaſſinate him the following Night. Accordingly at Ten of the Clock, as he went his Rounds thro' the Works (a Cuſtom always obſerved by the Deys in the Time of War) eight of theſe Villians, choſen by *Mezemorte* for that Purpoſe, attended his Paſſage, and ſtabb'd him to the Heart before he had the leaſt Warning of his Fate.

Mezemorte was immediately proclaim'd King with the general Acclamation of the People, and to ſhew how much he merited the Honour they had conferred on him, he told them he would retrieve the Glory of *Algier*, or die in endeavouring it, talking loudly how dear he would make the *French* pay for

having taken Advantage of the ſoft Nature of *Huſſan*; and as ſoon as it was broad Day, order'd the white Flags to be taken off the Battlements, and red ones, the Signal for War, to be put up. This Infidelity ſo highly incenſed the Marquis, that he renewed his Attack the ſame Day: Bombs, Cannons, Fire-balls and Battering-rams were at once employed in this general Aſſault; and before Noon the beſt Part of the Buildings were either conſumed or beaten down. The Flames of the City mingling with thoſe of the Veſſels in the Port; the Cries of thoſe that periſh'd in them; the Blood which ran ſtreaming through the Streets; and the dead Carcaſſes in Heaps ſtopping up the Paſſages, afforded a Spectacle ſo terrible, as might have moved any Heart but that of the barbarous *Mezemorte:* But it ſerved only more to heighten his Rage againſt the *French*, and ſo little did he regard the Rights of Nations, or his publick Faith, that in Revenge for what their Countrymen had done, he cauſed all the *French*, which ſojourned in that City, to be murdered, and ſeized on their Effects. Not even the ſacred Robe of Father *le Vacher* the Conſul, could protect him from the Fury of this ſavage Monſter, who cauſed the holy Man to be ſhot from the Mouth of a Cannon inſtead of a Ball.

The Vice-Admiral learned this Exceſs of Barbarity from the Mouth of ſome Slaves, who, to eſcape the Cruelty of *Mezemorte*, betook themſelves to the Waves, and ſwam to the *French* Ships, as alſo that *Zelim* had periſh'd in this laſt Attack.

Hauterive, who remained ſtill in his Concealment, was from Time to Time informed of every Thing that paſſed by the faithful *Salem*, and the Knowledge that *Iſabella* and *Mariana* had recovered their Liberty, and were on board the Ship of the Vice-Admiral, gave him the extremeſt Satisfaction; it

was

was the more perfect, as he was entirely ignorant that *Salmony* was with the Fleet, and had none of those jealous and impatient Emotions, which otherwise not all his Generosity could have defended him from.

The Month of *August* being now over, and that of *September* ordinarily bringing Winds, which render these Coasts very dangerous, the Marquis was obliged to hoist Sail, contenting himself with having revenged the Indignities offered to his Royal Master, since the Season of the Year would not permit him entirely to extirpate this savage Race.

But before their Departure, the Count *de Salmony* found Means to convey a Letter to the *Jew* for *Hauterive*; which being sent to him, he found it contained these Lines.

To the Sieur HAUTERIVE.

'TIS with the utmost Grief of my Heart, my dear and generous Rival, that I find myself obliged to quit these Seas without you. I came with the Hope of delivering you with our adorable Isabella, *who parts with the same Regret as I do; and were we not assured you are in a Place of Safety, there is nothing I would not hazard rather than abandon you. Believe that the Joy I feel in the Libenty and Presence of those who are so dear to me, is greatly allayed by your not being Partaker of it; and that I shall taste but an imperfect Happiness till I embrace you.*

SALMONY.

Hauterive received this Letter a fews Days after the Fleet had sailed, and it was with the utmost Surprize he found the Count had been at *Algier*, and that he was ordained to give *Isabella* that Freedom himself had strenuously but vainly endeavoured to

obtain

obtain for her. He doubted not but they would meet; but then not believing it would be ſo ſuddenly, and in ſuch a Manner, he had not armed his Heart to endure the Pangs it muſt inflict on him. He was obliged ſome Time to give way to his jealous Tranſports; but as he had never any Hope of ſupplanting the Count in her Eſteem, and was too generous even to wiſh it ſtrongly, he contented himſelf with lamenting his own ill Fate, without envying the Happineſs of his Rival.

Monſieur the Marquis *de Queſne* was no ſooner gone, than the *Algerines* began ſeriouſly to conſider the miſerable State to which they were reduced; their City, lately ſo beautiful and flouriſhing, now three Parts deſtroyed; their Ships, which were their Strength and Riches, reduced to Aſhes; their Magazines conſumed, their Soldiers but ſo many dead Carcaſſes; and, what was more dreadful than all, the Probability that this terrible General would return next Spring to finiſh their Ruin. All theſe Reflections might well put them on taking Counſel how to redreſs their preſent Calamities, and ward again the future.

Mezemorte, who had been the ſole Cauſe of theſe Misfortunes, perceived in what Situation the Generality of the Peoples Minds was, and fearing the ſame Fate he had inflicted on *Huſſan* his Predeceſſor, with infinitely leſs Juſtice, he began to caſt about how to prevent it, which he now found could be done no other Way than by a Peace with *France*. He ſent therefore for the *Jew*, *Salem*, knowing the Correſpondence he had with the Intendant at *Marſeilles*, and, opening his Mind to him, told him, that the greateſt Service he could do him, and which he would reward, would be to ſend a Letter to the Intendant, with another he would write to his Moſt Chriſtian

Chriſtian Majeſty to entreat Peace, and that he was ready to ſubmit to any Conditions he ſhould impoſe.

Salem took this Opportunity to enlarge *Hauterive*, and anſwered the Dey, that he could do more to oblige him than he had aſked, or could poſſibly expect. There is, my Lord, ſaid he, a young *Frenchman* of Quality, who came hither with a Paſſport ſome Time ago, to redeem a Friend of his taken Priſoner by one of your Veſſels; but the Troubles and Diſtractions of this Place, obliged him to retire to *Elquire* for his better Security. This Man, continued he, I have ſome ſmall Influence over, and I know him capable by his Wiſdom, Merit, and Rank at Court, to do very great Services to the *Algerines*.

Mezemorte, charmed with this News, deſired the *Jew* to bring the Perſon he mentioned immediately to *Algier*; which the other readily complying with, inſtructed *Hauterive* in every Thing he was to do: And *Mezemorte* at his being introduced, was ſo well pleaſed with his Mien and Manner of Deportment, that he doubted not in the leaſt the Truth of what *Salem* had ſaid. Having therefore communicated his Deſigns to him, and given him Letters for the King, and Monſieur the Marquis *de Seignelay*, he made him many conſiderable Preſents, and appointed two *Turks* of Diſtinction to attend him in his Voyage, and bring back the Anſwer of his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty.

Hauterive was not wanting on his Part to recompenſe liberally his Friend *Salem*; after which he embarked in a Ship of *Tunis*, which was then in the Port, and in a ſhort Time arrived at *Marſeilles*.

But while Things were thus tranſacting at *Algier*, the Count *de Salmony*, with *Iſabella* and *Mariana*, being happily once more in Poſſeſſion of the Caſtle *de Mayrand*, having paſs'd thro' the Ceremonies of Viſiting, and being viſited by all the Perſons of Diſtinction

ſtinction round about, the beautiful *Iſabella* being at Liberty to diſpoſe of herſelf, was married to the Count with all the Pomp uſual on ſuch Occaſions with Perſons of Quality. But while *Salmony* was enjoying the Reward of his Fidelity, with Tranſports which demonſtrated the Exceſs of his Love, *Hauterive* heard the News of their Marriage, with Emotions terrible enough, tho' not with ſuch as a Lover leſs generous would have been inſtigated by: Great was his Deſpair, but ſtill continuing the faithful Friend, he wrote to the happy Pair a Letter of ſincere Congratulations, but at the ſame Time pictured out the forlorn Condition of his Soul in Terms ſo moving, that they could not read it without Tears. After having acquitted himſelf of the Commiſſion with which he was charged by *Mezemorte*, he returned to *Languedoc*, in a State of Mind which none was ſenſible of but himſelf.

The Counteſs *de Salmony* no ſooner heard of his Arrival, than, by the Advice of her Huſband, ſhe ſent to entreat his Preſence at the Caſtle *de Mayrand*. It was impoſſible for him to refuſe ſuch a Summons; and without being able to reſolve in what Manner he ſhould behave, he immediately obeyed it. But alas! he knew not in what Manner he ſhould be reduc'd at beholding what he had only been told of: To ſee *Iſabella* in the Arms of the Count *de Salmony*, was more than all his Reſolution could enable him to ſuſtain; and he appeared rather as a fine formed Statue than a living Man. The beautiful *Mariana* could not perceive his Diſorder, without being touch'd by them in the moſt ſenſible Manner: Tears forc'd their Paſſage through her Eyes as ſhe approach'd to ſalute him, and in ſpite of the Stupidity his preſent Griefs had thrown him in, he penetrated ſo far into her Heart, as to perceive ſhe had Sentiments which deſerv'd his utmoſt Acknowledgments;

ments; nor did he fail to make them, as well as the Perplexity he was in would give him Leave to do. I wiſh from my Soul, ſaid that charming Maid, that we had never known you, or that you had never loved: I find you ſo worthy, that I cannot help accuſing the Stars of Injuſtice, in deſtining you to ſo hard a Fate; and ſhould have oppoſed the Sentiments of *Iſabella* with my whole Force, had they been in Favour of any other to your Prejudice, than my Brother. Theſe Words were accompany'd with ſuch irreſiſtible Graces, that *Hauterive* could not forbear looking on her with more Attention than his Paſſion for *Iſabella* would ever give him Leave to do before; and on this Examination found her ſo beautiful, that he reproach'd himſelf for not having given his Heart to her, rather than have ſuffered it to be tormented by an unhappy Paſſion, which even in its Beginning had nothing wherewith to flatter its Hopes.

The Count and Counteſs, who had conſulted what to do, interrupted the Converſation of *Hauterive* and *Mariana*; and *Iſabella* giving her Hand to him, conducted him into her Cloſet, where *Salmony* went in with them, after having deſired *Mariana* in a low Voice not to follow them. *Hauterive* ſeeing ſhe was not there, aſked ſeveral Times where ſhe was, which Inquietude giving the utmoſt Satisfaction to her Brother and Siſter: You ſhall ſee her preſently, ſaid the latter, ſmiling, but the Count and myſelf have ſomething of Importance to communicate to you. The Obligations you have conferred on us, continued ſhe, with a more ſerious Air, are ſuch as we ſhould be unworthy to have received, could we be capable of forgetting them. Be aſſured that, after my Huſband, nothing is ſo dear to me as yourſelf, and that I am your only Rival in his moſt tender Affections: Theſe Sentiments

which you ſo well merit, and which are in our Power to give you Proofs of, ought to compenſate for the Want of thoſe which it was impoſſible for you to inſpire me with: But to give you yet a more ſolid Conſolation, and unite you to us by all the Ties of Love and Friendſhip, we muſt give you a Wife. Mademoiſelle *de Salmony* is worthy of you: Her Beauty, Wit, and Virtue, methinks, ought not to ſtand in need of the Step we take to excite your Regard: But the Obligations we have to you, carry us beyond all other Conſiderations than the Recompence of them. Yes, my dear *Hauterive*, added the Count, embracing him, if I had any Thing more valuable than *Mariana*, I would readily ſacrifice it to repair the Loſs I have cauſed you to ſuſtain: Make your Reflections on what we have ſaid, and I flatter myſelf you will then not be diſpleaſed at being linked to us by an indiſſoluble Bond.

Reflections! cry'd *Hauterive:* Is it permitted me to make any on an Offer of this Nature? Could I refuſe Mademoiſelle *de Salmony*, without doing her a Wrong which my whole Stock of Blood could never expiate; without rendering myſelf unworthy of the Condeſcenſion you have made me; and without diſhonouring the little Underſtanding I have receiv'd from Nature and Education? No, no; there is no need of reflecting before I accept the precious Gift, your Friendſhip vouchſafes me: I know the Value of it, but would wiſh to merit it. Mademoiſelle *de Salmony* ſhould take up all my Heart; and I deſire only a little Time to give it her entire, and free from thoſe Chains which have ſo unhappily enſlaved it: My Sincerity and Gratitude, and the Charms of the incomparable *Mariana*, may anſwer for me that it will not be long.

This Demand was too reaſonable not to be complied with by the Count and Counteſs; and having

all

all three embraced with the utmoſt Tenderneſs, they went out of the Cloſet to join Mademoiſelle *de Salmony*, who was then walking in the Garden.

Hauterive, who wiſhed for nothing more than to extinguiſh all the Remains of his unfortunate Paſſion, and merit the Confidence the Count had repoſed in him, began from this Day to indulge Reflection on the Beauties and good Qualities of *Mariana*; and that amiable Lady, who truly loved him, found ſo well the Secret to improve the Sentiments he entertain'd in her Favour, ſometimes by the moſt ſprightly Gaiety, ſometimes by Diſcourſes the moſt ſolid, and always blending, with the moſt engaging Softneſs in her Air, Modeſty, and Wiſdom, that his Soul inſenſibly became releas'd from its former Bonds; and *Mariana* took the Place of *Iſabella* with ſo powerful an Empire, that none would have believed ſhe had not been the firſt capable of making an Impreſſion on him.

There now remained nothing but the nuptial Ceremonies to render theſe equally enamoured Pair as bleſs'd as Love could make them: which being in a ſhort Time performed, theſe four illuſtrious Lovers liv'd together in ſo perfect an Intelligence and Concord, that they attracted the Eſteem of the whole World. But tho' Gratitude was the firſt Motive that opened the Eyes of *Hauterive* to diſtinguiſh the Merits of *Mariana*, I cannot be of the Opinion that that Paſſion would have the Victory over Love, if Abſence, Time, and unſurmountable Obſtacles do not combine.

VIRTUE Rewarded:

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

EUBULUS and ELIZA.

A Decent and diſcreet Widow was left by her Huſband, a Gentleman of a ſmall Eſtate but fine Accompliſhments, in moderate Circumſtances, with the Care of two Sons and an only Daughter, all under Age. To give them a good Education, was her chief Buſineſs and Delight. In all other Reſpects ſhe was thrifty and even parſimonious, but in this, ſhe was what the Generality would perhaps call profuſe: For ſhe eſteemed a good Education the beſt and moſt laſting Patrimony. Accordingly ſhe was at the pains to introduce them into the beſt Company, and to teach them all thoſe Accompliſhments, which it would be unbecoming the Character of a Gentleman or Lady to be ignorant of. She taught both her Sons herſelf to read and write, and her Daughter to uſe her Needle. As ſhe had ſeen much of the World, ſhe inſtructed them from

from Life and her own Experience, drew Characters, painted different Scenes of Life, thoſe ſhe had been engaged in herſelf, or had ſeen and heard from the Relation of others; and this in ſo entertaining a Manner, that the young Creatures were all Ear, and, as *Shakeſpear* ſays, their *Spirits would fly out into her Stories.* She made each of them, in their Turns, to read to the others, and all of them to give their Sentiments afterwards; opening their tender Conceptions, by the familiar and eaſy Queſtions ſhe put to them. At other Times, ſhe ſet them to writing Letters to one another, and after they had made a Viſit, or other Excurſion from home, ſhe drew out their little Obſervations on all they had ſeen or heard. But what was of moſt Advantage to them, ſhe went before them in every Virtue, and was a ſtrict Pattern of that Decency and prudent Conduct which ſhe recommended. After this ſober Education at home, ſhe ſent her Daughter to one of the genteeleſt Boarding-ſchools, and often went thither herſelf to inſpect her Manners more nearly. Her eldeſt Son, after he had learned his *Latin*, and was Maſter of Figures and Book-keeping, ſhe put out Apprentice to a conſiderable Merchant in the Metropolis, ſufficiently guarded, as ſhe thought, againſt the Dangers of the Town, by his virtuous Education in the Country. He did very well for ſome Time, and was much beloved by his Maſter, both for his Diligence and Honeſty. But he was, ere long, decoy'd into an Intrigue, by an handſome Maid of the Family, who, with an Artifice peculiar to ſome of thoſe Town-bred Girls, affected to be in Love with him. She endeavour'd to convince him of it, by giving a particular Attention to all his Wants, and expreſſing a tender Concern to pleaſe him. She play'd her cajoling Arts with ſuch Succeſs upon his honeſt Credulity and

Simplicity, that ſhe ſoon gained her Point, and wrought him up to the real Paſſion which ſhe only feigned. This made him neglect his Buſineſs, and fall into Gaming, to ſupply the Cravings, the real or pretended Wants of his Miſtreſs. The Effects of their Adventure, in a ſhort Time became viſible; and partly Shame, partly her Perſuaſions, obliged him to leave a Family where his Credit was ruined, and his Conduct liable to frequent Cenſure. His Miſtreſs follow'd him, and became the Companion, as ſhe had been the Cauſe, of his Miſery. He now ſet up for himſelf, and having drawn away the reſt of his Patrimony, drove a little retailing Trade. But, as the ſlow Returns did not ſatisfy the growing Demands of his Miſtreſs, Buſineſs ſoon became a Drudgery to him; and he had recourſe to Drinking, to drown all Reflections on his Circumſtances and Conduct, and ſtifle thoſe Sentiments of Honour and Virtue, which now and then ſtung him with deep Remorſe. In this Courſe, he ſoon exhauſted the reſt of his Stock, plung'd himſelf in Debt, was caſt into Goal, and muſt have lain there, if his diſconſolate Mother, whoſe Heart bled to hear of his Misfortunes, had not ſtraitened her own and her Family's Circumſtances, to relieve him. After he got out of Priſon, where he was abandoned by his mercenary Miſtreſs; who, foreſeeing his Fate, had run away with the Remainder of his Money and Effects; he paſſed through a new Variety of Misfortunes. In ſhort, the Reſult was, he went abroad, and liſted himſelf in the late Emperor's Service in *Italy*.

The other Son, whom I ſhall call *Eubulus*, had fine natural Parts, joined to an uncommon Sweetneſs of Temper, and an Affability that endeared him to every body. He went to the Univerſity of * * * *, where, by his indefatigable Application to his Studies, he

he made great Proficiency in Learning, and, by his Converſation and polite Manners, gained the Favour of his Superiors, and the Eſteem of all who knew him. His Company was courted by thoſe of the beſt Rank, but eſpecially by all true Lovers of Learning and Virtue. Among others, he contracted a particular Intimacy with a young Gentleman of a large Fortune, and a Mind ſtill larger, who choſe him to be his Companion, rather than Tutor, in his Travels. This Propoſal, how advantageous ſoever, he would not accept, till he ſhould conſult with his Mother and Siſter, both whom he loved with an uncommon Tenderneſs. Their Conſent being obtained, he went to take his Leave of them. The Parting was tender on both Sides. "My dear *Eu-*
"*bulus*, ſaid the good Woman, taking him by the
"Hand, with her Eyes full, you are going a long
"Journey: I fear I ſhall never ſee you again.
"Your poor Brother's Misfortunes have ſhortened
"my Days, and your Abſence cannot lengthen them.
"—But ſince I hope it is for your Advantage, I
"chearfully ſubmit. To Almighty God I commit
"you. Pray ſpare no Pains to learn ſome News
"of your unfortunate Brother;—if you find him
"out, give him my laſt Bleſſing, and tell him, I
"ſhall die in Peace, if I hear that he is reformed
"and happy"—She could not proceed; her Sighs and Tears were the only farther Expreſſions of her inward Grief. He then bid his Siſter farewel. Her laſt Words were; Oh, *Eubulus!* remember our poor dear Brother,—find him out, if he be ſtill living, and tell him, (Oh, do not forget it) that our deareſt Mother and I, want nothing to complete our Happineſs, but to hear that he is what he once was, the ſame virtuous.—She could ſay no more: Her Heart was oppreſs'd with Sorrow at the tender Parting, and that heighten'd by ſad Reflections upon the

ill Courſes of her elder Brother, and the melancholy Forebodings ſhe had, that her Mother would not long ſurvive.

Soon after, he and his Friend, whom I ſhall call *Agathias*, went abroad, and did not, like moſt of our raw young Travellers, only traverſe Provinces, gape after Wonders and Curioſities, and throw away their Time in Gallantry. They ſtay'd long enough in Places of Note to get acquainted with the Men moſt eminent for Capacity and Learning, who are generally the moſt eaſy of Acceſs to ingenious Strangers, and to learn whatever was moſt curious and worthy their Notice. In their Progreſs through *Italy*, their Curioſity led them to *Venice*, in the Time of the Carnaval. They were Spectators rather than Actors in the Diverſions of it. One Evening, as *Eubulus* was returning home alone, he ſaw two Fellows in Maſks attacking a ſingle Gentleman who made a ſtout Reſiſtance, but was preſſed to the Wall, and ſeemed reduc'd to the laſt Extremity. *Eubulus* immediately drew in Defence of the ſingle Combatant, and obliged the Villains to retire after they were deeply wounded. He led the Gentleman to his own Lodgings, and ſent immediately for a Surgeon to dreſs his Wounds. When the Stranger's Maſk was taken off, how was he ſurpriſed to ſee his Friend *Agathias*, whom he had reſcued from ſuch imminent Danger; and how overjoy'd was *Agathias* to find the Friend and Deliverer united in the ſame Perſon! When he was going to make his Acknowledgments for his generous Succour *Eubulus* begged him to ſpare them, till he ſhould be in a better Condition to make them. The Wounds were found not mortal, ſo that in a few Weeks he recovered. While they continued there, they had a Meſſage from an unknown Lady, who deſired to communicate to them an Affair of Importance. Though

they

they were both averſe to go, yet they knew ſo well the vindictive Humour of the *Italians*, that they were afraid to give the Lady a Denial. Accordingly they waited on her, when ſhe told them, ſhe believed they were ſurpriſed at receiving a Meſſage from one who was ſo much a Stranger to them; but, as ſhe well knew the Humanity of the *Engliſh*, eſpecially to their Countrymen, and had heard that two Gentlemen of that Nation lived in her Neighbourhood, ſhe thought ſhe could not do them a greater Pleaſure, than by giving them an Opportunity of doing a very important Service to one of their own Country, a very worthy Gentleman, who had been clapt up in Priſon by an Order of the Doge, for no other Crime but his being of her Acquaintance. If, continued ſhe, you have the Honour, Gentlemen, to know any of the foreign Embaſſadors, you will find it no hard Matter, by employing your Intereſt with them, to obtain his Releaſe, and at the ſame Time you will do me a ſingular Pleaſure.

The Gentlemen endeavour'd to excuſe themſelves in the politeſt Manner they could, alledging they were Strangers in the Town. But in effect, they had no Mind to meddle in an Affair, which ſeem'd, by the Lady's intereſting herſelf ſo warmly in it, to wear the Face of an Intrigue. She continued to urge them with great Eagerneſs, and aſked, if they had no Acquaintance with the *French* Embaſſador. *Agathias* was a Man of too much Honour to deny that he had ſome ſmall Acquaintance with him, but ſaid, he did not know whether it could be of any Uſe to her Friend; he promiſed, however, to try how far it would go. They immediately waited on Monſieur de * * * *, the *French* Embaſſador, and informed him of the whole Affair, who ſmiled, and politely promiſed his Friendſhip. Accordingly he applied to the Doge, and all the Favour

vour he could obtain, was a Promiſe of the Gentleman's Releaſe, upon paying a Fine of a thouſand Crowns, and giving Security for his future good Behaviour. Soon after, prompted by their Curioſity, they aſked and obtained Leave to viſit the Priſoner under his Confinement. They found him in a wretched Condition: His Looks pale and meagre, and his Eyes hollow, the very Image of Death; his Face was marked with the deepeſt Dejection and Anguiſh. Upon putting a few Queſtions to him about the Time of his leaving *England*, and his Employment ſince as well as before, *Eubulus* faintly recollected ſome of his Features; upon which he aſked him if he was any Relation of ****, who had been ſome Time a Widow. At the Mention of her Name, the Stranger fetched a deep Sigh, and ſaid, he had been once Son to that dear Woman, but, alas! he had forfeited his Title to that Relation. *Eubulus* could hold no longer; he fell upon his Neck, wept over him, and continued for ſome Time ſpeechleſs. *Agathias*, deeply penetrated with this dumb but expreſſive Scene, mixed his friendly Tears with theirs. At length, Words got vent. Oh! *Pamphilus*, have I at laſt found you out; you, whom your deareſt Mother, Siſter, and I, gave over for loſt!—But, ah! how changed!—And in what deplorable Circumſtances!—Where have you been?—How came you hither? Heaven, I hope, ſent us to your Relief.—

Pamphilus, with a Mixture of Dejection, Aſtoniſhment and Joy, aſked how he had learned his Misfortune, and what had induced him, and the Gentleman with him, to viſit him in his preſent Situation; adding, that his Misfortunes would be too tedious to relate. His Brother ſoon ſatisfied his Queſtions, and told him, he might ſafely open his Mind before the Gentleman, whoſe Goodneſs prompted

prompted him to pay him ſo kind a Viſit. Being thus aſſured, he frankly confeſſed that the Lady they mentioned, had entertained him ſince he came to *Venice*; whither he was allowed to come by his General Officer, to ſee the Diverſions of the Carnaval, having been for ſome Time in the Emperor's Service—and that he had been put under Arreſt at the Requeſt of ſome noble Relations of the Lady's, who were diſpleaſed at his Intimacy with her,—and now he was daily expecting ſome miſerable Fate, as a Puniſhment for his paſt Imprudence. He then caſt down his Eyes with a mournful Air. *Agathias*, whoſe Eyes and Heart had been faſtened upon the two Brothers, turning to the Elder, in a generous kind of Tranſport, ſaid,

I am glad, Sir, that in finding a Brother, you have likewiſe found a Deliverer. You are releaſed upon paying a thouſand Crowns, which I will freely advance, for your Brother's Sake. *Pamphilus* would have caſt himſelf at his Feet, to expreſs the Raptures he felt; but *Agathias* took him in his Arms, and told him, he was glad to embrace the Brother of his Friend and Deliverer. He gave him withal a ſhort Account how he had ſaved his Life. The Fine was paid, and *Pamphilus* releaſed: He aſſured them upon his Honour, that after paying his Acknowledgments to his Benefactreſs, he would break off all further Correſpondence with her, and immediately return to the Army.

While they continued at *Venice*, a Letter came by way of *Genoa* to *Eubulus*, from his Siſter *Eliza* to this Effect.

My Dear Brother.

WHAT ſhall I tell you? How will you be able to bear the fatal News of the Death of our much honoured and deareſt Mother? Whoſe Loſs is to me more

more bitter than Death, and will plunge you, I fear, into the deepeſt Sorrow. But the other Night ſhe call'd me to her Bed-ſide, and taking me by the Hand, ſaid, "*My dear Child, I am juſt going to leave you: A few Hours will bear me to the World of Spirits. I willingly reſign you, my dear Charge, and your Brothers, if they are yet alive, to the Care of a good God, who will always befriend the Virtuous. I rejoice you are of that Number: If you continue as you have ſet out, you cannot fail of being happy. When you have an Opportunity to write to your Brothers, or ſhall ſee them, tell them, I died with them on my Heart, left them a Mother's Bleſſing, and had no higher Wiſh on Earth than to hear they were wiſe and good. Alas! poor* Pamphilus, "*would to God he were ſo. Were I ſure of this, I ſhould die perfectly eaſy. I hope* Eubulus *will return to you, and Heaven make you happy in each other. Farewell, my deareſt Child! May Heaven preſerve you wiſe and good, and when you drop a Tear to the Memory of a loving Mother, be excited thereby to imitate whatever you thought good in her. Oh! Farewel!*" *With theſe Words, the dear Woman reſigned her Soul into her Maker's Hands, and ſmiled in the Agony of Death. Oh! my dear Brother, Grief overwhelms me, I can add no more, but that I long exceedingly to ſee you: That will be my only Cordial, to alleviate the heavy Loſs of your affectionate Siſter,*

ELIZA.

This mournful News cut *Eubulus* to the Heart. He grew impatient to return home: He hoped his Preſence might help to lighten his Siſter's Grief. *Agathias* perceiving his Friend's Uneaſineſs, inclined to indulge him, by haſtening his Return. They took *Milan* in their Way home, where they found *Pamphilus*

Pamphilus, much reclaimed by his Misfortunes. *Eubulus* informed him of their Mother's Death, the tender Circumſtances of his parting from her and their Siſter; the deep Affection they both bore him, and particularly the Concern ſhe expreſſed about him in her laſt Moments. The Recital of theſe, and the Sight of his Siſter's moving Letter, made ſuch an Impreſſion on him, that they left him ſtrongly confirmed in his virtuous Reſolutions.

Eliza, after her Mother's Death, lived retir'd from the World; ſhe kept company with only a few ſelect Friends. It was a ſweet Retreat where ſhe lived; there was a pretty Garden, and a Farm belonging to it, the ſmall Remainder of the Family Eſtate. At the Foot of the Garden runs a clear Brook, cloathed on each Side with little Tufts of Wood, and Buſhes growing wildly up and down. This Stream, after watering the Farm, loſes itſelf in a neighbouring Wood. She dreſſed plain and clean, and was not diſtinguiſhed from the Farmers Daughters in the Neighbourhood, but by a ſuperior Openneſs and Dignity in her Air and Manner; which appeared under all the Homelineſs of her Dreſs. Her Time was generally divided between the Oeconomy of her Family, and the Management of the Farm, reading, viſiting the Sick, and doing kind Offices to all about her. Her Knowledge of Simples, qualified her to be uſeful to her Neighbours, in moſt ordinary Illneſſes: And a frugal, well-judg'd Management of her ſmall Revenue, put it in her Power frequently to reach out her friendly Hand to the Aſſiſtance of the Indigent, whom ſhe uſed to employ in different Kinds of Manufacture; and at the ſame Time that ſhe relieved their Wants, ſhe encouraged their Induſtry. So that her Houſe was a little Sanctuary to the painful Poor: It was always open to them, and the beneficent Miſtreſs of it, at all

all Times acceſſible. Her Servants almoſt adored her, and her amiable and wiſe Deportment, rendered her equally the Delight and Admiration of the whole Neighbourhood. I might have mentioned too, that ſhe was fair and blooming, and of a Shape exquiſitely proportioned. There was an uncommon Gracefulneſs in her Mien, and Sprightlineſs in her Air and Looks, mixed with ſuch a peculiar Sweetneſs, as diſcovered the kind and humane Temper of her Soul. In this Manner did this innocent and virtuous Maid paſs her Time, when it pleaſed Heaven to interrupt, for a while, the Calm ſhe enjoy'd, and put her Virtues to a new and ſevere Trial.

A Gentleman, who lived at no great Diſtance, was lately return'd from his Travels; ſtruck with the high and very ſingular Character he had of her, he contrived this Stratagem to ſee her. It was *Eliza*'s ordinary Cuſtom to walk out every Morning and Evening round the Farm, and along the Banks of the little Rivulet that watered it, and often with a Book in her Hand. Sometimes ſhe would lay herſelf down by this Stream, and, with a delighted Mind, enjoy thoſe ſimple and unvarniſhed Pleaſures, which Virtue, joined with Contemplation, never fails to give in thoſe rural Scenes; neither envying nor railing at the Pleaſures and Amuſements of gayer Life. One Evening, as *Eliza* was taking her uſual Walk, this curious Gentleman, having got near the Place, diſmounted from his Horſe, and caſt himſelf on the Ground, as if he had been ſeized with a ſudden Illneſs. *Eliza*, over-hearing a faint Sound, not unlike the Groans of a Perſon in Diſtreſs, immediately gave way to the Suggeſtions of her compaſſionate Breaſt; ſhe roſe, and went to the Place where the Gentleman, whom I ſhall call *Lothario*, was lying on the Ground. No ſooner did ſhe learn his Misfortune,

tune, than ſhe ran home to call for Aſſiſtance, and ſoon returned with ſome of her Servants. Finding him, to Appearance, in great Agonies, they carried him to the Houſe, where ſhe made him an Offer of an outer Apartment, till he ſhould be a little recovered. He thank'd her kindly for her generous Hoſpitality, and told her, that he hoped to be well with a Night's Reſt. Her Perſon, Converſation, and whole Behaviour, charmed him beyond Expreſſion; but that Modeſty which appeared ſo unaffectedly graceful, and that kind Concern ſhe ſhew'd for his Health, which ought to have extinguiſhed every ungenerous Sentiment, ſerved only to inflame a criminal Paſſion. At firſt, he only expreſſed the warmeſt Acknowledgments of her Generoſity: He took Advantage after, of the Tenderneſs of her Concern for his Illneſs.----He grew bolder,----profeſſed Love in the ſtrongeſt Terms,----and began to uſe ſuch Familiarities in his Diſcourſe, as were too ſhocking for a modeſt Ear. This rouz'd *Eliza*'s nobler Paſſions, and with Eyes flaſhing a generous Diſdain and Indignation, ſhe ſaid to *Lothario*, Preſumptuous Man! though I cannot blame myſelf for doing an Act of Hoſpitality to a Stranger, yet I am ſorry it has happened to be ſo ill placed on an ungenerous Man, who dares to abuſe it in ſo ungentleman-like Manner. I thought my own Houſe would have been a ſufficient Protection to me againſt all Indecency, eſpecially from you; but, ſince it is not, you are now at Liberty to go where you pleaſe. She then quitted the Room with an Emotion ſhe could not conceal. Before he departed, he deſired to ſee, and take Leave of his Benefactreſs; but ſhe would not permit him: So he rode off, unattended and unobſerved. He was not a little vexed at his Diſappointment; and the Repulſe he had met with, inſtead of diſcouraging, redoubled his

Paſſion.

Paſſion. Lured therefore by ſo fair a Prey, he thought of various Stratagems to get her in his Power, and reſolved to uſe Force, if ſhe would not yield to Perſuaſion. He lay in Ambuiſh for her one Day, in the Wood I formerly mentioned, adjoining to the Houſe. *Eliza* happened to wander farther off than uſual, and being intercepted by his Servants, *Lothario* carried her off, in ſpite of all her Cries and Struggles. He ſtopp'd not, Day or Night, till he had brought her to a very private Country Seat of his, where he kept but few Servants, to which he uſed ſometimes to retire, when he deſired to have little Communication with his Neighbours. It was a double Affliction to poor *Eliza*, when ſhe knew that *Lothario* was the Author of it. Finding, however, that ſhe was entirely in his Power, ſhe forbore thoſe bitter Invectives, and uſeleſs Exclamations, which many of her Sex would have indulged on ſo juſt an Occaſion, and truſted, that Heaven would ſend her ſome ſpeedy Succour. To alleviate her Grief and Reſentment, which he ſaw ſwell high, he told her, it was nothing but an Exceſs of the moſt tender Paſſion for her, that had forced him to this Extremity,----that ſhe might expect ſuch Uſage as was ſuited to her Merit and Character,----and might command his Houſe, and all in it; for he was abſolutely at her Devotion. She deigned no other Reply, but what he might draw from Looks, which darted the utmoſt Averſion and Contempt. He allowed her, indeed, all Manner of Liberty, in this Priſon; permitted her to walk, or ride out, as ſhe choſe, though never out of the Reach of Attendants. But ſhe made no Attempts of that Kind, in order to lull them in the deeper Security; and after ſome Time, affected an Air of Frankneſs and Eaſineſs, to which ſhe was quite a Stranger.

Lothario,

Lothario, mean while, left no Arts of Inſinuation and Flattery untried, to win her Conſent to his Deſigns;----he made her an Offer of a conſiderable Settlement for Life, and of a handſome Proviſion for her Brother. She ſtill kept him at bay; but he began to conceive ſome better Hopes from her more ſoftened Appearance, and did not doubt to gain his Point, when he had melted her by his ſuppliant Importunities and Proteſtations of Love. It would be tedious to relate the Methods he tried, during the Courſe of ſome Months. He did not, indeed, come to direct Force, though he would ſometimes break into her Apartment, and talk to her in a Manner that highly provoked her; but ſhe endeavour'd to conceal her Reſentment. One Morning, when *Lothario* was from home, ſhe got up much earlier than her uſual Hour, and having ſtole a Key of the Garden, ſhe ſlipt out unperceived by any of the Servants. After ſhe had croſſed the Garden, ſhe leap'd from the ſunk Fence, and with difficulty ſcrambled up the oppoſite Side of the Ditch.---- She paſſed over ſeveral Fields, forcing her way thro' the Hedges; fear adding Wings to her Speed. She went on till ſhe thought herſelf out of Danger, and then ſhe ſate down by the Side of a Hedge, quite tired with Fatigue and Want of Sleep. She now began to think over the Dangers ſhe had run, the Trials and Inſults ſhe had borne; the greater ones ſhe had feared; but eſpecially, the dreadful Suſpenſe ſhe was in about what might ſtill befal her. All theſe Things came crouding into her Thoughts, and filled her with a Variety of ſtrong Emotions. She looked up to Heaven for Relief, and committed herſelf, and the Succeſs of her Eſcape, to a good Providence. Nature being at length overcharged, and quite ſpent, ſhe ſunk into Sleep on the green Turf.

It happened, that a Company of Gentlemen were out that Morning a Fox-hunting. The Chace had been long, and one of the Party being thrown out, chanced to come to the Place where *Eliza* lay. He ſtarted at the Sight of a Lady faſt aſleep, and looſely dreſſed, with her Face and Arms ſtrangely ſcratched, and the Blood ran down in many Places. But amidſt all the Diſorders of her Dreſs and Looks, he was ſtruck with the Amiableneſs of her Appearance, and Fineneſs of her Shape, which ſpoke ſtrongly in her Favour, and confuted, in ſome Meaſure, the diſadvantageous Circumſtances in which he ſaw her. He ſtood for ſome Time gazing at her with Pleaſure and Aſtoniſhment, and was afraid to awake her. But how much more was *Eliza* alarm'd, when ſhe opened her Eyes upon a Gentleman in a Hunting-dreſs, gazing at her, with his Horſe in his Hand! Aſhamed to be ſurpriſed in ſuch Diſorder, ſhe ſtarted up on her Feet: Her firſt Thought was to have run off directly, without ſpeaking a Word; but thinking it vain to fly from one in whoſe Power ſhe was, or to betray an inſignificant Diſtruſt, ſhe choſe rather to try his Generoſity. She ſaid, ſhe doubted not but he was a little ſurpriſed at finding a Woman in that Place, and in ſuch an odd Condition, but begged he would ſuſpend his Wonder, till ſhe had an Opportunity of informing him more particularly of the Occaſion:----That juſt then ſhe could only tell him, that an extraordinary Accident had brought her into thoſe Circumſtances;----and as he had the Appearance of a Gentleman, ſhe did not doubt but he had the Honour of one:----She ſhould therefore put herſelf under his Protection, and begged that he would conduct her to ſome Place of Safety. He told her, that he would moſt chearfully undertake ſo agreeable a Charge;---- that a Lady of his Acquaintance lived hard by, to whoſe

whoſe Houſe he would conduct her, where ſhe might be ſure of a hearty Welcome, and to be treated with that Honour ſhe appeared to deſerve, till ſhe was recovered of her Fatigue, and in a Condition to remove elſewhere. His open Countenance, and Gentleman-like Mien, gave her ſome degree of Confidence in him, though unknown. And ſhould ſhe be deceived, ſhe did not ſee how ſhe could ſecure a civil Uſage by any Means ſo effectual, as by expreſſing an entire Truſt in her Protector. She frankly accepted his Offer, and returned him Thanks in ſo graceful a Manner, that made him think himſelf the Debtor. By this Time ſome of the Servants came up: He ordered one of them to take the Lady up behind him, and conducted her himſelf directly to his Mother's, who lived at her Jointure houſe, but a few Miles off. There *Eliza* found herſelf among a very different Set of People from thoſe ſhe had met with at *Lothario*'s. and was entertained in quite another Manner. The Gentleman informed his Mother of the Diſtreſs he found the Lady in, and deſired ſhe would lend her friendly Aid to recover her of the Fright and Fatigue ſhe had undergone. The Ladies, like two kindred Souls, ſoon diſtinguiſhed each other, and no ſooner ſaw, than they eſteemed; at leaſt, formed the moſt agreeable Ideas the one of the other. *Eliza* being left in good Hands, the young Gentleman took his Leave, and returned to his own Houſe, full of the Image of the lovely Stranger, whoſe Aſpect and whole Behaviour, raiſed in him high Admiration and Delight. He imagined to himſelf a thouſand Excellencies concealed under ſo fair a Form, and a Demeanour ſo ſingularly graceful. He was no ſooner at home, than ruſhing into a Friend's Apartment who lodged with him, he immediately told him his uncommon Adventure; expatiated much on the Charms and

outward Accompliſhments of the diſtreſt Stranger, and added, that, if her Character and Merit correſponded to ſuch fair Appearances, he thought her a Treaſure worth purchaſing at any Rate. He was not a little impatient, till he returned the next Day to ſee her, and enquire after her Health. But how troubled and confounded was he, when he heard that *Eliza* was ſeized with a Fever. It was, however, of the ſlighter Kind, and when it went off, ſhe appeared to him with new Charms: She had now recovered her natural Looks, and though paler than uſual, yet that Paleneſs had ſomething ſo languiſhing and ſoft in it, and ſo different from that over-heated Fluſh, which a Conflict of various Paſſions had given her, that the young Gentleman was quite in Raptures. *Eliza* renewed her Acknowledgments to him for his generous Deliverance and Protection of her, freely confeſſed ſhe had at firſt ſome Suſpicion and Diſtruſt of him, as ſhe had had ſo late a Proof of the Falſhood and Treachery of the Sex, but ſhe was now convinced, by his Means, that Men were not all alike. He thanked her for the Compliment ſhe made him, and told her, he was repaid for what he had done, by the Satisfaction ſhe expreſſed with his Conduct, and the Pleaſure he felt in having contributed to the Eaſe and Safety of ſo deſerving a Lady; and deſired ſhe would condeſcend to inform him of her Misfortune. You have a Right, Sir, anſwered *Eliza*, to know my Story, and it is fit I ſhould remove any Suſpicions, which my being found in ſuch unfavourable Circumſtances, may have raiſed. Upon hearing her Story, her ſolitary Condition, and Way of Life before ſhe was carried off, and particularly the Account of her Family and Relations, how much was he ſurpriſed and delighted, to find the young Lady the Siſter of his Friend and Fellow-Traveller *Eubulus*, who had returned

turned with him not above a Month before! Joy flowed ſo full upon him, that *Agathias* was going to have taken *Eliza* in his Arms, and to have made a full Diſcovery. But he checked himſelf, and only congratulated her upon her happy Eſcape; and he made no doubt but that as Heaven had already appeared very ſeaſonably for her Relief, it would at laſt crown her Virtue with an Happineſs proportioned to it. Upon this, he left her.

When *Agathias* and *Eubulus* returned from their Travels, *Eubulus* was extremely troubled to find the Manſion-houſe deſolate, and his dear Siſter, his chief Joy in Life, gone, and no body could tell whither.

Agathias told that Friend I mentioned before, who was *Eubulus* himſelf, (for he had been moſtly with him ſince his Return, not being able to bear the Solitude of his own Houſe, where every Apartment and Field recalled ſome mournful Image of his heavy Loſs) I ſay, he told *Eubulus*, that the Lady's Converſation and Manners juſtified, and even increaſed the high Eſteem he had conceived for her. And, added he, with a kind of Tranſport of Joy, you yourſelf, *Eubulus*, ſhall judge To-morrow, whether I have been haſty in my Opinion.

Next Day he took *Eubulus* with him, to ſee the unfortunate Stranger. The Mother of *Agathias* had concerted it with her Son, not to reveal any thing to either of them; and had only prepared *Eliza* thus far, as to tell her, ſhe was to introduce to her a particular Friend of her Son.—As *Eubulus* had been ſeveral Years abroad, both his and his Siſter's Looks were pretty much altered. He could not, however, help feeling ſome ſtrange Symphathies at his firſt ſeeing her, which he did not know, or indeed, endeavour to account for. *Eliza*'s Concern was reciprocal, and ſhe was obſerved to ſteal ſeveral attentive Glances at him, which drew ſome Bluſhes from her,

her, when ſhe perceived they were taken notice of. *Agathias*, mean while, and his Mother, were greatly delighted with thoſe Kindlings of mutual Sympathy, and a growing Tenderneſs which they ſaw flaſhing, like harmleſs Lightning, from Eye to Eye. In the Afternoon, they led them into the Garden, where, in a retired Arbour, *Agathias*'s Mother begged of *Eliza* to entertain them with an Account of her Story, and the late Accident; for perhaps, added ſhe, the Stranger we have introduced to you, is more intereſted in your Fortunes than you are aware of. *Eliza* would have gladly declined the Taſk, but as ſhe could not refuſe her Benefactreſs ſo ſmall a Boon, ſhe, with modeſt, downcaſt Eyes, begun her Story from the Time of her firſt Acquaintance with *Lothario*, and told what had befallen her ſince, till her fortunate Meeting with *Agathias*, her generous Deliverer. She told her Story ſo gracefully, repreſented the Villiany of *Lothario* in ſuch ſoft Terms, and paſſed over her own Behaviour with ſuch a modeſt Baſhfulneſs and Humility, as wonderfully moved and charmed *Agathias* and his Mother. *Eubulus* felt an uncommon Tenderneſs, mixed with Admiration; the Tears ſtarted into his Eyes. Madam, ſaid he, give me Leave to aſk your Name and Family? Alas! Sir, ſhe reply'd, you deſire me to renew my Grief. But that Part of my Story is ſhort: My Parents are both dead, my dear Mother laſt. I had once two Brothers, they went abroad ſeveral Years ago, but whether they are dead or alive, I have not lately heard. One of them had been very unhappy; with the other, I had formed a tender and inviolable Friendſhip: He is now upon his Travels with a Gentleman of Fortune and great Merit. I wiſh for nothing to repair the Loſs of the beſt of Mothers, and make me completely happy, but to ſee him again. If my dear *Eubulus* be ſtill

alive,

alive, and it pleaſe Heaven to reſtore him to my Sight, O how happy—She could proceed no farther; Sighs denied a Paſſage to her Words. *Eubulus*, whoſe Mind had been all along ſhaken with a thouſand Emotions of Tenderneſs and Paſſion, could contain no longer. He ſtarted from his Seat, and ran to her in the tendereſt Tranſports, and claſping her in his Arms, burſt out, Then, my deareſt Siſter, be as happy as your Virtue—Words failed him to ſay more; a Flood of Tears ſucceeded, the Effect of inexpreſſible Delight. This unexpected recovering of her Brother, raiſed in *Eliza*'s Breaſt ſuch a Conflict of agreeable Paſſions, that ſhe continued ſome Time ſpeechleſs. Nor were *Agathias* and his Mother leſs melted with ſo tender a Scene. *Eliza*, having at length given vent to the Joy which overpowered her, in a liberal Flood of Tears, broke out: O my deareſt *Eubulus*, my Brother! Is it you? Am I, indeed, ſo happy as to ſee you again? Has Heaven reſtored you to me to part no more? Behold there, in the Son of my Benefactreſs, my Deliverer and Guardian, to whom I owe more than Life, my Honour, and my All! you muſt acknowledge the immenſe Debt I owe him; I have an Heart to feel, but want Words to expreſs it. O, Madam, replied *Agathias*, your Brother, and my Friend, as well as Fellow-Traveller, has already repayed me more ſubſtantially than by Words: To his Bravery I owe my Life, which Heaven has prolonged to give me an Opportunity of preſerving what is infinitely dearer to me. I am more than ſufficiently rewarded, in the Pleaſure of having contributed to the Eaſe of one ſo deſerving in herſelf, and ſo dear to him. If you, Madam, think there is any thing yet owing, it is you only who can pay it. 'Tis yourſelf I aſk, as the full Reward. To poſſeſs ſuch a Treaſure, is all I wiſh to crown my Happineſs.

Happineſs. My Fortune is not equal to your Merit, but it will be more than enough, if I can ſhare it with you.—The high Generoſity of ſuch a Propoſal, ſo ſurprized and confounded *Eliza*, that ſhe could make no Reply, but her ſilent Bluſhes ſignified her Conſent, with a modeſt and expreſſive Eloquence, tranſcending all the Pomp of Words. The Match was concluded in a few Days, with the entire Approbation of all their Friends. *Agathias* found that Treaſure he wiſhed for and deſerved, in the Poſſeſſion of one of the moſt virtuous and accompliſhed of her Sex; and *Eliza*'s tranſient Sufferings, which ſhe bore ſo gracefully, were rewarded with a Happineſs that ſtill continues undecaying, in Conjunction with one of the beſt of Men.

FINIS.



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